

# "GRANDFATHER'S DIARIES."

DIARY of Josiah Cocking

Born 11 May 1867 Kadina. S. A.

Died 27 July 1960 Mayfield NSW.

From 14 November 1884

To. 11 March 1960.



INDEX of DIARIES of JOSIAH COCKING

Born: Kadina, South Australia, 11th May, 1867.

Died: Mayfield, New South Wales, 27th July, 1960.

A.	1 - 174	(174)	14th November, 1884 - 18th May, 1893
B.	175 - 274	(11)	18th May, 1893 - 7th April, 1894
C.	275 - 444	(170)	8th April, 1894 - 11th April, 1899
D.	445 - 646	(202)	17th March, 1899 - 15th January, 1910
E.	647 - 878	(232)	4th December, 1909 - 17th May, 1920
F.	879 - 1088	(210)	21st May, 1920 - 20th December, 1921
G.	1089 - 1268	(180)	14th October, 1921 - 16th March, 1923
H.	1269 - 1524	(256)	19th March, 1923 - 19th February, 1926
I.	1525 - 1654	(130)	4th September, 1926 - 22nd June, 1928
J.	1655 - 1758	(104)	15th June, 1928 - 13th November, 1929
K.	1759 - 1856	(98)	13th November, 1929 - 25th April, 1931
L.	1857 - 2012	(156)	5th June, 1931 - 17th August, 1932
M.	2013 - 2112	(100)	18th August, 1932 - 10th August, 1933
N.	2113 - 2248	(136)	21st August, 1933 - 26th April, 1934
O.	2249 - 2368	(120)	27th April, 1934 - 29th January, 1935
P.	2369 - 2502	(134)	31st January, 1935 - 15th October, 1935
Q.	2503 - 2750	(248)	16th October, 1935 - 31st July, 1937
R.	2751 - 2892	(142)	28th July, 1937 - 28th June, 1938
S.	2893 - 2976	(84)	1st July, 1938 - 13th December, 1938
T.	2977 - 3064	(88)	15th December, 1938 - 14th September, 1939
U.	3065 - 3184	(120)	15th September, 1939 - 30th May, 1940
V.	3185 - 3328	(144)	12th June, 1940 - 15th January, 1943
W.	3329 - 3438	(110)	15th January, 1943 - 1st January, 1944
X.	3439 - 3599	(152)	6th January, 1944 - 12th January, 1945
Yi	3591 - 3742	(152)	7th February, 1945 - 3rd March, 1946
Yii	3743 - 3864	(122)	10th March, 1946 - 7th August, 1947
Zi	3865 - 4018	(154)	13th August, 1947 - 5th August, 1949
Zii	4019 - 4144	(126)	13th August, 1949 - 26th July, 1952
A2i	4145 - 4254	(110)	9th August, 1952 - 28th July, 1954
A2ii	4255 - 4360	(106)	30th August, 1954 - 13th January, 1956
B2i	4361 - 4434	(74)	20th January, 1956 - 7th June, 1957
B2ii	4435 - 4510	(76)	12th June, 1957 - 21st November, 1958
C2	4511 - 4620	(110)	22nd November, 1958 - 11th March, 1960





Josiahocking  
of 331 Maitland Road, Mayfield West,  
in the County of Northumberland, New South Wales.

I **Hereby** revoke all Wills by me at any time heretofore made, and declare this to be my last Will and Testament. I appoint Jamesocking  
of 48 Macquarie Street, Mayfield, N.S.W.

to be Executor of this my Will, and direct that all my just Debts and Funeral and Testamentary Expenses shall be paid as soon as conveniently may be after my decease.

### **I Give and Bequeath**

unto my wife, Mary Janeocking, the whole of my property, including the block of land situated at 331 Maitland Road, Mayfield West, being lot three, with a frontage of forty feet to Maitland Road, and a depth of 198 feet, of which land, and the house upon it, I am joint owner. If my wife's death should occur before mine, I will that the above-mentioned block of land, with the house and improvements thereon, shall not be sold until my sons Frederick Georgeocking and Charles Ernestocking no longer need them as a place of residence. When neither of them need or desire to reside in the house it shall be sold, if possible, within six months after my decease, at a price fixed by a competent valuator, or as near to that price as possible, and the proceeds of the sale shall be shared equally by my sons Josiah Thomasocking, William Johnocking, Charles Ernestocking, Frederick Georgeocking, Walter Perkinsocking, Arthur Jamesocking and my daughter Florence Ellen Purdy. I also will that the whole of my furniture, including books, pictures, tools, clothing, crockery, cameras, photographs, typewriter, telescope, piano, microscope, ornaments, and machines that are not the property of one of

my sons, shall be valued by a person appointed by my Executor, and shall be shared among my sons and my daughter by mutual agreement, in lots of equal value. All money in the house, or owned by me in the Commonwealth Bank, and due after my death, from the Pensioners' Association, with my share in the co-operative society, shall be shared as soon as possible. If one of my sons, or my daughter, dies before me, the portion which would have been his or hers shall be given to his or her child or children, but if no children are left, the portion shall be divided among the remaining members of my family. If there should be any disagreement concerning any article it shall be sold and the money divided equally among the members of my family. I also desire that my diary-books, and writings in prose and verse shall be carefully preserved by one of my sons, or by my daughter. I particularly desire that if my daughter, or one of my sons, should be in need of assistance it shall be promptly and liberally given by the others; and that, if separated by distance, they will correspond with and visit one another. I wish them to "let brotherly love continue." Also to remember that they must forgive if they wish to be forgiven. My last and most important request is that we shall all endeavour to meet in Heaven. Josiah Cocking.

Dated this twelfth day of May in the year  
of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and fifty four.  
Signed Josiah Cocking

Signed and declared by the said  
Josiah Cocking the Testator, as and for  
his last Will, in the presence of us, present at the  
same time, who, at his request, in his presence,  
and in the presence of each other, have subscribed  
our names as Witnesses.

James Cocking

Edith Cocking

**A**

FROM 16th JANUARY, 1887

TO

MAY ~~18~~ 1893.

18

**X**

**A**



A.

The following is a copy of a letter from my maternal Grandmother, Eliza Rowe, to my Mother:-

" Redruth, Cornwall, January 16th, 1887.

My dear Child, I am sorry that I have kept you so long, but the reason is I have been very ill. But, thank the Lord, I am a little better. I have had a letter from your son. He wanted to know his uncle William's address. I did not send; but this is it:- Mr. William Rowe, Copiapo, San Antonio, Chili. Your brother's boy, that came home with me to go to school, has gone home again, & I have not heard of his arriving home as yet, but I am expecting a letter from them every day. I have not heard from your brother Robert this two years. I had a letter from your brother H John in the Christmas, & a little money. They have one little girl. When you receive this letter write me again & let me know where your husband is, & the family, as they were away. Let me know if they are at home; & when you answer this one I will send you a long one. I wish you would make up your mind to come home. There is plenty of work here for your boys, & their household goods too. When you come I have enough for both. Walter & Grace are well & send their love to all, & wish they could see you. Now, my dear child, I hope this will find you all in good health. As for myself, I am as well as you can expect for an old woman 80 years old. I must now conclude with never dying love from your affectionate Mother, Eliza Rowe."

The next letter from Grandmother Rowe is as follows:-

" Redruth, Cornwall, May 3rd, 1887. My dear Children, I received your kind & welcome letter, & was so glad to receive it. I am sorry to hear that you have been so ill, but I am thankful to the Lord that you are so far recovered. As for myself, I am as well as you can expect for an old woman 80 years of age last March, sometimes pretty well, & sometimes not very well. I had a letter from John last Christmas. He is still in California. Where Robert is I cannot tell. I have not heard from him this 3 years. You wish to know about Billy's boy. He got home 4 days after Christmas, & he was grown so that his parents did not know him. His name is Joseph Frederick Rowe; & a nicer young chap never went out of Cornwall. I have not heard from Billy, his Father, this last 5 months. I am expecting a letter every mail, & my time is up for my money, & I want it very much. He is the only one I can depend on; & I am waiting for it. I do receive a pound from John once in about 7 or 8 months. So you see a little help would be handy, as the exchange in Chili is more than one half; & the cholera is raging there, so that there is no letter allowed to pass. My dear, I am glad to hear such a good account of your sons. I hope they will turn out so good to you as some of my sons have to me; & the Lord will surely bless them for it. They must not think of going where their uncle Billy is as yet, as it is so sickly there. If either of them thinks of leaving where they are, it is better for them to go to where their uncle John is. That is a

B.

mining district in a healthy country.

My dear Children, you wish to know how times are at home. The times are not very bright; it is something dead amongst trades people; & Walter is not doing well. He is very well-- & Grace-- in health now: & if all goes well she will write to you soon. She was so pleased to hear from you, but sorry to hear that you have been so ill. She is glad to hear that you are getting better again.

I don't know that I have anything more at present; but be sure & write & let me know how you are getting on.

Now, these are Billy's children's names. 1. William John Rowe. 2. Eliza Rowe. 3. Joseph Frederick Rowe. 4. Sophia Rowe. 5. Arthur Rowe. 6. Henry Rowe (oldest). 7. Rose Ann (your Sister's name). What their ages are I don't know. Your brother's address is:-

Mr. John Rowe, St. Clair County, New Alameda Mines, California. My dear child, I must come to a close; & I hope if we never should meet on earth, I hope to meet you in Heaven. Our love to all, from your loving & affectionate Mother, Eliza Rowe. I also received the paper."

~~The following letter was also sent from Grandmother to Mother.~~  
~~"Jenkins's Terrace, Redrath, Cornwall, Aug 27th 1888.~~

1.

ERS FROM 14th NOV. 1884 TO

Following are copies of letters written by or for my maternal Grandmother, Mrs. Eli<sup>a</sup> Rowe, to my Mother:-

"Nov. 1884. Jenkin's Terrace, Redruth, Cornwall. My dear daughter, I have been looking out for this long time for an answer to the letter I wrote you, & have been wondering the reason you don't write. I am sorry to inform you of the death of Grace's daughter. She was only bad a fortnight with inflammation of her lungs. I have been very much troubled about you, thinking that there is something the matter, as you have not wrote me. My dear daughter, when you receive this be sure to answer by return of post & let me know how you all are. Don't neglect writing. If you have nothing to send me don't distress yourself. As for your Sister Grace, she is in deep trouble about her lost daughter as she was the only one. I have not heard from your brothers in California this long time, & they don't send me anything. I have nobody to look to but dear Billy, & he has a large family--7 children. I must conclude with Grace's & Walter's love, & double from your loving Mother, E. Rowe.

The next letter is also from my Grandmother, Eliza Rowe, who seems to have received a letter from my Mother soon after writing the foregoing letter, & this appears to be Grandmother's reply :-

"Nov. 24, 1884. Jenkin's Terrace, Redruth, Cornwall, England. My dear children, I received your kind & welcome letter, & was glad to receive the £1 present. It came in a very good time. I am sorry to inform you that poor Lily was taken ill, & in a fortnight she died. 20 years of age, & we are in great trouble about her. I have not heard from your brothers for a long time. They could help me if they would, but they won't. They are in good situations, both, so I do hear. Not that I do want a living. I never wanted a living since you have been gone., but a present like you sent me come very handy to buy anything I want for myself. My dear Daughter, I had a letter from your Brother Billy, & they are all very well, with the exception of one of his daughters: she is very delicate. He has 7 children-- 4 boys & 3 girls. They are all called after your brothers. The girls are Sophia, Eliza, & Rose Ann. You will have Billy's boys' likeness as soon as it settles into fine weather. I am going to send you half a dozen newspapers, & you will see more news on them than I can write. You. Your poor old Aunt Betsy is dead. Sabella is alive still. as for myself, I am so well as you can expect for a woman 78 years of age. You said you will not leave me so long before you will write me again. I hope you will be to your word. When you can spare a few shillings I shall be very glad to have them, but don't distress yourselves. My dear child, I am sorry to see by your letter

2.

that you have had trouble as well as we, but hope before that your husband & his Father have recovered from their hurts. I can truly say that I am glad that the Lord has given you such a quiet, good husband & good children; & hope we shall all meet in Heaven. My address is:- Eliza Rowe, Jenkin's Terrace, Redruth, Cornwall, England."

The next letter received from my Grandmother, Eliza Rowe, is as follows:- April 5, 1885. Monday.

"My dear Children, I should have wrote you before. As you said my Neice was going to write me I left it alone until I received her letter. I received it, & her husband's & her own photographs. I felt much to see my daughter's child. They are looking very nice, I think. He is a jolly looking man. She did not say anything about sending any money, which I should have been very thankful to receive. I had all the news about the family, with the exception of Mary Ann & Sally. You wish to know about the papers that you sent. Every one above 8 days old cost me two pence. I don't wish you to send me any more. I have not heard from any of your brothers since Christmas. Your sister Grace is very unwell. She never recovered her loss. Your Aunt Betsy Rowe is dead & buried. As to myself, I do feel weak & poorly very often. I ought to have many little things that I can't have upon Billy's money. I have still got Billy's boy with me. He is growing a fine young lad, & sends his love to you all. I particularly wish you to find out Mary Ann's direction. I have never received a letter from my sister Sally since she have been there."

Now, my dear childre, I hope you do belong with the Salvation Army still. They are doing a great work home here. I hope you have not forgotten your dear Father's prayers. I live in hope that we shall all meet, an unbroken family, in Heaven. As to myself. I find it hard to make my way to Heaven through a troublesome world. Still I have a hope to reach Heaven at last. My dear child, you never mind Cornwall in such a bad state as it is now. There are hundreds of men out of employment. God bless you & all your family. All your old neighbors desire to be remembered to you. Some are dead & some are alive. Now I must conclude, my dear children, with best of loves from your loving Mother, Eliza Rowe."

And here is a copy of a letter that brother Bob sent to Mother, who was then living at Wallaroo Mines, just after he had landed at Newcastle. He & brother Jack were boarding at Bill & Mrs Dove house in Plattsburg, Wallsend :-

"Plattsburg, Nov. 11th, 1885. Dear Mother, & Sister & Brother, I now sit down to answer your kind & welcome letter, which we had to-day. You wanted to know what we were working about. Well we are in a big dom. It is to supply Newcastle with water. It is a 4 or 5 months' job, I think. We can get plenty of work here if



3  
If we like, but we would rather stay in one place until it is finished. The place where we are boarding is a good one, & close to the work as well. Jack & I are working together & are getting 7 bob a day each.

You wanted to know how I got on coming over. Well, not so very bad. I never threw up once coming over; so that wasn't so very bad after all. You said, Joe, you were out of work, but never mind, there are plenty out of work in N.S.W., but it is a lot that won't work if they had it. You said, Joe, that Charley Tremberth wanted you for 12/- a week. Don't you go for it. If I were you I would write down to Dry

Creek & see what that is like, because we can't send for you just yet, for Mother will want all we can send over, I suppose; but as soon as we can manage to send for you we will.

You wanted to know whether Jack had that letter you sent. Yes, he has it all right. The next money you get from us will be in a post office order, because it costs too much to send it by telegraph.

The township we are living in is a very nice one. It is 9 miles from Newcastle, & Newcastle is 70 miles from Sydney. This is the place for Mark Twain books. I will send some over as soon as I can afford it, but not yet for a week or two. There is a coal pit tunnel along

the side of where we are staying. It is in for 3 miles long. It is a grand sight to see the little trolleys-- about 40 of them-- going in & some coming out all the time. There is a fine creek about half a mile from our place; & we have a grand swim there Saturday Afternoons. In about another month we will have some fruit. The place is swarmed with all sorts of fruit. There is a big orchard just behind our place. The lads we have picked up with are grand boys & they like us very well. We live just alongside of Tom Penrose. He is working in the coal pit, but doesn't work more 4 days a week on an average.

You never told me how Mother & Sister were getting on. You said to write the address a little plainer. I thought that one was plain enough, anyhow; but I will give you another written in plain English. I sent you 2 War Cries, & you must send the "Walleroo Times" rag over to us, & don't forget.

We went to Newcastle last Saturday night & I saw Joe Grose, Jim Rowe & Tom Pearse, & a lot more of Kadina men; but Sam Grose never came in. We are out to the tunnel next Sunday, & we shall see about a score of them from Kadina.

I say, Joe, send over some books for me to read, will you old man?

The people we are staying with persuaded me, Bob, to join the Lodge so I don't know whether it is best to join or not. It is the Rechabite Lodge. It is cheap enough-- 2/6 to join. & 3/- a quarter, but if you are at home you won't get sick pay, but you will get a member to attend you-- one week a man, & another a woman, & you could get a clearance card for any part of the world, so you could go in another one without paying anything. Now you see, if I join this one here & wanted to go back home I could

go in a Lodge free that's if it is the same branch as this. It is a Teetotalers branch.

8. 4. 4. 6.  
You said Jim Penhall was out from Roach's, but you never said what for. Has Mary Prideaux left yet for this side? I haven't seen her yet. If you were here, Joe, you would have some fine oting at native bears. I never saw one before I came over here. If you are cutting down the trees the bears cry like a little baby. You said that Mother was having things from Bobby Trustcott's. Well, she couldn't do a better thing. You said you sold the pigeons. Well, that was the best thing you could do with them because they were young & would take a long time to breed.

Let me know whether Jim Tambllyn is coming home at Christmas or I expect he will. You said there was a yarn going about that Jack Caple was married. Well, I suppose it was one like our Jack's marriage-- some kind friend speaking a good word for him.

You said we must send the letters in Sister's name. Well, all right we will for the time to come. If you like I will send some scrap as soon as I get some money, but I can't before. ....

( Here 6 pages are lost, but he continues on page 13 as follows:-

"If you know anyone coming over this way, send over my silk coat with him. It won't be any trouble to fetch it. If I were you I would not do away with all the ducks after having them so long, & them being so good, too.

I will tell you what Jack has got: a comb, hair-brush, looking-glass, razor, ready reckoner, & I don't know what all. We are both well at present, & I hope you are too--all of you. Another chap & I went out & picked a lot of peaches, not wild ones, & they were no good after all--too green. But wait until they are ripe, & stand back to them! Is Tom Roach working in the Wallaroo Mine still? If he is give him my best respects & tell him to write a line or two.

If I were you I would get a horse & dray & go out for a load of wood; it is much cheaper than buying it. I saw Henry Vercoe last Saturday afternoon, & had a yarn with him. He is working at a place called Minni. It is about 3 miles from our place.

How is Drummer in the Army now? Let us know how they are getting on lately at Kadina. Joe, when you go to post again ask for Cocking, & there may be a letter there for one of us.

The 9th of November was a great day for horseracing, pigeon-shooting & foot-racing, & all sorts of fun. The Salvation Army took tea here as well, & it was a great success.

Is the old man Toy still in the Mines? I suppose they are. They would die if they had to leave that shop. To-night we are going to the Army. Most of this has taken me 3 hours to write, & as fast as I could write.

Jack gives his best love to Mrs. ( James ) Ferguson & family & all inquiring friends. Give my best love to all inquiring friends as well. Tell them not to be afraid to write a line or 2 at any time, no matter who they are. Mr. Mashford & his boys send their loves to you all. Don't forget to send a paper or two. I must now conclude with our best love to you all. God bless you. Good bye. Write in return if of post. Happy Christmas.

Robert & John Cocking."

5.

The following is a copy of a letter written by me shortly after I landed at Newcastle from Kadina, South Australia:- Sat. 13/3/'86.  
"Dear Mother & Sister, I now begin to write a letter, hoping you are both well, as the 3 others are at present. I am not very well; I have toothache & I feel rather weak. I intend to have the tooth pulled out to-day. We received your letter last Wednesday & we were very glad to have it, but we were sorry to find that you were ill, Mother.

It is our pay day to-day, & we will send you all the money that we can. Jack has got a house in Lambton; the rent is 7/- a week. It is a 4 roomed house & is close to the Salvation Army barracks, the doctor's house, & the bus stand. It is about 20 minutes' walk from where Jack & Bob are working. If you are well enough when you get this to leave for N.S. W. you can come as soon as you like, & Jack will be waiting for you in Sydney.

If you are not well don't come for a few days, or until you are better. We will have the house furnished before you reach here. You can bring your blankets & all the bedclothes. but not the bed-ties, because we have bedties with the bedsteads. You can bring all the books & Jack's roping tools, but you can please yourself about the little ship. You can let Bobby Trustcott have the house if he will settle the bill for it. Jenna Grose will pack your things for you, & Mr. Bennetts will take them to the station. It will cost 12/2 for you, Mother, to go to Adelaide, & Lizzie half price, I suppose.

You are better to get a through passage if you can so as to have no trouble with the boxes.

Put Jack's name on the boxes & direct them to Sydney, N.S.W. Have them labelled for Port Adelaide at Kadina, ~~that is for their carriage-te~~. You will have to pay for them at Kadina, that is for their carriage to Port Adelaide. You could go to Port Adelaide if you like, & stay in one of the pubs until you are ready to go; but I suppose Lizzie will want to see Adelaide when you go down. Bring all the ornaments & pictures, & the china set, if you can. You had better keep some bedclothes out separate to sleep in coming over, because you may not be able to get any on board. I couldn't get any blankets on the steamer that I came over in. You will want a spare change of clothes each.

Send a telegram to us to let us know when you are coming, & address:- John Cocking, c/o Mr, William Dove, Plattsburg, N.S.W."

( Mother & Sister arrived shortly after that letter was written, & we all lived together at Lambton.

The following is a copy of a letter from Jenna Grose:-  
" Wallaroo Mines, April 15th, 1886. Dear Friend, It is with pleasure that I sit down to comply with your wish, which is to write to you on the 15th of every month. I received your obliging letters-- one last Saturday week, & the other last Monday week, & was very sorry to find that you had been so ill. I hope by the time you get this letter you will be better & at your work again."

6.

For my own part I am not exactly as I wish to be. I was out rather late last night, & I feel the worse for it to-day. It was our races here yesterday but I did not go. It came off pretty well, I believe-- only one horse & jockey hurt slightly but not seriously.

Things are looking dull enough here now work is slack. I have only worked 5 days this month, so far. The Wallaroo Mines Company has bought the Kurilla mine: so I expect Captain John Anthony & Mitchell will be out of it. Piper is to finish in the Mines at the end of this month, so things must be dull, & Taylor's shaft is stopped below the 185 fathom level. They are going to let the water rise to that level.

Dear old pal, you wanted me to tell you something about the Beet-aloo waterworks, but I can't tell you anything about it because we don't hear a sound about it here now. I believe it is going

ahead, but I don't think there is anyone up there from here, I

wish I was up there, or somewhere from here. I will want my 6 feet of box if I stay here much longer. I am not half the chap now that I was when you left here. I have got, since you went away, that I don't care to do much nor go anywhere, nor I don't care where I go or what I do. I drank 15 glasses of beer & 4 nobblers of brandy last night, & I am feeling bad to-day. I am low-spirited, & had it not been for having my arms tattooed like they are I would clear out very quick.

Well, I won't say any more about that now, but I hope you enjoy your life better than I do mine. Well, I suppose I must try to answer your questions; I'll try them.

1. No shadow at all. 2. I can't answer. 3. Yes-- eggs. 4. The Army is going to win a disappointment. 5. I will send you an envelope of funny stuff. 6. I am still in work. 7. Sam is pretty well. I believe 8. We have been having very dry weather lately. 9. Your sole will find a rest when you pull off your boot for the night. 10. No, I have not got a copy of "The Soul-Stirring Story Of The Sea".

14. I will write to you on the 15th of every month if all is well. 15. I will not send over my photo because I haven't got any. Now I will ask you a few. 1. What is the difference between the Czar of Russia & a beggar? 2. Who is the straightest man mentioned in the Bible? 3. Why is the most recent horological improvement like the divorce bill? 4. What is a stern necessity?

5. Name the hardest case you ever knew affecting a living creature. 6. Why is a man so necessary to make a woman's life happy. That is enough for the time.

Give my love to Mother, E. Jane, John, Bob, Charley, & receive the same for yourself from your obedient servant, J.H. Grose.

P.S. I have sent you 2 War Crys. Goot pye auld party !".

Here is a copy of another letter from James Henna Grose:-

Wallaroo Mines, April 26th, 1886. Dear Friend, It is with much pleasure that I sit down to write in answer to your kind & welcome letter, which I received last Saturday. I was glad, to hear that you are all well, & I hope that this letter will find you all enjoying the best of health, as I am very glad to tell you it leaves us all at present.

I have started this letter, but God only knows when it will be posted, for I have not got any money nor stamps. I have not seen the color of money since I spent the shilling that your Mother gave me before she went away from here (well, when I say I have not seen any I tell a lie, for I saw & handled a month's money since then, but none of it came to my share). I am very close now since I tried to clear out just after your Mother went away.

I got as far as Green's Plains & worked there 4 days, when a trooper came & brought me home. I was going to pick up & go by the train the next day; & if I had you would have seen me by this time. I was lucky to get my place in the mines again.

But never mind, Joe, if they don't give me some money soon I shall do something to make them feel sorry. I asked for twopence to buy a stamp to post your last letter, & was told to go & get them where I got my lodgings. I had to go & borrow one for the letter & one for the War Cry. But never mind, they will be sorry for it bye & bye, you see if they don't.

It is all because I knocked the old man down in the street when he was drunk, about 3 weeks ago. Dear Joe, I have not been to Kadina for 3 Saturday nights past, & if they don't give me some money I shan't go to-night.

Well, I won't tell you any more of my troubles, or you might think something of me. Well. I suppose you want your questions answered. 1 & 2. There is no one living in your old house, neither is it pulled down. 3 & 4. The fruit trees are gone, & I think Bill Hancock got them. 5. My Father is at home doing nothing yet. Sam is working over in Sandhurst, in a gold mine. 7. There is little or no alteration in the mines yet. 8. I have answered that already. 9. The Salvation Army is very near gone through here. 10. I did not get a War Cry from you. 11. I would very much like to go over there. 12. We have had very dry weather here for the last 3 months, but we had some splendid rain here on Thursday. It started in the morning & rained all day & very near all night. We filled one tank & partly filled the other. We were out of water before your Mother went away; we were carting from my Sister's. 13. Answered. 14. I had 5 of them stiff covers of yours; Emma Vial had "The Idiot's Eye". 15. No more families gone that I know of. 16. I don't know the meaning of ad infinitum. 17. A good few men out of employment. 18. Answered. 19. I have not heard anything about Mother going away yet. 20. I asked for you at the post on Thursday. 21. I don't know whether there is such an animal or not. I am glad I have got through them.

I send you a parody, or something like one. Give my love to C, J, R, E J, and Mother, & tell her she has not kept her promise.

I remain your ever-loving friend, J.H. Grose."

( Continued from page 12 ).

of it altogether; I never felt so miserable in my life before.

I don't know what to do. If I go to Kadina with "Skittle" (Will Trezise ) I am bound to drink, & that nearly kills me; I feel the effect for a week after. I have not been to Kadina for nearly a month, & I don't intend to go to-night. I suppose I must put up with it a little longer: 2 years wont take long to slip away, & then if I am spared, I get out of it pretty quick, I'll bet my hat against

~~Well, I suppose that's enough of that--~~ a pound of pork !  
Well, I suppose that's enough of that.

I received your letter about a fortnight ago & was glad to hear from you, & was very thankful for the likeness that you sent me; & I did not take long to single you out-- & Jack & Bob-- from the rest.

I will assure you that you will not get a long letter from me as I got from you, for I have 2 more to write to-day-- 1 to brother Sam & the other to Alf Brooks. While I think of it I will give you Sam's address for Jack. Give my love to Charley, Johnny, Roberty, Elizzey Janey, Mammy, & take the same for Josey. I think I finish. We are to be paid every fortnight at the mine now, so that is a little improvement that they are making for the benefit of the working men, after all.

Captain Piper is off, & Mat Reid is back again. Blight is out of the blacksmith's shop & DDck is in his place. I heard he went crying to Captain Hancock for a job, & offered to work for £1 a week, from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. Tell Mother that she has not kept her promise about writing. She said that she would make Elizabeth Jane write as soon as you got settled down. Give my love to all inquiring friends the same for yourself from your old loving friend, James Henna Grose. Write soon.

P.S. There is no one living in your old house; it is going to wreck fast. Nearly all the palings on that fence that divides the back yard from the garden are gone. I received the book from you, & I am thankful to you for it. I would get one & send to you if I had any money, but I have had only one shilling since you wrote last, & I bought 6 stamps with that."

9.  
LETTERS FROM March 1, 1886 to 27th December, 1889.

"Adelaide, March 1, 1886. Dear Joe, It is with pleasure I write to you, but what to write about I don't know. I've been waiting for news, but the longer I wait the less news I'm getting. Well, I might as well start as I've got to write 3 letters to-night, & it's 8 o'clock now. I got one letter from Art Yelland in Silverton, one from Jim Head, one from Will, & one from yourself. There's hundreds of men out of work up in Silverton, & Ginger Head is in the same spot batching with 5 more of Kadina chaps-- Bud Davey, Jack & Alex Dobbin, Alfie & Butcher Penhall. Please ask Bob when he's going to answer my letter; it is about 7 weeks now; that is too long. I was rather surprised when I got your letter & saw that you were in WallSEND. I thought you were in Newport. Well I am glad you are working. Joe, old boy, that is something. Will's job is finished up & he don't know where to go from there, very likely to Tasmania. The Primitive's Anniversary is to be held next Sunday week. I should like to be there. Nearly all Kadina is down here now on the spree. Bobby Trustcott, Rev. Wellington, 3 Mitchells, Martha Dunn, Edie Mayne, Kadina Trevivian & her sister, Mary Ann Head & her masher Walter Peirce. I am right enough now. Elisha Mayne is gone up to Hergott Springs, he is my old mate. There's the races to be held up to the Racecourse at Easter. Harry Gray is working down to Young's shaft & is doing very well. The Young Australians of Moonta beat the Kadinas by 18 runs; & the Kadinas beat the Moonta Township by 1 innings & 28 runs. The Mrs. wishes to be remembered to you & Bob. We have had a few nice fires here again, Joe, & I have learned to swim in the Torrens this summer. Billy is still up to Gumeracha digging gold, or trying to. We have got plenty of work up to shop at present. Well, I'll finish as there's no news, so that you can have it. Write soon one of your good ones to Jim at NO 4. Football next week. I remain yours truly Jim Tamblyn."

Landowna Terrace, Victoria Square, Adelaide, Nov. 2, 1886.

Dear Joe, It is with pleasure I again write to you, although at present I scarcely know what to write about. Your letter and handkerchief arrived all serene & safe. I must heartily thank you for your handsome present, & I'll stick to it in remembrance as long as there is a thread in it.

Since I wrote to you last there has been a great discovery of gold; it is between Petersburg & Silverton. The name of the goldfield is the Teetulpa. I suppose you have seen a great deal in the newspapers about it. There have been some splendid nuggets found up there. Only yesterday there was a 30 ounce & a 16 ounce found; and before that there was an 8 oz. 14 dwt, & a 6 oz, 5 oz, 5oz, 3 oz; and I might say without the slightest hesitation scores of smaller ones ranging from 1 dwt to 3 ozs.

Mr. Johns (Billy) left here last Thursday for the field; & I'm expecting a letter at the end of the week. Scores of Kadina men

up there. The Boss<sup>1</sup> ( Mr. Hocking ) came down last night with a bit of gold. He thinks it will pay, but it's overrun: over 2000 up there now, & there's one great failure up there--water. Almost everyone has got the gold fever. I hear that nearly all of Broken Hill are down to the diggings. It's a very good slant for the Wallaroo Miners to get up there now. Captain Piper sent down for Mr. Symons, there by your place. He have got him a nice little job up there.

We are pretty busy in the shoemaking line still, & it & it looks like keeping so till after Xmas. Our Jubilee & Exhibition is going up rapidly & is a lovely building. We were down there looking about last Sunday, & I see they are planting trees all round the building. It will be something worth looking at when it is complete. Ben Opie was married to Miss Jane Burtchell last week, & they are down here spending their honeymoon. I havent exactly made up my mind where I shall spend mine yet; perhaps it will be up to Kadina at Xmas.

We started practising Xmas carols last Sunday for the first time, & I can tell you we got on splendidly under the able management of Mr. White. Each one had to take his part, & the effect was great. We've got some new ones.

The English team of cricketeers arrived here by the steamer Cuseo last Friday, being three over advertised time, & they started a 3 days match against 15 of S.A. I was down on Saturday & was so taken up with the play that I had a day again on the Monday to see them. Of course everyone knows who is best, especially with our 2 cracks away. The Englishmen scored 329, & our boys 152 first innings & 148 for 6 wickets. Play has just ceased & the game is drawn. The Englishmen start for Melbourne overland to-morrow morning by train. They are to play several games up your way.

I met a Kadina boy yesterday while on the way to the oval, & he thought I was playing with the 15. He thought he saw me in the field on Saturday. Oh, no, I'm nothing like good enough yet; but 1 out of our Association played ( R. Stephens ).

Our Frank is learning to be a teacher. He journeyed to Moonta last week to the examination; & I see in the daily paper that he passed. First step, Joe. I think the milk & cream at home assisted him a great deal in his studies. You know up studying with a pan of scalded milk by his side, he's the boy for milk & cream. One of our cows is in, & I wish it was Xmas to go up & have some cream ( a good skinful ). I'm full up of ice-cream, & so is your Bob, isn't he?, or have he learned to like it lately?

No hot pies now, Joe: given it up. This tropical weather we find it nice to go down to the Bay ( Glenelg ) each Sunday afternoon & go out for a sail.

The Melbourne Cup was run for at four this afternoon & we got the winner before 5. I'm sorry to tell you that I only got the second horse. I had 2 horses in the race, & if either of them won it would turn in ten pounds to me, but it's not my luck. I won a goods



sum on Ben Bolt winning the Caulfield Cup, but it's nearly all gone again. To-day one of my shopmates wanted me to go with him 2/6 each on a 5/- totalisator (private) but I did not like the horse, therefore I did not go. He went & put a shilling on (all he had) & picked up ten pounds. If I had put the 5/- on as I was wanted I should be here having a social to-night instead of writing to you, & worth £ 50 in the bargain; that was the dividend--£ 5 -- a nice little sum.

Tell Jack I'm very sorry I've not got a carte de (photo) but I'm thinking about being taken before Xmas & I shan't forget him, never fear. Looka here old chap, about those sayings, I can come across a few when in conversation, but burst me if I can now. Whillalah's circus is here doing very well I believe, & the Fun of Bristol is on at the Gage Gaff. Will is sick of that place; & don't be surprised to see him up your way at any time. Where are you going on the 9th? Let's know: I suppose out to Shedad's (Daddow's). I'm going down to Port Willunga with the cricketers, about 50 miles, by the steamer. Joe, give us a letter like the last, & remember me to your Mother, Lis-Jane, Charlie, poor old Bob & Jack, not forgetting your own self from an old pal, Jim Tamblyn."

The following letter was received by me from my old friend James Henna Grose, who was a boy with me at Wallaroo Mines, South Australia. He corresponded with me during several years.

"Wallaroo Mines, march 19th, 1886. Dear Old Party, I now sit down, before going to work, to answer your letter, which I received last Saturday. I had been long waiting for it, I can tell you, & was glad to get it. You said you wanted to hear the news about the Mines-- how it is getting on, & so forth etcetera. Well, I don't see much difference. They have started to tram skimps from the Devon jiggers very near out to Ellis' house. They are making the line higher as they go; it is done with trucks like the other jiggers.

I still belong boiler-clearing & suppose I must put up with it a little longer yet. Dear old pal, you thought that I was downhearted: well, so I was & am now. You said "Cheer up, the sun may come out from behind the clouds." Well, I wish that he would keep behind the clouds for a day or two, for he is shining very hot these 2 or 3 days.

Dear Sunday school mate, I wish you were over here to have your bun next Sunday & Monday. I suppose I'll have to send yours over to you in an envelope. Well, I'm feeling pretty mis-r-able, at the present periodical time.

You know Tom Samson that used to fill trucks in the Mines. Well, he died on Wednesday of typhoid fever. He has only been home one week.

Well, old party, I must go to work; I will give you the rest when I come home. It is now 25 minutes past 11 A.M. I have just

come home from your Mother's house.

12.

I have been down there ever since 9 o'clock, & I haven't seen your Mother. I saw Lizzy-Jane just before coming away. She had just got out of bed; she came out in the yard for wood, & she only had one boot on. The old woman wasn't up, even when I left. I went there & cut up the last bit of wood that she had. I pulled up the 2 big posts, that were in the garden, & cut them up; & my word didn't I sweat-- it ran off me in bucketfuls! (Excuse me). I will give up that riddle you gave me; & please don't send me any more of that figurative language. The old woman is nearly mad: she will go if you don't send for her soon.

( Note. The concluding portion of the foregoing letter is lost. When it was written my Mother & Sister were waiting in our old home near the Devon Consols mine, Wallaroo Mines, for us to send for them to come over to us by steamer. Brothers Jack & Bob were working with me either at Wallsend reservoir which was then being constructed, or at a deviation of the main road from Lambton to Charlestown. George Harris & his brother-in-law, Ned Robinson, were contractors for making the deviation near the Tickhole railway tunnel near Cardiff. Bob & I lived in a tent on the Lambton side of the railway, quite close to the tunnel. The brothers Tom & Steve Owen, of Wallsend, lived in a tent near ours. A Scotchman named Jim Mac (something) lived in our tent also. He was a careless, ignorant fellow who had been away from his home for years & had not written to his Mother. I persuaded him to let me write to her, to tell her where her long-lost son was, & that he was well. About 2 months later Jim received a reply from his Mother, who was delighted to know that Jim was alive & well, as she thought he was dead. She also thanked me for writing the welcome letter. While we were working at the Wallsend reservoir we were photographed by Ralph Snowball of Lambton, who travelled about with a covered cart. He also photographed us in the deviation of the road at Tickhole, but the photograph is lost. Fox & Hoax were the contractors for the construction of the Wallsend reservoir, & they paid their laborers 7/- a day.

This is a copy of a letter I received from Jenna Grose :-  
" Wallaroo Mines, May 15, 1886. Dear Friend, It is with pleasure that I sit down to write you a few lines hoping that they will find you enjoying the best of health, as it leaves small of our family, with the exception of myself. I haven't been well since I wrote to you last. I feel my old complaint again very bad, but I feel better to-day than I have for more than a week. I am getting despondent. I do care to care to go anywhere or do anything. I come home from work, have my dinner, & then I go in my bedroom, shut the door, & lie there until tea-time, & then I have tea, & wash, & go out in the yard & stay there until bedtime. Then I go in, say nothing to anybody, & go to bed & of course stay there until morning. I wish I was out

( Continued on page 8 ).

13.

Copy of a letter I received from Jenna. Grose:-

"Wallaroo Mines, June 17th 1886. Dear old Joe, It is with pleasure that I sit down to write you a few lines hoping they will find you in good health as, I am glad to tell you, it leaves me at present. I received your letter & was glad to get it; also to hear that you were all well, but I was sorry to hear that Charley was out of work. I hope that by the time you get this he will be working again. I don't think that I ever saw a prettier piece of poetry than that parody on "Casabianca" that you sent me. It is a good piece of composition. I have showed it to several & they all say it is a very good job. I wish that I could do as good myself; if I could I would write some for the "Wallaroo Times". I thought of putting it in that paper, & I would if I knew how to head it-- & sign your name at the bottom. I suppose you think I am hard on you, but you must excuse me-- I want one on "Little Jim": I know you can do it.

Dear Joe, I was sorry that I sent you that last letter, after I had posted it. When I told you to tell your Mother that she had not kept her promise I meant in not writing, because she promised me, the day before she left here, that she would make Elizabeth Jane write as soon as they got settled over there. When I wrote I did not think anything about money; if I had I would not have said anything about it on the letter. You must tell her, Joe, & ask her to write to Mrs. White: she told me to ask me to.

Dear Joe, things are as dull as ever here now. I have been more lighthearted since I wrote to you last. I have made the acquaintance of a decent young girl in Kadina now, & instead of going to the pub bar I am out in the street, or in the kitchen, with her. She is a very decent little party. When I am not with the girl I have the privilege of going with Frank Carlin. He is home from Hergott Springs railway, & is working in the mines. He does not knock about the pubs much.

Fifteen men went from here to the Beetaloo waterworks last Thursday. Bill Mitchell & Cambourne Jack got the contract for the tunnel. Give my love to your Mother & Elizabeth Jane, Jack, Charlie, & receive the same for yourself from your ever-loving friend & mate, James Henna Grose. Good bye; write soon. P.S. I will enclose some funny bits."

The following letter was written by James E. Tamblyn to my brother Bob:-  
"Adelaide, June 6th, 1886. Dear old Bob, I received your letter yesterday, & I was glad to hear from you. It was only a day or 2 ago that I was thinking about you boys over there; & come to look for your address I could not find it. I told my young brother Frank last Friday to ask Jenna Grose for your address. You said that you had 4 or 5 more letters to write: that's nothing! I wrote 7 last week, & now I've got 3 more to answer; 1 to ginger Harry Gray, 1 to Art Yelland, & 1 to Miss Trustcott up to Kadina. Well, old boy, the whole crush of us were up

home at Wallaroo Mines at Easter, & I never enjoyed myself better in my life. I can tell you I did not half like to come back to Ad-

elaide again. Shooting tomtits & chitties, out to Point Riley periwinkling, doing the kill with the stick & the Havanna puff. The Wesleyan anniversary was best, but the T was better, as none could enjoy themselves better than we did, ~~because up from Adelaide~~ because just up from Adelaide we could take any girl we liked.

Easter Monday at the T there was kiss-in-the-ring, disappointments, refusing ring &c. The girls were in for a lark that day because they did not know when they would have another. I done more kissing that night, & at the teachers' T the following day, than ever I did before. Straight, I had a handkerchief put on each shoulder, & I did not know who to kiss first; all Wesleyan girls. I should think there were 50 girls in the ring on Tuesday night, & none of them would go into the teachers' meeting. I had enough that night for once in my life. Bob, you should have been up in the gallery with us on Easter Monday night, full of young men & girls, wasn't it glorious times. Easter Monday I was out shooting, & I got on the spot where dear old Joe & I stood exactly 12 months to the hour before, & Joe said that in 12 months' time I would be in Adelaide. Well I was not. Well, as I stood there I thought I was there, but Joe was somewhere else--where I did not know; & then to think of my brothers Will & all the other Wallaroo Mines boys-- how they had all been separated-- some to be found all over the continent! I was glad to clear out of it.

I felt another thing missing, & that was your house, when I say house I mean the people. I had nowhere to spend my evenings. Go to the Salvation Army barracks & come back about 9-30-- nowhere to go, & on the road home look at the old house & think of the fun I've had there; it was a little hard.

Well, Bob, we will turn to something brighter. There's a team of footballers coming down here from the 3 townships-- 5 from East Moonta, 5 from Moonta, 5 from Kadina, & 5 from Wallaroo. They are going to play in the Adelaide oval against the senior teams. Look here, Bob, they will never smell the ball down here; they might just get on the scent of it in the first half, but the second they would never see it! What they call a fast game up there would be a very slow one down here. I was asked to play on the city oval this year, but I didn't think I was good enough. Anyhow, we"...

( The concluding part of the letter is lost ).

A letter from J.H. Grose to me.:- Wallaroo Mines, August, 8th 1886.  
Dear old Pal, I now sit down to write you a letter in answer to your kind & obliging letter, which I received all right; & I am sorry that I did not answer it before. The reason I did not write is because I had no paper, & you must excuse me for this short letter as this is the only sheet of paper they can spare me to-day, & I have to write a letter to Sam to-day. I hope this letter will fi

d you all as well as it leaves us all at present. You seem somewhat glad that I am learning music. Well, for my own part I am not sorry. I am glad to hear that you are working, but sorry to hear that your wages are so low. I hope by the time you get this letter that you will have the same as Bob is getting. You want me to make some puzzles & send over to you for to put in the "Town & Country Journal"; but I will assure you that you will not get any from me. I thought that Cockney's that Cockney's map of the world was very good. Now I suppose you want me to answer some of the Qs that you sent me. 1. Give it up. 2. My cousin's wife (Mrs. Jackson) is teaching me. 3. Nobody is living in your old house; it is nearly torn to pieces, the fencing is nearly all gone. 4. I don't know what you want to know for unless you feel anxious. 5. An organ & piano. 6. Give it up.

You said that the Geordies are a queer lot of people. Don't you have nothing to say against them, for my intended sister-in-law is a Geordie. I am glad to hear that you are a Good Templar. I suppose you want me to try to answer this puzzle for you. Well, I think it is possible, for I have been pretty high up in the atmosphere lately. De capitation & Transposition. Whole I am a peculiar principle in the atmosphere. (Ozone) Behead, I am a division of the earth. (Zone). Again, I am a number. (One). Behead & transpose, I am a prefix. (E(n)). Curtail, I am a vowel. (e). If that isn't it, tell me what it is if you please. You wanted to know whether a concertina music-book would do me. Well, if there is treble & bass in it it will be handy. The Mashfords are all working out at the Kurilla mine. I don't think they have made their fortunes yet. I have sent you 2 or 3 lots of War Crys, since you asked me to send them, but you never said whether you got them or not. I will send 2 in company with this letter; & please let me know whether you get them or not. Give my love to Mother, Elizabeth-Jane, Jack, Bob, Charlie, & receive the same for yourself from your affectionate sweetheart. I remain yours as much as mine, J.H. Grose. P.S. Write by return of post. I heard on Friday night that one of you had broken an arm. I hope it is false."

( I answered the letter above on the 14th of August, 1886 ).

The letter below was received from Jenna Grose:-

" Wallaroo Mines. July 11th 1886. Dear Joe, It is with a feeling of a somewhat curious nature that I bring my posterior into collision with the sofa to write you an exceedingly short epistle in answer to the one which you wrote to me last. The reason why I have not written before is, in the first place, because I have been very busy had no paper, in the second, I had no stamps, & in the third & last place, because I have been very busy ever since I received your letter. I have been in a better mood lately.

16.

16.

~~15.~~

16.

Together with your letters & other things, I get on middling, considering the bad times. I have started to learn music; I started about a fortnight ago, & that occupied all my spare time. I am

getting on pretty well so far. I hope I shall be master of it in about 6 months time, or thereabout.

Dea Brudder, Ise bery glad to her dat yo ar injoyin de best ob helf. Ise happy ter tel yer Iamm too. I war sorry ter here dat you war out ob work, & I hop dat yer will all be wokin by de Time dat yo will git dis ahar ledder.

I received your parody on the burial of sir John Moore, & it was very good indeed. I think I'll try to get it put into the "Wallaroo Times", but I want the name of the captiin first. Let me know the name on the next letter, will you please?

Bill Mitchell & Cameron Jack have got the Beetaloo tunnel; it is to drive through a hill out at Beetaloo for the conveyance of water in pipes, but I hear that there are 100 men up there out of work. Captain Has cut the miners' wages at Moontato 3/9, three and ninepence per day; & he has got frightened of the men, & has brought his family up here to live (the old scamp). Things are just the same here. Willie Davey is coming home from Melbourne next Saturday. I don't know that I have any more at present.

Give my love to Bob, Jaak, Charley, Mother, & Elizabeth Jane, & accept the same for yourself from your ever-loving friend, James H. Grose. Good bye, & God bless you all, Amen."

Following is a letter from Jenna Grose to me:

"Wallaroo Mines, Sept. 15th, 1886. Dear Josey, It is with much pleasure that I sit down at my mahogany writing desk to write you a few lines in answer to your letter, which I received on Saturday week last. I am very glad to hear from you; also to hear that you were better, but sorry to hear that you had been so ill. You will excuse me for not writing before when I tell you that I wanted to find the answer to your charade you sent me in the last letter. I tried 2 or 3 things but I could only get one of them to correspond with it, that was the human hand; & if it is not that, well, I'll give it up to you. It was very good composition, far better than I could do, I guess. If you don't like that you can lump it, as dogs do cold dumplings!

Dear friend, I am enjoying the top degree of life & health at present, & I hope that you are doing the same. I am still working at the Mines, boiler-cleaning. I am still proceeding with my music learning. I can play a few tunes out of the "Silver Songs", and "Sacred Songs and Solos". I hope by this time next year that I shall be a competent player at the American organ. Billy Davey (Bud) is at home. He has been home about a month. He has got a contract-- a stope-- out at Kurilla, & will start to-morrow, I expect. I hope he will do well, don't you? I know you will say yes. Well, old son-of-a-gun, I'm going now to have some dinner, so you will have to wait awhile.

Boys, you need not trouble about sending that music book because

xxxxxx 16 A.

A CHARADE. (For "The Town & Country Journal").

I am one of the usefulest things upon earth,  
But those who own me oft know not my worth;  
I am found in all climes, I am living & dead;  
I am black, I am white, brown, yellow, & red.  
All the gold on the land, all the pearls of the sea,  
All the diamonds & rubies were first got by me !  
I am loose, I am tight, I am strong, I am weak;  
And although I've no mouth I seemingly speak.  
I am composed of five, yet I am only one;  
And little without me in life could be done.  
I give & I take; I construct & destroy,  
And often do harm when I'm used by a boy.  
I'm a weapon, a shield<sup>z</sup> I supply ev'ry need,  
And although I've no eyes I can easily read.  
I am soft; I am hard; I am fast; I am slow,  
And the alphabet I, by my motions can show.  
I often am taken by men in a game.  
Now I've told you my looks, please tell me my name."

Answer: The human hand. Josiah Cocking.

This charade was published in the "Town & Country Journal" in 1887.

I also wrote the following square words for the "Journal", which published them about the same time.

SQUARE WORDS.

OVERT	TABLE	HAREM	ESTOP
VALUE	ARRAN	ANILE	STATE
ELAIN	BRUNT	RIVAL	TASTE
RUINS	LANCE	ELATE	OTTER
TENSE	ENTER	MELEE	PEERS
LADLE	LxQxBxEs	LOBES	OVERT
AMAIN	QxPxExRx	OPERA	VIPER
DAUNT	ExPxQxBxE	BEVEL	EPODE
LINER	RxRxExAxN	ERECT	REDAN
ENTRY		SALTS	TREND

The primals & finals of the first word in each square spell two of Shakespeare's plays:- Othello & Tempest.

TO MAKE INK. Black Copying, or Writing Fluid.

Take rain-water, 2 gallons; gum arab  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. ; brown sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb.; clean copperas,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb; powdered nutgalls,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb; bruise all, & mix, shaking occasionally for 10 days, & strain.  
If needed sooner, let it steep in an iron kettle until the strength is obtained. This ink can be depended upon for deeds or records which you may wish someone to read hundreds of years to come:- Oxalic acid,  $\frac{1}{4}$  ounce, was formerly put

17 A.

in, but since the use of steel pens it does not work well on them. If not used as a copying ink,  $\frac{1}{4}$  the gum or sugar is sufficient, as it flows more freely without it.

COMMON BLACK INK. Take logwood chips 1 pound, boil in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  gallons of water until reduced to 2 quarts; pour off, & repeat the boiling again as before, mix the 2 waters, 1 gallon in all; then add bichromate of potash  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounce, prussiate of potash  $\frac{1}{4}$  ounce; prussiate of iron ( prussian blue )  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounce, boil again about 5 minutes, & strain & bottle for use. You will find none of the gumminess about this ink that is found in that made from the extract of logwood; yet it is not presumed that this will be as durable as the gall inks for deeds, records, etc., but for schools & common use it is as good as the most costly inks."



17.

I think that it is all treble music. You wanted to know whether that parody was put in the "Wallaroo Times". Well, no, it was not. They had no room in the paper. Ben Crosby takes up nearly half of the paper every week on the rearing of ducks, or some such stuff.

I will answer your questions. 1. Up at Silvertown. 2. I don't know. 3. No, he is serving 6 months in the Wallaroo jail for stealing an overcoat. 4. We heard that they had reached America. 5. No, only once a month as usual. 6. He is up at Silvertown. 7. Very slight indeed; he will never work any more: I think he will kick the bucket this Summer. It is my birthday next Friday week (25th), I will be sweet little 19 then. Coming up, ain't I? Give my love to all inquiring friends, if any, & receive the same for yourself. I remain yours as much as my own, James Henna Grose.

P.S. Write soon. Good bye. God bless you all. Write us another parody on something.

( Note ). The charade mentioned in the foregoing letter was written by me, & published in the "Town & Country Journal" in, I think, 1887, while we lived in Donald Davidson's house in Robert street Wallsend. The answer was "Hand".).

.Here is a copy of another letter from J.H. Grose:-

"Saved by grace, Hallelujah! Wallaroo Mines, Aug. 21st, 1886.

Dear old pal. It is with much ease & comfort that I sit down to write you a short epistle in answer to yours, which I received yesterday early in the evening, "and oh, I am so dry" -- pleased I mean, when I got it, you may bet. I am also glad to hear that you are all well. I hope you will be so dry (well, I mean, I am always making blunders) when you get this scribble.

I am still in work in the mines & can't get out of it. I am a convict slave to the Wallaroo Mines Company, or something worse. They won't give me the sack. I suppose I must be contented. I suppose I must be contented with the place for a while till something better turns up. The sooner that happens the better. You said you did not get any "War Crys" from the post. Well, I sent you 4 lots of 2 Crys each, but if you don't get them I'll not send any more, because I don't know who gets them, & I'm not going to buy them for post officials if I know it.

Look here, Boss, if I hear that you are a newspaper editor, or a poet, or a novelist, I shan't be a bit surprised, upon my soul I won't! That parody on "little Jim" is a good un, no mistake. I composed one on the same piece myself, called "Ragged Tim", & was thinking to send it over to you in this letter, but I shan't now. I sent the Marriage piece in to the editor of the Rag yesterday. I don't know yet what he'll do; I haven't had an answer yet.

I hope he'll put it in.

Well, you want me to answer some of these Qs. 1. I think he ought to be a mother. 2. No, I have no dictionary; I never had one. The old

18.

man has a Bible Dictionary, but I know him well--he has 3 brothers -- Billshonary, Jimshonary, & Jackshonary: are they the fellows you mean? Now I will ask you a few Qs. 1. Were you ever in love?

2. Do you ever see Alf Brooks? w. When you see him ask him why he don't write to me. 4. Why is the letter R like December?

It is Sam's birthday to-day; he has reached the age of 21. How he'll shape now I don't know. I have sent him a nice silk handkerchief.

It is my birthday on the 25th of September. I will be 19 then.

Then I will get a girl if I can find one. I am going to take one to Port Wallaroo to-morrow if it is fine weather, or at least she is going to take me down for her Mother to see & pass her opinion on me. I hope it will be fine weather, don't you?

W<sup>ll</sup>, paper is getting scarce. Give my love to Mother, Jack, Bob, Charley & all inquiring friend, if any, & take some for yourself.

I remain Wholly Thine, James Henna Grose, Esq. Mc.Tr. music teacher."

Following is a copy of a letter from Jim Tamblyn to me:-

. "11, landrowna Terrace, Adelaide, Octomber 5th, 1886.

Dear Joe, I suppose I am entitled to give you the above heading. Your long-expected letter came to hand this afternoon. I was glad to see the handwriting on the envelope, but it gave me the stuns when I read the first part of your lengthy epistle. I've got a good mind to give you a blowing-up, but it would only be the kettle calling the saucepan smooty. I wrote a letter to you just after I came back from Kadina. The beginning of last month it was stocktaking with us. In August we had a week, starting on the 11th, & us boys went up to Kadina again. I saw Jenna Grose in Fred Hancock's barber snop one Saturday night, & he asked me if I had heard from you lately, & I told him that you had written last some time ago, & that as I had news in particular I was going to write as soon as I got back, & was going to give you my travels; & I wrote to you a good newspaper but could not make out why you were so long in replying.

I had my photo taken about a fortnight ago, & I says to myself I'll write & send him one of them & see if he'll answer that. But, Joe,

I was very sorry to hear what I've heard. I only got your letter this evening, & I've started to write. I've been thinking about nothing else all the evening. You know, Joe, that I think as much of you as I do of myself; if I didn't it is not very likely that I should kick about with you like I did. I don't remember doing anything or saying anything to the effect that I was better than you; such thoughts don't occupy my mind. We are all one flesh & blood. You say you hope we are friends: I sincerely hope so too. Don't think that because I'm in Adelaide I have got quite so big as that as I'm not one of that kind, nor never was to my knowing.

W<sup>ll</sup>, Joe, as for writing you a good letter to-night, I don't think I can. I can't think of any news.

We were on half time for a long time ( about 4 months ) but since

stocktaking ( sheepstealing ) we have been gradually growing busier & now we are very busy. We brought down young Jack Richards (Slungis brother) with us ( a snob too ), & he's working at Wills & Cos. Kadina is going worse & worse. I wont give you any Kadina news as you get that from Jenna. I heard down to the gardens the other Sunday that Sam Grose is married.

Frank Andrews went over to Sandhurst for the stock-taking; he was away for 3 weeks. There is a grand play at the Royal now-- it's " The Shadow Of a Great City " ( New York ). It is the best I ever saw. " Struck Oil " was on last week. It's good, but I like the former best. I suppose you know that Bud ( Wm. Davey ) is back to Kadina again. He got up about the same time as ourselves. He is working out to Kurilla mine. Sarah Dobbin is still up to Kadina, but I hear she is going back to Melbourne again shortly.

Old man Sincock got hurted very badly out to Kurilla last week. The Kadina show is to be held to-morrow, & Whilallah's circus is is up there. Frank Nicholls have opened a boot palace up to Kadina, & it's taking well. He asked me how I would like to go to Moonta to manage a palace. Oh my ! I told him not to ask me. Just fancy myself with a white apron on all day standing up in the day door & asking the Moonta girls to step inside & see if I can't accomodate them. Anyhow, he's talking about it, & if he does I'm to go. It was all the go up there that I was coming up to manage the Kadina Palace.

I'll send you a photo of 3 of us in our football costumes. The 1 sitting down is Nick Tonkin, an old Kadina boy & a grand man too. He played with the Norwoods on the City oval the latter part of the season. The 4 teams on the oval wanted him. The other one is called Jimmy McGrath, the skipper of the Torrens. He's a fine back, too. He is a baker by trade, & is lately from Melbourne. And the other is myself. We ( West Torrens ) are to play on the oval next season. The Englishmen cricketers are playing on the oval on the 29th inst. That will be great. Our factory played Dowie's factory last Saturday. Practice before the Association matches begin. Our factory have got one oval player. However, Dowieies done the trick ; they made 80 runs & we made 40; & I had the pleasure of making 23 of them, & bowling 2 wickets for nix; rather warm, eh ?

Tell Robert he'll have to watch his ps and Qs with that boarding-house missus. She was a fair wringer when she was here.

Well, Jack Boase was living here, but he got gloriously saved at the H Army a month ago; & Jack could not stand us: rather warm, so he arose & went to his Father. Young Richards is gone to live with Dick Hand at the boss'. Charlie White, Dave Thomas, Frank Andrew, Charles Jackson a brother to Will. I think they are all you know that are living with us at present. Will Jackson is married. Well, I will finish, hoping these will reach you all right. Remember me to Jack & Bob, Charley, your Mother, Liz Jane & Selina, not forgetting your own self if you will accept it. Hoping the clouds will disperse. I remain your ever Jim Tamblyn. I am going

to sing now till this is answered," Wait Till The Clouds Roll By, Jim".

Copy of a letter from J.H. Grose to me:-

" Wallaroo Mines, Oct. 10th, 1886. Dear Joe, It is with pleasure that I stop home from chapel this morning to write you a few lines to let you know how the world is using your humble servant. I am enjoying very good health at ~~presw~~-present, with the exception of a slight cold which I got last Wednesday night at the Wallala Bros. circus. It was very cold & wet. They were her last Saturday & Wednesday, & did very well I believe, considering the depression of trade here. I hope that this will find you enjoying the best of health; also the rest of the family. I received your letter early in the week & was glad to get it, I can assure you--very glad indeed.

Dear Joe, you wanted to know if Billy Davey was any bigger or rowdier. Well, he is not any bigger, but for his rowdiness I believe he is worse than when he went away from here first. He always could act his part, but now he can act more than his own. He is still working at Kurilla & making about 35/- per week, I believe, so that is not so bad after all, considering the bad times here now. It is something awful, I can assure you. Very near all the people here are going to Silverton; & the men are sending home for their wives & families-- they that have any, & they that have not are getting their girls up there & marrying straight off. So you see that if we don't look sharp we shall be out of it altogether.

Look here, it ain't safe for a man to go out alone after dark without he is armed to the teeth, for he is stopped on every hand by women & girls. I always carry my six shooter when I go out by night. I was coming home from Kadina last night at a decent hour, say half past 9, when all of a sudden I was bailed up by a woman & of course I had to resist, & that woman kept me from going home till after 12 o'clock, & she is a married woman, & I am afraid she will drop in for it if she don't mind what she is doing.

The Salvation Army is going down fast here now.

When you write to Dubbs ( Jack Mallett ) tell him I would like to have a letter from him. Give my love to Mamma, Papa, Jack, Robert, Elizabeth Jane, & receive the same for yourself from one who feels that he is Yours as much as his own. I remain Wnzrf Uraan Tebfr. English-- James Henna Grose.

Sam's address is:- " Mr. Samuel Grose, C/o Mr. Thomas Grose, McKenzie Street, Golden Square, Sandhurst, Victoria."

The next letter is from Jenna Grose :-

" Wallaroo Mines, Sat. Oct. 29th 1886. Dear Joe, It is with the most curious of feelings that I sit down to write you a short epistle in answer to yours dated Oct. 16. I was very glad to hear from you, also to hear that you are enjoying good health, but sorry to hear that you were out of work. I see by the papers that

~~20~~ 21.

there is a strike of the miners at the New Lambton colliery. I suppose that is where you were working. I hope you won't be out of work long. Perhaps you will get a better place & more money.

Dear Josey, you wanted to know if I had that book called "Amusement Without End". Well, I never had it, & I don't know whether Jim Prideaux had it or not, for he went up to Beetaloo, & he is not back yet; but I will inquire, & if you want it I'll try to get it somewhere & send it to you.

I went out to Tickera peaching last Saturday night & got a few peaches & a very bad cold. The first I did not mind, but the latter I did not care much for. We stayed out there overnight in a calico tent, but it did rain properly. There was only one out of seven that had any sleep--that was young George Brokenshire. You just know how we spent the night pulling one another out of the tent.

Well, we got home just in time for dinner on Sunday: that was good.

I had my dinner & went to bed about a quarter to two, & slept until 9, then I woke up & had supper, & went to sleep again until eight next morning. Got up, had a wash, had breakfast & went to work.

You said that Ettie Atkins had entered into the bonds of holy matrimony. Well, I hope I shall soon, too; not later than Christmas, I expect.

I suppose you have heard of our grand gold-diggings up near Walkeringa. Well, they will be proper diggings soon, I hope, near by.

All the men are gone up there from here.

Give my love to all at home & receive the same for yourself from one ever yours, James Grose."

The following letter was received when I worked in the Wallsend pit as a wheeler:-

"Wallaroo Mines, Nov. 23rd, 1886. Dear Joe, It is with pleasure that I sit down to write you a few lines in answer to your letter, which I received last Wednesday. I was glad to hear from you; also glad to hear that you were enjoying good health. I hope these few lines will find you the same. I can't say that I am well--far from it. I have not been well this 2 or 3 days. I think it is working too hard, & the weather is dreadful here to-day; there are hot winds & dust.

Dear Joe, I was very much delighted with the imaginary trip down in the colliery with you by my side to conduct me through the black regions of Chinaman's & Swamp Oak flats. I should never have been able to find my way through those places by myself. And wasn't it grand to see the lad pin the paper on the trapper's hat & set fire to it & sing "Scotland's Burning", & "Pour on water", etc.? I hope the trip on the surface will be just as agreeable to us both. I am still working at the boiler-cleaning, but I intend to give it up at the end of this month. I won't work there any longer. I will either go to the Teetulpandiggings or to Silverton. I am sick of this hole. Give my love to all at home & receive the same from your loving friend, James Henna Grose. Good bye. Write soon."

This is a copy of Jim Tamblyn's letter to me:-

" Landrowna Terrace, Victoria Square, Adelaide, Decr. 9th, 1886.

Dear Joe, I again start to write to you after a short absence, but what to write about I scarcely know. The first is a very sad bit of news; I've just heard it: poor Mr. Vial has gone from this earth away-- not the old man of all,-- it's Emma's Father. All I can say is, I believe if there was a pious old man in this world it was him.

Well, to something brighter. Xmas is very nearly on us; another fortnight. There's about 15 of us going up to Kadina on Xmas Eve, & I know one thing that I shall miss, & that is your Mother's swankey & cake. I don't know what I shall do without a drink of swankey & a peice of cake. Teetulpa is still alive, there are over 6000 up there, hundreds going & coming daily. Uncle ( Mr. Johns ) is up there batching with Mr. Henry Bennets that was living near you. I had a letter from them to-day. They are not doing much up there. Jim Head's old people are gone over to Victoria to live. They are living in Richmond. Jack Dobbin is coming home to spend Xmas. Art & Bob Yeland are coming home too.

I had a letter from home to-day, & they say that brother Will & Joe Pollard left Sydney on the 27th of Nov. for Vic., & they were going to have a few days there, & then come on here; so I've been expecting them every day since I've had the news, but they have not turned up yet.

There were 2 poor men killed up to Broken Hill yesterday-- 2 Moonta men-- Stewart & Ball. There are 15 Moonta cricketers coming down to play on the oval during the Xmas holidays. They will get particular beans, I know, because the Kadinas can beat them easily. The Kadinas put the Moontas all out for 11 last week, so that is good enough.

Miss Tamblyn is married to a chap called Dick Trezona from Moonta. Harry Boase is going to marry Eanie Thomas. John, the engine-driver's daughter. All the chaps are getting married up there at Kadina & Wallaroo Mines. Old John Hosking, the captain that used to be in the mine, has got 2 years & six months for indecent assault.

We are going to have a party here Xmas Eve night; 20 couples; it's to be a grand night, dancing & singing songs, & games &c. There's a Sheffield Handicap to be run up at Wallaroo Mines on the 27th, & there's 3 of our chaps in for it besides about a dozen altogether, Kadina boys & all. Some rare boys for spree, all in for fun.

I heard to day ( I don't know if it's true or not ) that Poll Hanton is going to marry George Uren. I've got a pair of glasses & a false beard. Harry Gray is up at Broken Hill working. Harry Annear & Joe Annear, new chums, are down from Silvertown, & Harry is going to marry Miss Penrose. Parry Huxtable is coming home at Xmas, & our cow is in.

Joe, you must excuse this wretched letter as I'm stumped for news, & we've got visitors in all the evening. I can't write: so, wishing you all a Merry Christmas & a Happy New Year, & wishing to be re-

membered to each & every Kadina boy you come across, Jim Tamblyn.

L 10th. Brother Will & Joe Pollard arrived in Adelaide this morning; everyone surprised. Going to stay for the holidays, & then up to Silverton. Good luck, Joe. From Jim. Plenty of news after the holidays."

. This is a letter written by Jim Tamblyn to me:-

" Landowna Terrace, Victoria Square, Adelaide, Jan'y 16th, 1887. Dear old Joe, Your welcome letter was at number 11 awaiting my return from the Xmas holidays, & I was glad to get it. We-- Joe I was just going to begin my travels with a bit of the last part of it; but I think I 'd better start at the beginning & go right through. Well, for a start. All of us chaps at the house here had a party (social) on the 23rd, that was Xmas Eve's eve, & on the Xmas Eve morning we kept it up all night. There were 20 couples present, & I enjoyed myself immensely. I was just getting silly by morning on hop beer &c. We had number ten as it was empty. The big room upstairs for dancing, & the next room for cribbage, & the other one for games. We had some very rare games & plenty of songs. Each gent was informed that he had to sing a song, stand on his head, or give a stump speech. The Monday night preceding that I was up all night at a birthday party.

Well, our party broke up at 4-30 to give us boys that were going home a chance to go to the market & get some fruit. And so we started the Xmas of '86, which was a very enjoyable one. It took 2 special trains to get the crush out of town on Xmas Eve. Our party consisted of Dick Hand, Jack Richards (a brother to "Slungeye"), Jim Gilbert, (Bess' chap), Nick Tonkin, Joe Hill, Jack Berriman, Humphrey Davey, Nick Tamblyn, Parry Huxtable, Cosgrove, Frank Andrews, Dave Thomas, & myself. It took a carriage for us only, & we were singing Christmas carols all the way up. We had no end of fun going up. Nick Tonkin, Jim Gilbert, & Joe Hill are shopmates of mine, & went up to run in the Wallaroo Sheffield Handicap of 15 g's, & the Catholic sports. Hill--far away the best man of the 3-- broke down; his leg gave way in the first race (which he won), but couldn't run any more. They went out to Tickera Xmas Day & won almost everything.

Xmas eve night I was not up to much, as you may suppose, after being up 2 whole nights through the week, & the ride up. I can tell you I was fit for nothing-- but a sleep. There were 3 brass bands playing carols in Kadina until a late hour, & Kadina looked livelier than ever I saw it before. The streets were crowded.

Christmas day I got up to the Institute just in time to hear the last carol; & coming home to dinner (which I was looking sharply after) I saw a wedding party enter the Wesleyan church, Wallaroo Mines, & heard the ceremony of marriage passed between Robert Willshire, junior, & Miss Amelia Phillips of Moonta township.

After dinner it was everyone going up to Kadina to see the train in & then we learned that the Academy of Music had been again destroyed.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.

Continued on pages. 26 and 27.

us that had watches took them out in our hands & looked at the Army clock as we were going down the aisle, which caused a grin from scores. But the best of it, I took up a pair of glasses, not "spectacles" like Tom Uren's, but those masher ones-- just put them on the bridge of your nose & they would stay on-- of course they were attached to my coat by a nice peice of elastic-- so as soon as I got seated I spotted Josie Oliver, & putting on the glasses on the very tip of my nose, & slinging back my head about 45 degrees, looked at Josie, & by this time he was in a roar of laughter.

All this took place while they were in silent prayer; so the Captain had to come down, but he never saw me, & in a minute I had them on again, which brought forth another roar from Joe. I can tell you I was glad to get out to laugh it out, I was nearly bursting inside. When we came out Nick & I picked up Miss Truscott, Williams (2), Poll Davis, & went all over their side of the Mines whitewashing windows newly painted, &c. & taking away gates, pelting stones on rooves, & finished that up after being chased several times. The girls saying that they had made a good start for another year. On the road home I took off 3 more gates by myself, one being Harry Gray's, & taking it up & putting it on Mr. Henry White's front garden gate, & taking his off. I tried your old front gate, but it has hinges on. The Hantons work there now. I had a nice scheme in my noodle if I could only have got the gate off. Billyn Williams' came off easily enough. I got home early-- it was just 4, & I had to get up at 9 to catch the last train for Port Wallaroo, which I succeeded in doing for once.

Well, Joe, I don't think I ever remember seeing so many people down to Port before on a new year. The sports were all carried out from the new jetty. The Port was alive with girls, each barracking for either the Port crews or the Moonta crews. The Wallaroo colors were blue & white, & the Moonta colors were orange & black. As soon as we got on the jetty we stuck up 3 Wallaroo girls & made them give us a piece of Wallaroo colors which we put in our pockets. Then we got onto the Moonta girls, asking them for a bit of their colors, as we said that we thought the Moonta's were the best; & so I got a nice orange & reese-black rosette. Whichever won in a race, we would stick up the colors to our coats & have the other in our pockets.

There were 2 large steamships running excursions all day-- one the Ferret that was stolen 5 years ago from home-- & the Palmerston. They were crowded to excess every trip. We were out with a crush of ladies singing; & I succeeded in getting a nice hair-string off a girl's hair pigtail; & we went below & cut it up into 4 pieces & made bows of it & pinned it up with the rest. When the poor girl saw it she was mad. I am glad I was at one end of the boat & she at the other. I believe if she had been close up she would have torn our eyes out. It was no mistake, those runners

Continued on pages 26 & 27.



d by fire, & that 2 firemen had lost their lives. Christmas night we were all up to the S.A. barracks to the meeting & Hallelujah supper, & I can assure you that this place of amusement cannot be excelled. Joe Trevan was removed 3 times during the holidays. The Capt. called Joe a larrikin because he (Joe) would not stand up, & Joe got up & said "If I'm a larrikin you're a bloody larrikin!" Of course the sergeant had to respond. Young Ned Bawn dragged the Sergeant (Stee Giles) out of the barracks, because Steve would not let him in, & tore his coat off his back & rolled the peices up & threw them at him. I think it was a good job that Stee's coat did tear, or he must have had his head knocked severely against the front of the wall.

They were going to "pull" him, but his Dad being in the H army saved his skin, but they have to fork out for a new coat. While an open-air meeting was being held some of the lads shied eggs at them, & 1 of the latter went clean through the drum. Zacky Johns offered to part up five pounds if anyone would tell who threw the stone.

I can tell you they are getting nice boys up that part of the country now. Larrikins is no name for them.

Boxing day I was down to the Paddy's picnic all day, with our boys, running. It was a Paddy's picnic upset. The next day, the 28th, we were down to Port Wallaroo competing for the Sheffield. Our 2 men who ran-- Gilbert & Tonkin-- won their first heats, but were put out in the second. Hill being scratched. You know, Joe, I think that 15 pounds would have been a very easy day's work for him if he had stood: it was won by Tomlin.

Will Moyle & I were often out shooting, generally early in the mornings, & we got on fine. The rabbits are more plentiful than I've ever known them there before; & the wallabies are coming in very close. I had a very nice little single barrel gun that a shopmate lent me, & I floored a wallaby first shot I had out of it. There must have been scores of rabbits killed there Xmas. I saw Bob McIntosh out several times with his gun & dog.

New Year's Day was the day, "Day of all others brightest and best". And the Watch-Night service was something to be remembered. Jim Kellow & Jack Yelland were slung out of the Army barracks in the first meeting (8 o'clock) & were not allowed to come in at 11 p.m. Us crush were up to Dan Dunn's playing cards & firing that air-gun until 11, when we were kicked out; then, of course, it was off to the Army, & by the time we got down there was a Skeleton Army with a brass band parading up & down in front of the barracks, "Playing all kinds of rubbish about 20 or 30 yards off the door (you know, between those 2 fences) were Trevan, Jimmy Oates & party singing Christmas carols & songs at the top of their voices, & a dozen or more chaps with cow-bells up against the windows, ringing them. Us crush got in 2 minutes to 12 by the aid of Jack Boase. "Chames" (James) Galliford did not want us to come in, as the officers & soldiers were in silent prayer; but we tippled Jimmy off his props before he knew where he was too, & in we marched at the side door, the front one not being opened for the evening. All of

Continued on page 24.

of ours were too bad with the girls; they were terrors-- cheek, no end of it.

There was a cake fair, upto the Institute, which was very good. Prizes were given for the best recitation, comic song, best piece on the piano first sight, best sentimental &c., which proved very exciting. Some of the poor girls were nearly crying when we left the Kadina station for here on the 4th. The station was crowded-- shaking hands & kissing wholesale. " Oh, when are you coming up again ?";

" I hope you'll miss the train", &c. Joe, to tell you the fun we had coming home in the train would take as much as I've already written. I'll only tell you that we shook some Joker's bag of ham sandwiches while he got out of the carriage for a drink of water, it being a scorcher. We ate them, & when he came back we swore that we hadn't seen any sandwiches in the carriage. Frank Andrews was going to kill Jack Berriman for knocking off his hat in the train, & while in the act of picking it up several of us pushed him over & broke his stick. Didn't Frank swear !

I've not got room for any more. We never got locked up, but we were not far from it. Art Yelland, Will Symons, Jim Humphreys, Joe Pollard, Billy Williams (organist) & his father, Mrs. Charlie Pearce ( Dave Thomas' sister ), & Ostie Williams' sister left Port Adelaide last friday for Charters Towers. Joe Pollard was married the day before he left Kadina; & Ostie's sister is to get spliced to Jack Trezise as soon as she arrives. Will Moyle Watt left for Silverton on tuesday via Teetulpa.

I've just received a letter from brother Will from the goldfield. There's very little gold being found up there; but he said he would not desire a better place for sport. Great fun up there. I expect they are up to Silverton by this time. Young Harry Gray is up there for some time now. Poor old Kate has got the sack from Albert; it's all up with them, & is all the talk up there. Jim Humphreys & Sall Dobbin were at it pretty strong during the holidays: I don't know if they are going to tie the knot too.

Will & party slept on some forms in the Wesleyan church, Teetulpa, first night. Joe, I am very sorry to inform you that there's not a Christmas number of the " Chronicle" to be got in the city. I tried, soon as I got your letter, in all the booksellers' & the "Chronicle" office where it took 9 tons of paper to print the Christmas number; & they told me I would not get one for love nor money.

Many thanks for the "Town & Country Journal". We get plenty of lemon iced squash here at 3d per half pint.

Joe, about marrying. I've certainly got my lamps fixed on one, but I don't think her fiery orbs are yet set upon me; & I'm still clothed in my right mind. Dubbs ( John Mallet ) is a cure: he swears like a trooper, & as broad a Cousin Jack as can be, & as small as ever.

Jack saw me up on the street, & didn't know me till I spoke. "Eh, Bul, how art a gettin on, you?"

Next month us snobs of Adelaide are going to have a picnic out to Bridgewater on the Nairne line. Special train, sports &c.

Thanks for the cards; & tell me if Miss Elizabeth Jane Giles received that Christmas card I sent her. Remember me to your Mother,

23 27. 27.  
Charlie, & don't Jack & Bob & everyone I know, & accept the same from your old friend, Jim Tamblyn."

This is another letter from Jenna Grose:-

" Wallaroo Mines, Jan 2, 1887. Dear old Joe, It is with pleasure that I sit down to write you a few lines to let you know that I am still alive & well. I hope these few lines will find you all the same. I must be excused for not writing before, because I clean forgot it till I got the second, which you may be sure I was not displeased with. I thank you very kindly for the handkerchief & the cards you sent: I like them very much indeed.

Well, you want to know how I spent the Christmas. Well, I was not drunk once; I never drank a glass of beer all the Christmas. On Christmas Eve I went to Kadina about 6 o'clock in the evening & knocked about with Jack Scott until about 9 o'clock. Then I got the girl, & about 10 I went home with her & stayed till about 12. Then I went back to the town & met Scotty & Sacky Rowe, & we stayed at Dan Dunn's till 3 in the morning. Then we stole half a ham & a big jam roll about ten inches long, & went down to Harry Nankervis' &

stole some pies, & then we went out on the stage in front of the pub & there we met Jack Bodinna. He had six boxes of sardines & 2 loaves of bread; so we all sat down & had a picnic for an hour, & went home & to bed. I was up at 5 o'clock again & went up to the Kadina Institute & heard the Choral Society sing carols. Then I went to the Wesleyan chapel & saw young Bob Willshire married; & then I went home & had dinner. In the afternoon the girl & I went up to the Army tea & stayed to the meeting in the evening, & to the supper after the meeting. I went to work on Boxing morning, & in the afternoon I took the girl to the Catholic picnic, & we enjoyed ourselves, I believe, pretty well: I did, I know. In the evening we went to the Barracks. New Year's Eve-- went to the watchnight service & got home about half past one-- went to bed at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 2--got up at 4-15 & went to Port Wallaroo about 10 about-- a.m. Stayed till 20 to 10 p.m., came home, went to bed, slept well till 10 this morning, went & got a horse & had a ride; came home, & now I am writing a letter to you, old son. I hope you have spent a very happy Christmas and a glad New Year. I am going to Crystal Brook or Port Pirie on Tuesday. I have given up my place in the mine for a spell. I am going up on this waterworks. You will send my letters here as usual, & I will have them sent up.

You wanted to know if I had seen Dubbs or Harry Pope. Yes, I have; & Dubbs is the silliest beggar I ever saw; he is a lot worse than he was when he went away. He comes up here sometimes, but I don't go anywhere with him-- he is too silly. Give my love to Bob, & Jack, & Charley, & Mother, & Elizabeth Jane, & all inquiring friends, if any, & receive the same for yourself from your everloving friend, James Henna Grose. Good bye.

P.S. You wanted to know how your old house is looking. Well, the

sisters, Poll & Kate Hanton, are using it for a dressmaker's room. All the fence is gone except a bit in the front. There are not many shafts working now. Young's, 1 pare; Taylor's, 4 pares; Office, 1 pare; Robinson's, 1 pare; Devon, 2 pares; & 5 or 6 pares at Kurilla. They say she will stop in about 6 months time. J.H.Grose."

Copy of a letter from Jenna Grose:-

"Bute, January, 27th, 1887. Dear Joe, It is with pleasure that I sit down to answer your kind & welcome letter, which I got yesterday. I was glad to hear from you, and to read that you were well. I hope these few lines will find you the same. It leaves me pretty well at present. I am out with a farmer named Bill Tilly, a brother of Tom Tilly, the green grocer at Kadina. I am wheat cleaning, getting £1 a week & my tucker. I like the place pretty well, but it is hot & long hours; but I will put up with it for another week or two, & then I am off to Silvertown like a dog tailpiped.

I haven't much news to tell you here. I went home yesterday, & then I got your letter. I went up on the Beetaloo waterworks, but I only worked one day there, & then I went down to Bute to work for a blacksmith for a pound a week & my tucker. I worked there for a week, & then I came to work for Tilly. I have walked over 400 miles with my swag upon my back since I left home, & in hot weather & over sandhills, too. You said there was a fine lot of girls over there. I wish I had one or 2 over here, for I haven't seen but one girl since I left home, & she is 2 miles off from here--that is Essie Moraghan. She is living with a farmer called Rowe.

And you said about the chaps too. Well, I know a little about this Sydney horseshoeing, or swearing if you like. I have heard a little of it lately. Dubbs can do a little of it pretty well.

I must conclude, as there is a mob of kids here hollering about me, & I don't know what to say. I will write more next time. I thank you for the cards. Give my love to Mother, Jack, Bob, Charlie, Lizzy, & accept the same for yourself from your affectionate friend, J.H. Grose. Send my letters on to Kadina as usual."

Jenna's next letter is as follows:-

"Broken Hill, Feb. 24th, 1887. Dear old Pal, It is with pleasure that I sit down to write you a few lines in answer to your kind & welcome letter which I received yesterday. I was glad to hear from you; also glad to hear that you were all well. I am happy to tell you this leaves me well with the exception of a cold. I dare say that you will be surprised to hear that I am up here. Well, I left cockying, farming I mean, 3 or 4 days after I wrote to you last, & came up here straight.

You must excuse this short letter, as I am in a hurry & have to go down street to post them to night, & we have to get stamps. You wanted to know where Joe Barron is. Well, he is up here too; & I

think that Blight & the other fellow ( Tom Liddicote ) are together still. Give my love to all your people & receive the same for yourself from your ever loving friend, J.H. Grose. Excuse this short letter. Good bye. Write soon. I will write you a long letter next time. Please address:- Mr. James H. Grose, Broken Hill, Silverton, N.S.W."

The following is a copy of a letter from Jim Tamblyn, but the date may be wrong:- " 11 Landrowna Terrace, Victoria Square, Adelaide, Mar. 1st, 1887. Dear old Joe, I again begin to write you a short epistle after a long delay. I've been procrastinating week after week, but I hope you will excuse me, old boy. Well, I don't know what to start with now. Things are very quiet here. I expect there will be a regular go in next June, when our Jubilee is opened. Joe, I've just been searching for your letter, but like everything else when wanted it's not to be found. I remember one question you asked me & that was whether we had shifted our residence or not. We shifted out of number (the number is missing) last Easter & came here on the corner. Number 11 is the very best house in the terrace-- a very room lit up with gas, & bath upstairs. It's several rooms larger than the others.

I see by the last letter from home (Wallaroo Mines) that old Mr. Vial is gone with the vast majority, dead. I've not had a single letter from brother Will since Xmas. He's up at Broken Hill. Liz Trezise, Frank Nicholls (my old boss), & the Morgan family are gone up to Singleton. Liz has gone up to keep house for her Dad & Will. Ostie Williams' sister was married to Jack Trezise in the Towers the day after they arrived; sharp work, old boy.

I suppose you heard of the death of Mr. Snell--Jack's Father, out to Jerusalem. He was picking out a hole with his mate, Martin Davey, & it exploded, blowing out Snell's 2 eyes & one hand, & blowing out Martin Davey's left eye & his hand. The latter is recovering. I hear that Mr. Ellis is very ill up there, too. Teetulpia is almost dead; things are very quiet up there, nothing doing.

Kadina is very quiet. I see they played the T. A's of Moonta a game of cricket all day on Saturday last, & the Moonta's scored 125. Richards 75. The Kadina's replied with 200 for 5 wickets. Ned Davis 110 caught. Joe, I've been glad that I'm alive this last week. We are very slack up at the factory, & last week we were stocktaking, so 2 of my shopmates & I went up to Ballanah by train (Nairne line) & walked across to the Onkaparinga racecourse & slept there all night. That was a-a-a Sunday night we went up, but we didn't go shooting as it was pitch dark by the time we got up, although I was tempted to try a shot in the dark on several occasions at the mosquitoes. The place was abundant in them. We slept, or rather tried to sleep, in the grand stand, but it was too cold; so we retired to the river's edge & lit a fire, which was more comfortable. The first thing I heard before daybreak was a pair of laughing jackasses. I never slept a blooming wink for the night. By 3 we were up & at the rosellas &c. We had 3 guns & 5 greyhounds, but only 2 of them were good, & 1 of them got staked in the first

course after a hare. I got lost in the hills by Woodside; & my pals saw 7. I managed to stop 4. It was dreadfully hot, too hot for hares, as one could almost walk on them before they would rise. I shot a very large one; it took me 2 barrels to bring him down, & I then discovered it had 3 legs broken. My mates were not successful. They got into someone's fruit garden & helped themselves & did not forget me.

We got back to town by the overland train on Monday night, well pleased with our trip. Yesterday was our first picnic, shoemakers. It was held out to Bridgewater on the Nairne line. I've got a lady friend boarding up to Mt. Barker. She is a teacher in the school; so she came in on biz on Saturday & gave me an invitation out to Mt. Barker, which I accepted; so we journeyed up to the Mount by train on Saturday evening, & I stayed there till Monday morning, when I started a little of my return journey by train as far as our picnic party, Bridgewater. I waited there for an hour until our special came up from town with the picnics. I enjoyed myself immensely up there Saturday & Monday in a splendid fruit garden, & told to help myself. Plenty of hares & heaps of circular dancing & song-singing. I'm getting an adept at the latter. I was very sorry to leave there, even to go to the picnic party.

I never went in for any of the running this time. Jim Gilbert (Bess' chap) won the principal event on the card, 5 g's & a 3 g trophy. I was doing a roaring trade on the boat. I backed a man in every heat of the races, & only missed one for the day, & he got second. I went in for the quoits & beat 9 others for the first prize, £1-1-0. I done far better than I expected. Went away for a 3 day's spree & came back with more money than when I started. That will do, Joe, won't it?

Those kind of parties just suit me. I've got a very good mind to go up after hares again on Sunday evening. The picnic was a great success, & it will be impossible for me to describe the fun we had coming home in the evening through those 9 tunnels with the girls. Two chaps had a fight in our carriage over the girls, & they began screaming but could not be heard, The train kicking up too much row. I had to help to part them. The start of it-- a young man hit an old man about 75. Both were drunk, & Jim Gilbert knocked the young one down & another jumped in on him, & then I was in on him. There was plenty of hugging, but the blows were few & far between. I had been training Jim Gilbert, & made his pair of running shoes; so we were great pals. Although I never took a drink of anything but water for the day, I was almost drunk by the time the train arrived in town, smoking cigars, & the row. I lost my reckoning; the station had turned around; I couldn't speak above a whisper, hoarse with singing. If I haven't enjoyed myself lately it's a caution. I laughed last night till my sides were aching up to the theatre. Minnie Palmer in "My Sweetheart". It was very good.

Joe, I've seen plenty of sweethearts lately, one at the theatre, one at the Mount, & one just come down in the train from Kadina, Miss Truscott, & Miss Mary Liz Williams. They were my mates at white-

washing up at Wallaroo Mines on New Year's night. Are any of you boys coming over to our Jubilee? I can assure you it will be worth looking at. It will, I think, be a real good one. Make up your minds & come over. Tell Bob if he comes over I will make him a pair of running shoes & present them to him before he goes back again. And if any of you come over I will give you something. Jim Head & his Mother have come back from Victoria & have sold the house & effects, & are gone over to Richmond, Melbourne, for good. Mr. Head is keeping a greengrocery shop there, & doing very well. I received the 2 "Town & Country Journals", & I kindly thank you for them. They are very interesting, I'm sure. I'm thinking about going down to the Murray shooting, Easter time, instead of going home; plenty of ducks, swans, &c. Well, Joe, after all I've not given you any news, nor do I know any. I'll try to give you more next time. Remember me to your Mother, Charles, Elizabeth Jane (suppose she is growing up now). Jack, Bob, & not forgetting your own little self. I'll finish with best respects from your pal, Jim Tamblyn."

The following is a copy of a faded letter from Jenna Crane to Joe:

Wallaroo Mines, April 11th 1887. Dear Joe, It is with much pleasure that I take the opportunity of answering your kind & welcome letter which I received last night. I was glad to hear from you; also glad to hear that you were well & in steady work. I hope this note will find you the same. As for myself, I am pretty well. I am out of work at present. My knee is all right again now, & I started to work a month ago but I am out again now. I wish I was over there, for I have only one mate here now, & that one I only see about twice a week. All the shaps are gone away up on the Barrier. My last one went last Monday-- that was Stee Andrews. Jacky Mallet & Tommy Brokenshire are up to the Pinnacles, & that is where I shall be, very likely, before you hear from me again. If I don't settle here next week I shall go too. I heard you were coming back here again, but if you get steady work stay where you are; don't come here, for this is a God-forsaken hole, sure enough. Nearly all the men are gone away now. Dicky Mayne is working in the big mine as timberman. He got work as soon as he came home. Dear Joe, you said that Jacky Mallet told you on his last letter that he had joined the Army again. Well, he has joined them 18 or 20 times since he has been back from New South Wales. But he is out of it now. Rabbits are scarce here now. I only saw one since I have been home. The Barrier is the place for rabbits-- thousands of them there. That was a good piece of poetry about them. Did you compose it? Let me know. I don't trouble myself much about that sort of thing now; & I have given music best now-- I hardly ever look at it now. I can play anything up to as far as 3 sharps, & play anything almost, by ear, on the piano. Dear Joe, I was born in the year of

our Lord, Jesus Christ 1867, so you see that I am getting up old now. Brothers Tom, Joe, & Sam are 3 married men. They are still over in Sandhurst. Sam am bery well, & was splendid at Christmas: the rest are pretty well. The Army is still rolling on slowly--- not many souls. John Visick has been gone away over Victoria side this 12 months. I don't go to any chapel at all. Joe Toy is truck-filling on the surface. Will Cudlip is up at Broken Hill. Billy Moore is working in the Mines: so is Harry Mutton. Captain Datson & Dick Jennings are head bosses below.

Give my love th Mother, Charlie, Jack, Bob, Eliz Jane, & all my inquiring friends, & receive my kindest love for yourself while I remain your ever-loving friend, James H. Grose. Don't write any more miserable letters, please. Address the same. Good bye; write soon."

The following letter is from Jim Tamblyn:-

"11 Landrowna Terrace, Victoria Square, Adelaide, May 15th, 1887.

Dear Friend, After a lengthened absence I again write to you, really ashamed of myself although it takes a good deal to make me ashamed now. I don't know of any news in particular. Next Tuesday week I'll be able to give you heaps of it, I hope, the 24th I mean. There's to be a sham fight: I should like to see the real thing for once-- it's all sham here in Town. Then there's the races ( & some of them will be sham); Queen Victoria's Birthday Cup &c. Then the last but not least-- football, Norwoods v Adelaides. The Adelaides are going over to Victoria to play after this match. I suppose you know that us West Torrens used to be, but now West Adelaides have got in the Senior's ranks & are playing on the oval. We played the Ports last Saturday & they gave us a drubbing after a hard tussle. Everyone here at present is Jubilee & football mad. No matter where you go it will be either the one or the other brought up. The Exhibition is a grand building, no kid, & it's to be opened on the 21st of June. Adelaide is looking up already. Heaps of people losing themselves in Town. We've had it raining here every day for a week; it's been raining too, no sham this time. We haven't had rain like it before for 7 years.

Our slavey is gone, & we've got the original Selina ( Mrs. Billy Williams). I hear that Dick Mayne has tied a knot with his tongue that he can't possibly undo with his teeth; he's married Miss Bessie Hawk. He's Mister now, I suppose. Well, I was intending to get spliced shortly, but now the boys are doing it it's time us men gave up such ideas. George Uren & Miss Polly Hanton are one, united in wedlock, & Poll's brother Biller will be on the job shortly. They are up to Kadina. Mrs. Jim Mayne is dead, & so is Mrs. John Arthur. All our boys are leaving us. Dick Hand has got in a grand place as school teacher. He's got a school of his own over to Port Lincoln. He gets paid according to the average attendance. He left us last Tuesday. Dave Thomas is gone over to Charters Towers to open up a business. He's full up of snobbing here, but I can assure you that I'm not going to give it up while I can earn



what I have this week, viz. £2-15-0. We are pretty busy now, but we were slack about a month ago. Bill Mitchell & Tom Matthews went over as far as Sydney with Dave. Young Jack Richards is going up to Kadina to morrow morning. He's got a very bad hand-- it's poisoned-- the doctor says it will take 3 or 4 weeks to get anything like well.. We are getting a small family.

The "Habour Lights" is on at the Gaff, & it's the very best I ever saw in Town. The scenery is something magnificent. Over 8 tons of it to shift each night. "Human Nature" comes next. There's a Japanese war boat down to the Bay, & she's to be opened for inspection next Sunday. I think I'll take a look at her. There were about 100 of her sailors passed here while we were at dinner, & out we go talking to them, & they sticking up looking like fools. They wear the same kind of suit as our Jack Tars. The Salvation Army is getting into the wars here for parading the streets. "Butcher" Jim Penhall is back from Victoria again, & so is Neddy Cosgrove & Eddy Martin. Alf Penhall is still in Vic. "Butcher" was one of a push that were caught stealing sand, & several of them got it pretty warm-- £5 each; but Butcher made good his escape. I believe he is working up to Wallaroo Mines, getting good specimens for our Jubilee. I am very glad to hear that your Mother is able to get about again; & I hope by the time you get this she is perfectly well, as it leaves me. I hear that Liz Jane is growing away now. I suppose that I can call myself a man now. It was my birthday last Sunday, the 8th, 21. I had a holiday on the strength of it, anyhow. If some of those younguns over there were working at our factory they would not only smell rats but they would see them. I couldn't say for certain when the youngsters' birthdays are. Frank was school-teaching for a short time, were no vacancies in any schools, & he had a chance to get into the Mines office; so he took it. Mother & Father are quite well, & brother Will, too; he's as right as pie up to Broken Hill, batching. He gets cream, cowheel tripe, & all sorts. He says, in the last letter I had, "Cut" (Harry Gray) invited him to his place one Sunday to T. When he got there Harry was out shooting parrots with an old Enfield rifle, & as shot was very scarce he was using pebbles. Bob McIntosh, Merrick, & Harry batch together up there. Joe, I heard that you had written or was writing a novel, & I said I'd ask; so please excuse my impertenance. If so I'll take the first copy. I'll send a Commonwealth over with this. Well, Joe, I'll finish, as I must positively write to Ginger Harry Gray to-night. Remember me to Jack & tell him not to get his shirt torn off his back playing up in the Park Lands next Saturday against the Kadinas. And to Bob, old chap, is he sparking?-- let's know. And to Charley, & to your Mother, & Liz Jane, not forgetting your own self, from your well-wishing friend, Jim Tamblyn."

Following is a copy of a letter from J.H. Grose to me:-

" Wallaroo Mines, June 2nd, 1887. Dear Joe, It is with much pleasure that I sit down to write you a few lines to let you know how I am & where I am to. You know that when I wrote to you last I was up at Broken Hill, & since then I have had to travel with my swag. I got out of work, & therefore had to exit from that place, & then I got work down at Ninnes' Plains, & now I am at home again working in on the halvings; they go about 18/- a week & hard work for that. I wish I was over with you. I would like to see you again, & I dare say you would like to have a look at me, but I don't suppose we shall meet yet for a while. I am thinking of going over to Sam in about a month's time. He is getting on pretty well, I believe; he is working on tribute with Tom. They are getting a living, I believe.

Dear old Joe, I expect you think I have forgotten you, or else got too proud to write to you, but it's neither. I dare say you answered my last letter which I wrote from Broken Hill, but I did not get it. I have been waiting to get it sent down, but it has not come, & I don't expect it will come now. If I had got it I would have gladly answered it before now, so you must excuse me for not writing.

Dear Joe, I have good news to tell you. " Whene'er we meet we always say " What's the news ". " Well, I can answer you by saying the Lord has pardoned all my sins, & now to praise Him I've begun. I was converted in March, & I am still serving God, & intend to until the end of my days. I hope, if you are not saved, that you will think of the future welfare of your soul. I hope you will take my advice.

Give my love to Jack, Charley, Mother, Liz Jane, & Alf Brooks if you see him, & all other inquiring friends, if any, & receive the same for yourself from one who, till death, is your faithful & ever-loving friend, James H. Grose. Write soon. Address, James H. Grose, Wallaroo Mines, Kadina, South Australia.

Death is coming & the Judgement Day. Get ready, Joe. Good bye, & God bless you. I am nicely saved. I hope you are. The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanses from all sin. Hell is awful: Heaven is beautiful.

P. S. Perhaps you will be rather surprised to hear that Johannah is married to Walter Kennet; you know them both. And Tommy Williams' sister Bessie is married to old Joe Ivy. Poll Hanton is married to George Uren. Dick Mayne is married to Bessie Hawk. Jack Cooper is married to Micky Dwyer's sister. Harry Boase is married to Jack Thomas' daughter Amy. And I am going to get married if I live long enough & get enough money to buy a wife; & I expect you are going to do the same if you are lucky enough.

Well, I have told you all the weddings I can think of; now I will tell you some of the deaths. There are Sam Vial & his father; Laura Yelland & little Dicky Bennets' boy; & Jim Mayne's wife that lived in Tregoweth's house; Jack Arthur's wife; Mrs. Berrimam from Moonta; Mrs. Tommy Tonkin; William Garril is very ill, & I don't think he will come out of bed until he is carried out. Prepare to meet your

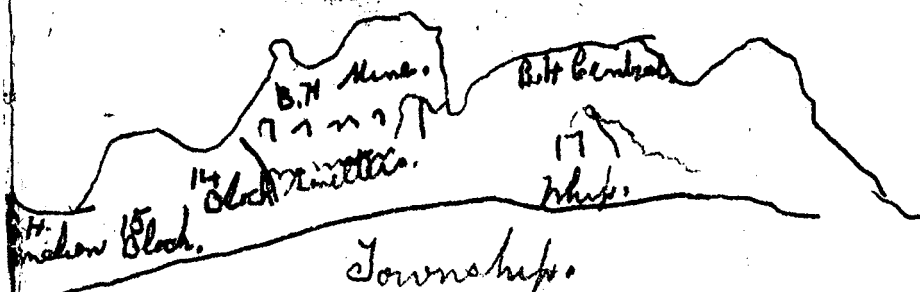
34. 35. 35.  
God. Jesus died on Calvary for you & me. Get saved."

The following letter is also from Jenna Grose.:-

"Broken Hill, December 12th, 1888-1887.

Dear Joe, It's with much pleasure that I take the opportunity of writing the e few lines to you, hoping they will find you & the rest of the family enjoying the best of health, I am happy to tell you, these few lines leave me at present. I received your letter this morning & was glad to see by it that you were all well, with the exception of your Mother, who I hope by this time is all right. I am still working in the same place as when I wrote last, but I shall leave it to-night. I don't care about the style of living; I would rather be hard grafting.

You want to know something of the timber of Broken Hill. Well, I can't tell you much, but what I do know I will tell you. Broken Hill is in the Barrier Ranges, about 50 miles inside the border of the of the 2 colonies, N.S.W. & S.A. I will draw a sketch as near as possible to show you what B.H. is like



Hills again on this side of the town.

There, that will give you an idea of what it is like. The town is situated in a gully. It is surrounded on all sides with hills. The town covers about 3 miles of ground, & the main street ( Argent ) is a mile & a quarter in length. There are 9 pubs here & 6 more being built, 5 wine saloons, 15 bootmakers, 12 butchers, 5 bakers, 4 tailors, 15 bootmakers, 10 drapers, & a lot of all sorts, & a population of about 5000 people.

Well, about the treatment of the ore. It is the same as copper, but instead of drawing it on the floor as they do copper, they take it straight to the smelters & smelt it straight away, & the metal which comes out of the furnace is a mixture of silver & lead. This they call bullion: it is sent home & refined. So that is as much as I can tell you about it.

Billy Williams is up here, but I don't think Selina is. Bob McIntosh is hereabout somewhere. My Father is still working in Wallaroo Mines. You want to know what Jafky Mallet is doing. Well, poor old chap, I heard that he is dead. I hae a letter from home a week ago, & they

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told me he was as low as he could be; & I have heard since that he is dead. More news next time. Good bye. God bless you. J. Grose. Please address care of Edward Brock."

Here is a copy of another letter from Jenna Grose:-

"Wallaroo Mines, Friday Mar. 2, 1888. Dear old pal. I take it in my head to write a few lines to you in rhyme, as I have not heard from you for 6 months now, though I daresay you answered my last letter to you. I am at home with a sprained knee. I have sprained the same knee 3 times this last 12 months, I belong working in the mines underground, boring in a stope. We get 2/6 a foot for boring Holes. It is a new game that they have started here now. We were making about 25/- a week. I hope these few lines will find you all well & working in steady places. Now for the rhyme, Joe.

While sitting down one afternoon  
Nursing a sprained knee,  
And not expecting the doctor soon,  
Thoughts came like these to me:-  
" I wonder how old Joe gets on,  
Or is he still alive ?  
I think for letters I owe him one,  
And to write I will contrive".  
So I takes a pen & paper too,  
And that's to write in rhyme  
So as to give an answer to  
One that I've had some time.  
My last from you I have at hand,  
Date September '87,  
But I don't know the date of the day it was wrote,  
It might have been 27.  
But here it is, I've answered it once  
Close on 8 months ago,  
And I have not had a letter since  
From you, my laddie Joe.  
You may have wrote-- perhaps you did--  
And answered straight away,  
But not a line I've ever read  
Up to this blessed day.  
But never mind, my bonny lad,  
In me there's no dependence,  
I've got a dose of lead so bad  
I had to come home for attendance.  
I went away from Broken Hill  
To look for wages higher,  
And, like another silly Bill,  
I stepped right in the fire.  
I was in the "Gypsy Girl", of course,  
I got a start at last;  
The lead there is the very worst,  
And it played on me pretty fast.

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I worked there for about 6 weeks, mostly filling lead. I got leaded & had to seek rest upon my bed. Five days & nights I passed without having the use of my bowels, And I was in pain, inside & out, & awful were my howls. Upon my bunk I raved & tore my hair with pain, And took an awful draught before I could use my bowels again. So you see my life has not been joy since I last wrote to you; But now I'm free from that, old boy, & my knee is righting fast. I was working in the Wallaroo Mines & tramming underground, My mate, in lifting, sprained his back,-- I found him on the ground While running to help him, over a winze, ~~ever~~-a I got in the dark, you see, ( I didn't ) & unfortunately sprained my knee. We go tramming our stuff when it is in our road, & we are paid stem work for that. My mate & I were tramming last Monday, & we got the waggon off the road, & he was trying to lift it on , & he lifted too much & sprained his back; so he was done. This was 11 o'clock a.m., & about one he was going out to the plat & I heard him crying out, & I thought he had fallen down & could not get up, & I ran to help him & got in the dark & fell in a winz & sprained my knee. You know the winze, I expect, it is where the ladder-road is from the 125 to the 140 back between the Office & Holmes' shafts. My mate is a German named Cha rley Bahde ( pronounced Bardy ). He is a married man. Give my love to Jack, Bob, Elizabeth Jane, Mother, Charlie, & you can keep Joe's share for yourself while I remain, same as ever, J. H. Grose. Address -- James H. Grose, Wallaroo Mines, Kadina, S. A. Good bye, old fellow. Write by return of post or quicker if possible. I am anxious to hear from you soon. God save the queen."

This is another letter from Jenna Grose:-

" Broken Hill, June, 1888, t is with the greatest of pleasure I sit down to write you a few lines in answer to your kind & ever welcome epistle, which I received yesterday. I was glad to hear from you, you may bet, after being so long without any news from you. I was glad to hear that you were well, & I hope this will come to hand & find you enjoying the best of health, & find your Mother better than when you wrote.

As for myself, I am pretty well, excepting a slight cold. Dear old son, you will be rather taken back to find that I am on the Barrier again. I am working in the South Broken Hill mine under Capt. Piper. Broken Hill is a very large place now. It covers more ground than the city of Adelaide, & there are close on 70 pubs here now, & always half a dozen in course of ~~erwction~~erwction. I never saw such a place as it is for amusement. There is every sort here, from the Princess theatre to Yankee sweets. And such a place for dust you never saw. We have been having a 3 days dust here. It started on Sunday & is blowing now. I should think that we were getting the sweepings from the 4 corners of the earth; sometimes

it almost blackens the sky. Dear old Joe, you said I ought to write about the place and the people that you know. Well, I don't know much about either of late, but I will tell you of a few that have gone to rest:- Old man Harry, the old lime-burner; Uncle Tom Bray's wife; old Mr. Trembath from Kadina; and Roger Cain's wife. And Capt. Hancock has gone home to England for his health. Bill Templar & Tom George died up here of typhoid fever not long since. Bill Hancock & his family are living in the same place as when you left. Dear Joe, you said you would like to see me again. Well, I would like to see you very much, old son; but I dare say it will be a long time before we see each other unless you come where I am, for I don't expect I shall come over that way. And another thing might surprise you-- that is to hear that I am about to tie that ah-ah-ah-- I won't say what. I will leave you to surmise what it is. I am sorry I did not get your letter sooner, but I hope you spent a happy birthday, old boy. I hope you will have the best of luck during this year of your life. I was born on the 25th of November, 1867, at Kapunda, S. Australia. You want to know who Sam is married to. Well, she is a Geordie, over Sandhurst, called Lizzie Ball. I don't suppose you know her-- I don't. I thank you very much for Bob's photo. I think it is an excellent likeness of him, don't you? I have not got either one of my own, but I will get a dozen taken soon & send you one, & I would like to have one of yours. I will try to get one of my girl's & send with it; & then you can see both of us, old fellah. Oh, by the bye! Try & send me a piece of poetry (your own comp) in the next letter, old boy-- a good lively parody on something. I know you can do it, so I shan't take any excuses whatever. You said you think of me when you are down among the coals. Well, I often think about you & wish either that you were here or I over there, I would not care which so long as we were together. I often think of those days that are gone; & memory brings me back to Walaroo Mines when we used to work together & always got along. Those happy days of youth for you & me! Well, Joe, it is 3 o'clock & I am afternoon shift. I go on at 4 o'clock, & I have to change, have my dinner, & walk a good mile; so I must conclude with my kind love & best wishes to all your family, & accept the same for yourself from your ever-loving friend, Jas. H. Grose. Please address:- Jas. H. Grose, C/o J.E. Trevan, Cobalt street, Broken Hill. I am boarding with Josey's Mother. Good bye. Write by return of post."

Here is another of Jenna's letters to me:-

"Cobalt Street, Broken Hill, July 1<sup>st</sup> 1888.

Dear Joe, I now take the opportunity of writing you a few lines in answer to your kind & ever welcome letter, which I received to-day.

I was glad to hear from you, also glad to hear that you were well & in work, but sorry to hear that you had to work so hard for your

lovely 6/8 per day of 8 hours. I would like to see myself grafting hard for 6/8. I have got a lovely little place underground, wheelin to a whip shaft, 2 of us wheeling, & we wheel about 30 barrows a shift & get lovely 8/4 per shift, & have only got to work 2 shifts ( forenoon & afternoon ) & we wheel a distance of about 120 feet. So you see that it is not hard work that is troubling us, but the money. We ought to get & 3 a week. The shaft is down 200 feet, & it is very hot down there. I am forenoon shift this week. We go on at 8 a.m. & leave off at 4 p.m. Afternoon 4 till 12 p.m. I am happy to tell you that my cold is alright again. I hope this ragged epistle will come to hand & find you enjoying the very best of health, as I am proud to say, it leaves me at present. Look here, oldnfellah ! I don't want any of your insinuations about my girl. I will have you to know that she is not neareneough to keep me out late at night. She is in Kadina, but she will be up in about 3 weeks or a month, & then I expect to get ANCHORED for life. You send me very good advice, old boy, & I think that I will take it. I wont take my shutters down until I have got something to put in the windows. But you can get something to put in your window very quickly here. So now, old boy, if you want a wife come to Broken Hill & you will soon get one; I can give you a lifelong guarantee with it. Selina Williams, nee Ivy, is parted from her husband, & so is Emily Prisk, nee Bennets. They have turned out beauties; they are here flying their kites pretty high; 2 real--- & nothing better !

You said that you are going to boycott poor John Chinaman. Well, what a shame ! I would hang every one of them if I were king over them. We have some fun with some of them up here. I helped to cut the tails of 3 of them in Silverton, & very nearly lost my life through it. John made a drive at my heart with a bowie knife, & I jumped up ( for I was sitting ), & I got it in my left knee about 1 1/2 of an inch. We were in the Chinese camp in Silverton, & we cut the tails off 3 of them; & one of the chaps was fined £ 2-10-0 for his fun. So I think that's what everybody ought to do with John. Well, it's bed time & I am tired, & have to write a letter to brother Sam. So believe me to be your ever- loving friend,  
James Henna Grose. Address:- C/o Joel Trevan, Cobalt street, Broken Hill. Good bye ."

The following letter from Jenna Grose was written in lead pencil:-  
" Cobalt street, Aug. 24 th, 1888. It is with much pleasure that I take my pen ( no, beg pardon, my pencil ) to write you a few lines in answer to your kind & welcome letter, which I received to-day. I am glad to hear from you; also glad that it left u well. As for myself, I can't say that I am well-- far from it. I hope U R enjoying good health, old boy. I have a very bad cold & I am not able to work with it, but I hope to be soon all right again. My dear Joe, I hope to be nearer to you in another month's time. I am about full up on the Barrier, for it is a bad place in the Sum-

mer time, & there has not been a drop of rain here, so far, for the Winter & it is nearly over now. There is a scarcity of water in Broken Hill; & the typhoid fever is awful in the Summer. I am thinking of going over to Sandhurst in about another month, so I shall be getting nearer to you than I am at present. I shall go to Melbourne first, & I'll have a peep at this great exhibition, & from there proceed to Sandhurst, & very likely stay there if God spares me. Dear Joe, you said you did not expect an answer so soon. But you see I answer all the letters I get by return of post; that's more than everybody can say, isn't it, old boy? And you had better not keep this one a month before answering it, or I shan't get it at all; for I shan't be here in a month's time-- or at least I hope not. You said that Bob was learning music. Well, it is a very good thing. I think you ought to learn it too. I was down the street this morning playing some very good music on a piano. It is the first time I have laid hands on a piano or organ this last 6 months, nearly, & I find that my fingers are getting a trifle stiff. I must finger them oftener.

I do not know if I told you on any previous letter that I have a little harmonium at home (Kadina). I have a nice little one down there; & I wish I had stayed there instead of coming up here. Oh, by the bye, Joe, you seem anxious to know who the love & pride of my stolen heart is. Well, she is a daughter of Jack Harrup, of Kadina. His second daughter, Eliza, a little piece of of a maiden about 18, & only 9 stone 10 lbs weight (not very big, you know). But she is not coming up here yet. She was to have been here last Wednesday, but she is laid up & cannot come. So I think I will let her stay at home till I go over to Sandhurst & settle, & then I will have her over there & get married.

Dear Joe, I am fully persuaded that you are another Buck Kernow for rhyme. That is very good about Chinky & about my knee. It is all right again now. Well, you want to know my mates. Well, I have only one here, & he is a chap called Osbourne, a young married man. We work together. On Sundays I go to church & chapel--not any one in particular-- but any one.

Well, old boy, you must excuse this scribble & its shortness, as I am writing under very bad inconveniences, viz. a bad cold in the head. I can hardly breathe. Give my love to Charlie, Jack, Bob, Mother, Eliz. Jane & all inquiring friends, if any, & accept my kindest love & best wishes for yourself while I remain same as ever James H. Grose. Answer by return of post."

( Note. We were living in Donald Davidson's house, Robert street, Wallsend, when the foregoing letter was written; & George James was teaching brother Bob to play the organ. He also taught my Sister, Elizabeth Jane, the rudiments of music. Bob & I were working in the Wallsend colliery then. )



The letter following is one from Jenna Grose to me:-  
 "South Broken Hill, Nov, 26, 1888. Dear Joe, It is with much pleasure that I sit down to write you a few lines. I simply write for 2 reasons. One--the principal--is to try if I can get any clue of you or your whereabouts. The other is to let you know that I am still alive & anxious to hear from you. Now, I am not going to chastise you for not writing, but I have already written 2 letters to night. I dread looking over my book. I find that it is something over 3 months since I wrote to you, & ofcourse it is that time since I heard from you, old boy. It was the 20th of Aug. , I think, when I wrote the last letter. It may have been mislaid some where. Well, old boy, I must tell you I am still in Broken Hill. I must also tell you that I am married, & that is the reason I am writing so quickly. My Mrs. is waiting for me to come to supper. I am night core, & it is 20 past ten now. I have to go on at 12. There was a man killed last night in my shift. Some ground fell away on him. I hope this will come to hand & find you & the rest of the family well, as it leaves me & the Mrs. at present. Give my love to all at home & receive my love & best wishes for yourself from your old chum, Jim Grose. Address South Broken Hill. N.S.W. P.S. I dare say that you are aware that I was 21 last Sunday. I was married a week before my birthday.,"

Here is another letter from Jenna:- 23/12/1888.

"Dear Joe, It is with much pleasure that I seize the opportunity of writing you a few lines in answer to your kind & ever-welcome letter, which I received yester day. I was glad to hear from you; also glad to hear that you were well & working. I put it down that you were out of work & you have had such a great strike over there, & I really thought that you had given over writing to your old pal altogether. I tell you that that strike was a great drawback to our Association here. We had to pay 1/- per week levy all the time it was on, & we are paying a sixpenny levy now for the Ballarat strike. Dear Joe, I shall not post this letter for a week, as I want to get you a nice Christmas card, & I can't get one suitable in Broken Hill. So I am going in to Silvertown during the vacation, to see if I can get any there or not. You said you thought I had gone to Victoria, as I was talking about it. Well, I intended to go there at first, but I will tell you the reason I did not go. Sam wrote to me & asked me to come over there as he thought I could get work there easily enough. So I wrote & told him I would com over in about a month. He wrote home to Mother then & told her to try to persuade me to stay where I was as they did not want anybody but thorough, practical miners there. So I said I would take my Mother's advice & stay here.

Whether I am a practical miner or not I am a Barrier miner, and

I earn my 3 quid a week honestly. So I think I shall content myself here for a month or two, old boy. Sam, Joe, & Tom are still in Sandhurst, as far as I know. I have not had any letters from either this 4 months or more. I heard from my Mother a fortnight ago & she told me that Tom had the fever. She did not say what sort of fever it was at that time. The 2 other brothers were pretty well. Father is working in the Wallaroo Mines.

You said that you might come up here some day. Well, old son, you will be welcome to my homestead if you do, or any of your family. Don't think you are slighted because you did not get any wedding cake, because we did not send any away anywhere, old boy.

That was a nice piece of poetry you sent me, Joe. I think it is very good, & the Mrs. thinks you are some great personage or other. She said she would like to see you. So you could not do a better thing than have your physog. taken, for it is not like you make it out to be, for I think you would make a very good foreground for a photo., old son. So don't hesitate about it, for you know delays are dangerous. I like that card you sent very much, & I'll try to get as good a one for you. ( I will postpone the continuation of this epistle till I have had some tea).

Dear Joe, the Barrier is getting in a bad condition for the want of rain. We have not had any rain here since last Christmas, & things are looking bad. Everywhere else but the big mine-- all the smaller claims out around are stopped for the want of water. There is every appearance of rain here to-day, but we have got so used to the rainy appearance in this place that we don't take any notice of it. All we can do is to hope that it will rain here soon. There is a lot of sickness in Broken Hill-- mostly typhoid fever. We have to pay 12/6 for 100 gallons of water here now. They have to cart it nearly 20 miles. From Stephens' Creek it comes. We pay 5/- a week for house rent of 2 rooms, all furnished, & with firewood. We live for about 20/- shillings a week, so that is not so bad, considering the place. About 30/- for water, house rent, & tucker. So I don't think that is so bad after all, do you old son ?

If you promise me that you won't cry I will scribble a line or 2 in verse alluding to supposed lost friendship you sang about in your letter. Now, don't cry, wipe your eyes like a good boy, and follow in the wake of my cross nib while I try to sing-- no, recite my recitation. Now, if you cry I won't recite at all. Now roll over & listen, lad.

The man with principle, my lad,  
Though married he may be,  
Will not forget the friends he had,  
For ever dear they'll be.

And you, old Pal, I'll not forget  
As long as life shall last;

I've the friendly feeling for you to-day

This letter was also sent to Mother from Grandmother Rowe:-

" Jenkins Terrace , Redruth, Cornwall, England, Aug. 27, 1888.

My dear Daughter, I have been very much grieved about you. I wrote you 2 letters & have not received any answer, & I am thinking of one thing & another, & in the end I do not know what to come to. Your son wrote me a letter, & he told me he had a mind to go to his Uncle. As soon as you get this write & let me know what is the reason I have not heard from you; & let me know if he has gone or not. As to myself, I am very weak & poorly, & I shall not be here long. As to your brother, I have not heard from him this years; nor I have not heard anything about the man that you sent home to inquire about. John do pay my rent, & Billy do provide me in meat & clothes. I don't wish you to do anything to hurt yourself. So you see how good the Lord is to me. Answer when you get this letter; don't delay; & let me know whether there is anything the matter, as I am looking out day after day, & mail after mail. So do not keep me in suspense. My dear child, I wish that you & your family were home here. There is plenty of work home here for them to do; but I am afraid that will never be. But I hope, my love, though we never meet in this world, that you be sure to meet me in Heaven with the rest of the family that are gone before, where parting will be no more. Your old friends do inquire about you. All send their love to you all. I live with them for Grace to tend me, as I am very weak & poorly. My dear children, I have nothing more at present. My love to your husband & family, & accept the same for yourself from your ever-loving & affectionate Mother, Eliza Rowe."

It seems that a letter sent by Mother in 1887 went astray for a long time, & that the following letter from Grandmother Rowe is a reply to it:-

"Jenkins Terrace, Redruth, Cornwall, Dec. 10th, 1888.

My dear children, It came to me after waiting one year. dated 1887 & I was very glad to receive it after that time, & I hope by this time you are better than you were when you wrote the letter. Sorry to hear that all the boys have been out of work, but I hope by this time they are at work again. You say that it is not in your power to help me; but I only wish it was in my power to do something to help you. But you know that I am beholden to Billy for what I have got. I hope you will soon recover your lost time again, John pays my rent; so you see, my dear child, how good the Lord has been to me. The prayers of your dear old Father did not fall to the ground. I saw Miss Blewett, that was, & I showed her the likeness; & she would very much like to have a letter & a likeness sent home. Her address is:- Mrs. William Jeffery, St Day. Soon I will write again. Now, my dear children, it is almost Christmas, & I wish you all a merry Christmas & a happy new year & I hope you will have one like you used to have at home-- full & plenty. And I hope, if you should never live to spend another Christmas on earth, that we shall spend the next Christmas in

42 A.

Heaven, where we shall have plenty of Christmas's.

I have had a letter from your brother William. He has buried his youngest daughter; so you see, my dear child, everyone has his troubles. His son that was home with me( Joseph Frederick ) is coming home at Christmas for the good. He is going into a merchant's office. I am writing to your brother William to-day, & I will ask him whether he has received your letter or not.

My dear children, as for myself, I am not lost, but, thanks be, I am able to go to the house of God upon a time: & I hope you have somewhere to go to. If not, the Lord is not confined to place or time, & I hope we shall all meet in Heaven, to part no more.

All our loves, from your loving Mother, Eliza Rowe."

The following letter is from J.H.Grose:-

" Broken Hill South, January 30, 1889. Dear Jo, It is with much pleasure that I take the opportunity of writing you a few lines in answer to your kind & ever welcome letter which I received yesterday. I was glad to hear from you; also glad that you were well. I hope this will come to hand & find you enjoying good health. For ourselves, the Mrs. is pretty well, but I am a long way from it. I have got a touch of the lead & fever, so you may depend that I am not well. I am not able to work at present, but I hope to get right again in a day or two. Brother Tom has got clear of fever again, but I don't think he is able to work yet. I have not had any letter from him. I wrote to him when I wrote to you last, but got no answer yet. James James & family are over in Sandhurst too.

I don't think that I told you that Hannah James was married & had her first child about 3 weeks after she was spliced; so that is quick work, isn't it? I don't know much about them, so I can't give you much information about them. I don't think young Jim James ( "Strike" ) is married yet.

Dear Joe, I have got my big brother Joe here living with me now. He came here from Sandhurst last Saturday morning. He is a bright youth: he likes his drop of tanglefoot, (alias Beer, or stagger-juice ). Things are looking dull in Bendigo at present. Tom & Sam have been out of work more than 3 months, so Joe says. I would not be surprised to see the 2 of them here any time, for the Broken Hill Proprietary Company is engaging men in Victoria, New Zealand, & Queensland for here; & there is a lot coming up here, & hundreds of local men can't get work here at all. They won't give them work for some reason or other.

Mrs. Grose thanks you very much for writing to her, & she thinks it is a great pity that you & I are so far apart, for she thinks that you would make me a little better than I am in some things-- such as keeping me out of company I have no right to be in-- such as the PUB with its swearing, smoking, card-playing, etc.

Mind you, I don't do it in her sight, but she puts it down to my credit when I go out without her.

Father is still working in the Wallaroomines, poor old fellow. He is well, I believe. Jack Mallet has had another spell home, bad with brain fever, but he has come back here again. He is getting sillier every day. I don't have anything to do with him now.

Well, Joe, I am getting tired of sitting, so I will bring this letter to a close with our kind love to you & the rest of the family; & believe me to be yours the same as ever, James H. Grose.

P.S. I will send you a couple of papers-- " The Silver Age", & "The Barrier Miner", with this letter. Good bye. Be good. Don't forget to go & see the photographer. Mrs. Grose."

This is a copy of an order, printed on blue paper, that was granted to Mrs Mildred Reed against her husband:-  
Order of Maintenance. (Defendant appearing. New South Wales, to Wit.) Mildred Reed V. William Reed. Whereas on the 10th day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight-hundred & eighty nine, complaint was made on oath before Robert J. Perrot, esquire, Police Magistrate, & one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace in & for the colony of New South Wales, that William Reed of Wallsend in the Colony aforesaid, had unlawfully left his wife Mildred Reed without the means of support, & now on this 14th day of October 1889, at Wallsend aforesaid, the said Mildred Reed in pursuance of a summons issued in that behalf, & the said William Reed now appear before us, the undersigned, one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the Colony aforesaid, & we, having heard the matter of the said complaint, do order & adjudge that the said William Reed do pay weekly & every week for the period of twelve months now next ensuing into the hands of Edward Grennan, Sergeant of the Police Force of the said Colony & now stationed at Wallsend, for the use, maintenance, & support of his the said William Reed's wife, Mildred Reed, the sum of fifteen shillings sterling. And we do order that the first of such weekly payments shall be made on the 21st October instant.

Robt. J. Perrot. Given under our hands & seal at Wallsend in the Colony aforesaid this 14th day of October 1889".

As I had some 3 years past.

.( That is my side of the affair, Joe.)

When friendship cease 'tween you and me  
This life of mine will cease,  
And when we part let's part good friends;  
That will be for the best.

I love my wife with all my heart--  
I love you just the same,  
And honour you where e'er I go,  
And speak good of your name.

Well, I wont say any more if it is going to make you cry like that, old chap. I can see you don't like it, so I will finish. I wont sing any more to you till next time. So you can give my love to Mother, Charlie, Jack, Bob, Elizabeth Jane, & to all who will ask after me; & accept my fondest love & best-- no, I must not put it that way now or I will get my left hand ear chewed like glue by the Boss. Try again: And accept my kindest love for yourself ( wife & family ) from your ever-loving & well-wishing friends, James Henna & Eliza Grose. Write soon, old boy. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year !"

The following is a copy of a letter from Jenna Grose : Mar 17, 89.  
" Broken Hill South, ~~January 30th~~, 1889. Dear Joe, It is with much pleasure I take the opportunity of writing you a few lines in answer to your kind & ever-welcome letter, which I received yesterday, I was glad to hear from you; also glad to hear that you were well. I hope this will come to hand & find you enjoying good health & life. As for myself, well, I am very well considering I have been laid up these last 4 weeks with the lead & Barrier fever, but I am getting over it nicely now. The Mrs. is well, & so is Joe. I will take your advice with regard to hotel visiting & drinking. I must confess to you that I have visited those places ever since I have been married. But I find it will not do, so I have made up my mind to knock it off, for I know all you say about it is true. You ask me which I think is most loveable-- a loving husband who is a teetotaler-- or a drunkard. Well, of course the former is. I accept your advice as a kindness; & I am proud to think that I have one friend who thinks & feels for my future welfare & happiness.

You have put things into Mrs. Grose's hands with regard to gardening; & as there are no garden-seeds to be got here, she would be very glad to have some from you; & she intends to set me to work gardening now to once. There are not but 2 gardens in Broken Hill yet, & one of them belongs to Mrs. Ellis, & the other to some one from Moonta. So flower seeds would be hard to get here; but we

have some nice ground for gardening here. The only trouble would be water. I received the paper with the letter. I like it very well. I will send you some papers with this letter.

Mrs. Grose thanks you for the promise of your photo, She takes it for granted that you will send her one. She will return the compliment as soon as it is possible.

Dear Joe, you may bet your life that I will take care of her & do all in my power to make her's & mine a lifelong happiness.

To mould plaster of Paris you must mix it in a tin or cup into a thickening so that it will run out freely, just like a thick gruel. Grease your mould well with clean fat, & should there be any water lodge on the top of the mould just run it off after it has been standing about a minute. It will set in that time if it

is good plaster. Of course it would take a time or 2 to get into the way of mixing it; but you try a little first & you will see how it is. If you see the water lodging on the top after it is in the mould, you must put a little more plaster in the same quantity of water next time. When it is properly set you will have to put it in water to soften it before you cut it-- it will be that hard.

I don't think Emma Vial is married. She was going with a goggle-eyed baker fellow when I left Kadina.

LEAD POISONING. You wanted to know how long it takes a man to recover from lead poison. Well, that just depends on the constitution of a man & the quantity of lead he has therein. If he has a strong constitution, & just enough lead to stop his bowels for a week, he might get over it in about 2 months. If he is delicate lynconstituted he is not likely ever to get over it. The remedies used are different; that depends upon what doctor attends one, but if a man treats himself he generally tries 3 or 4 packets of salts. If that fails he tries castor oil-- a couple of bottles. If that does not move him he tries an injection of soapsuds, about four pints. Should that fail, which it oftentimes does, he has to take a small quantity of croton oil, which in most cases produces the desired effect in about 2 hours; but should that fail he has to take a dose of quicksilver. That is bound to go through the system some way or other; it either kills or cures the sufferer in 2½ minutes. But it is not often that the last remedy has to be applied. There is no doctor for the mines, but we have a couple in the Amalgamated Miners' Association. There is a public library in Broken Hill, & another in the South Broken Hill township, where we live.

I am a Protectionist to the backbone, & I voted for one. I have no shares in any of the claims, nor would I care to have any other than the Proprietary Mine. It would cost as much as my character is worth to send you a few specimens if I were found out, Joe.

Wait a bit till I go back to Wallaroo Mines. I will send you some then from there if I can get any worth sending.

Well, Joe, I think I have said all that I have to say that is worth saying for the time, so I must conclude with our love to



I have lost the letters between the one above & the one following, which is from Grandmother Rowe to my Mother:-

" Jenkins Terrace, Redruth, Cornwall, April 18, 1889.

My dear children, I received your most kind & welcome letter, & am glad to hear that you are still alive, & thankful to the Lord that I am spared to receive another letter from you.

Much as ever we can expect, now a woman of 83 years of age. The Lord has been good to me. I am sorry to inform you that I have done all in my power to get thee piece that you wrote about, but it has gone out of print some years. But you will find enclosed the address of a London House; & if it is to be got you will get it there. Tell my nephew, Robert, I hope that he will make as good a man for music as his Grandfather Rowe. Remember my love to your girl, Elizabeth Jane, & I am glad to hear that she is such a good help to you. I hope she will be a good girl to her Mother, & I will send her something when it is in my power.

Tell Robert if he would like to have the church music, I can get the music & hymns all together, & if he will have that I will send & get it & send it to him. Let me know. I had a letter from Billy's son Freddy last week; & all Billy's family are well. Freddy has now left school, & soon he is going to a station-situation as a clerk down in the city. Let me know, when you write, what your boys are about, & how you are getting on. The times in Cornwall are very dull. Walter & Grace are well, but not getting on very well as would wish.

Mary Warsley is alive & desires to be remembered to you. Also Ann Stevens. Now, my dear child, I must conclude with my best love. Love to all; & hope, if we should never meet on earth, we shall meet in Heaven, where parting is no more. From your loving and affectionate Mother, Ediza Rowe. I received a letter from John last week. All well."

The following letter is from Mother's eldest brother, William Rowe, who went from Cornwall to Chili, when a young man, to manage a mine there. He was a self-taught man. He was evidently at Redruth on a visit to his old home & Mother when he wrote.:-

" Redruth, Cornwall, Sep. 27, 1889. Dear Nephew, Some time ago

I received a very interesting letter from you detailing the physiology of your country, & an extract of your life. This letter, through sheer neglect, on my own part, was not answered in due as it should have been; but, as we say, "mas vale tarde que nunca or better late than never). I must say I admired your clear and descriptive style of writing, & was very much pleased to read your letter; but was very sorry that you had not up to that time got to be something beyond a laborer, but hope that ere long, by continuing your studies & observing a good conduct, you may obtain a promotion to the benefit of yourself and family; & that you continue in the path of virtue & industry, which is always at the labouring class.

When I was a boy I had no schooling but the sabbath school, but

48 A.

followed the path above-mentioned & finally found promotion, which at present, after long years of hard work & honesty, has enabled me to retire with the means of living with comfort. So don't be discouraged, & go on.

I have a wife & 6 children-- 4 boys & 2 girls. William, 22 years--~~23 years~~ 23 years, Eliza 22 years; ~~20 years~~ Sophia 20 years; Frederick 19 years; Henry 10 years; Arthur 14 years, who is now at boarding school in Valparaiso, & comes home at the end of each year to spend his holidays with the family. The rest of the family are at home with me, having received a similar education, that is to say they have all been brought up at boarding schools. I have an estate of my own which gives us quite enough to keep us decently & maintain my Mother in England. So you can see that we are not altogether bad off. I am now 53 years old, & require rest, which I take at my leisure.

If you will look at your map or atlas you will find on the coast of Chili a port called Caldera, Lat. 70-53- 27. Lon. 70.53. From this port there is a railroad to the interior 300 miles long, at which terminus there is a little town called San Antonio, at which place I live. About half way from

this port to the town you will find the city of Copiapo, which is the capital of the province; & to which place we often go for business purposes & for pleasure. The form of government is republican, which is not the most adapted to the development of the different resources of the country owing to the unlimited ambition of a certain class of its inhabitants. The religion of the country is Roman Catholic, which is a great obstacle to its progress. They (Romanists) prefer darkness to light because their deeds are evil. The general output of this country chiefly consists of nitrate of soda, copper, silver, & wheat. For further particulars I would you refer to Whittaker's Almanac. All the south part of the country is agricultural, & the north part mineral. In the north part it seldom rains; & to the north of this valley there is no agriculture, but silver & copper in large quantities. I have a vineyard covering 15 acres of land, & we make our own wine. The principal production of my estate is pasture which we chop, bale, & send to the market. We live very comfortable; & wish you & family every happiness. This letter will go by way of Great Britain as there is no post between this & your country. Kindest love to all from your affectionate uncle, William Rowe. Please direct to San Antonio, Copiapo, Chili."

you & the rest of the family; & believe me ever to be your affectionate friend, James H. Grose. Good bye, old boy. I would like to see you again. I will write more next time,. I would fill this side, but the ink is done for, & I am knocked up completely. This is the third letter this afternoon, old son."

Following is another letter from J.H. Grose:-

"Kadina, April 22, 1889. Dear Joe, It is with much pleasure I take the opportunity of writing you a few lines in answer to your kind & ever welcome letter which I received about a week ago. I was glad to hear you were all pretty well. I hope this will find you enjoying the very best of health & life. I hope also that you have enjoyed the Easter holidays.

I dare say you are surprised to find that I am in Kadina. I have been very ill; & I did not seem to get any better, so the doctor advised me to come down for a spell, so I thought I could not go to a better place than the one I am come to. I thought of coming over to see you at first, but things did not turn up as I expected & hoped for, or I would have come over. I would very much like to see you.

Mrs. Grose thanks Mrs. Giles very much for the handkerchief. She likes it very much. She is very sorry to hear that she is not well. She only wishes that she was over near you so that she could help her with her work; & I only wish that I were near you. I would help you with your plaster of Paris work. Let me know if you think I could get on if I come over there, for things are very dull here. The Wallaroo mine is almost stopped, & wages are very low here. I would rather be in Broken Hill on one meal a day. I got the 2 letters that you wrote-- 1 one day, & the second the other. I tilled some of those seeds, & there are a party looking after them. I have no doubt but they will grow all right. Well, Joe, I must bring this letter to a close, as I am not feeling very well. Mrs. Grose sends her kind love to your Mother and yourself; & receive my kindest love for yourselves while I remain your ever-loving friend, J.H. & E. Grose."

With the letter above, the following letter was enclosed:-

"Kadina, April 22nd, 1889. Dear Mrs. Giles, I now sit down to write you a few lines, hoping to find you better than when Joe wrote to Jim last week; & I thank you very much for the handkerchief you sent me; it was very pretty indeed. I would like to see the place if I thought Jim could get work up there. I would stay here till Jim got work, then I would come up there after a while. I think he will come up there soon. I would like to see you Jim has been telling me what a nice woman you are. We are living in Kadina now, & I don't like it. I would sooner live in Broken Hill than in Kadina. I hope Joe has got his photo taken how I can have one of them to see him, & then he shall have one of ours

46, <sup>48.</sup> ~~100.~~ ~~101.~~ <sup>102.</sup>  
when there are 3 of us; so you must look out <sup>46</sup> for them. I hope Joe will not forget to send me some flower seeds down. I would like to have a garden down here. I have not much to do now, so I will be able to pass away my time at a little garden. I suppose you heard about the rain we had in South Australia. We came down last week, & we thought we would have to stop on the road. The line was washed away. I never saw so much rain-water in my life before as I saw on the way home. For miles on the road it was nothing but water. At Port Wakefield the train was in 2 inches of water on the line. The train was under water, so you may think it was a lot of rain they had on the road. I will bring this letter to a close. You must excuse a short letter. I am feeling very tired. Remember me to Joe & the rest of the family while I remain your ever-loving friend J.H. & E. Grose, Good bye. Please address:- Mr. James H. Grose, C/o Mr. John Harrup, Kadina, South Australia."

Another letter from J.H. Grose:-

Wallaroo Mines, May 29, 1889. Dear Joe, It is with much pleasure that I take the opportunity of writing you a few lines in answer to your kind & ever-welcome letter which I received a week ago. I was glad to hear from you, & glad to hear that you were well, but sorry to hear that your Mother was not very well. I hope this will find her & you enjoying the best of health, which I am happy to tell you these few lines leave me at present, with the exception of a slight cold.

Dear Joe, you will see by this letter that I started it on the 29th of May, & it is now the 4th of June. I have 2 excuses to offer for not finishing it on the former date. The first runs thus -- the thumb & first finger on my right hand were all cracked inside, & I had to knock off writing for that reason. The second excuse runs thus: We have been on strike here since Saturday, & I wanted to see things settled before I wrote, so as to let you know something about it. I dare say that you are aware that we have a branch of the Amalgamated Miners Association here in Wallaroo Mines. Well, in the first place, I will tell you the principal object in banding ourselves together. It was to prevent us from cutting one another's throats. Of course you know that men have been cutting one another's prices for years past, & that is bringing the wages down. Well, this Association was formed to prevent such. Well, the main cause of our standing out was this: John Tamblyn was bossing a number of men underground, working a working a stope for so much per foot for the holes they bored. ( I think I told you of this boring party before. ). Well, he had orders to give his men a week's notice to stop work, & at the same time he had a good stope offered him on tutwork, not for the men he had under him, but for himself ). Well, he thought he would collar it in time; so he gave the men 3 days notice & secured the stope for himself against the laws of the A.M.A., & thereby

Continued on page 49.

9 - 47. 42  
throwing these poor men out of work 3 days before he had any right to. Of course you will see by that he robbed their children of their bread. Well, all the members of the A.M.A. stopped work until he gave up his place again. Well, he vowed he would not give it up for the Devil. But yesterday afternoon he yielded to our requests; & then, when it was settled, we thought we might we might as well clear things off to a "breast-head", as Cousin Jack calls it. So we resolved not to start to work again until every working man in Wallaroo Mines became a unionist; & we accomplished our end by dinner time to-day, & started to work after dinner. So I hope things will go on smoothly together between man & master. I will send you a bit of poetry with this letter about the wages in ~~Wallaroo Mines~~ Moonta mines. The piece is headed

THREE & SIX A DAY.

The times are very hard indeed;  
I work for wretched pay  
Which don't provide for all we need;  
'Tis three and six per day.

My fam'ly numbers 8 in all;  
I cannot find a way  
To keep my children, big and small,  
On three and six a day.

There's bread to buy, and meat to get,  
And clothes that can't be gay,  
And lots of bills that must be met  
On three and six a day.

I wish to educate them, too,  
But who can tell me, pray,  
How I so many things can do  
On three and six a day?

All I can earn at Moonta Mines,  
And labor how I may  
From morning until evening time  
Is three and six a day.

My wife, poor thing, is growing thin:  
The doctors to her say  
Her life will not be worth a pin  
With three and six a day.

The children, too, are lank and lean,  
Their clothes patched ev'ry way;  
But who can keep them neat and clean  
On three and six a day.

48. 408. 50.  
The reason of such little wage  
Doth fill me with dismay  
To think that in this prosp'rous age  
But three and six per day.

R.H. Hancock is my boss;  
He often preach and pray  
And tells me of the Company's loss  
At three and six a day.

I hope and trust he soon will see  
That I can not obey  
The calls of Nature on the fee  
of three and six per day.

In my devotions ev'ry night  
To Him above I pray  
That Longshanks be removed from sight  
And three and six a day !"

.Dear Joe, you wanted me to let you know whether Emma Vial was married, or living, or dead. Well, as the saying goes, she is neither living nor dead, because she was married about 5 or 6 weeks ago to a baker chap that works at T.M. Rendall's. He is called Mill-ican, I think, & I believe he is a very nice, decent, & respectable chap. She is living in the township & is getting on very well. Well, Joe, it is late & I am tired, & the Mrs. wants to go to bed; so I must conclude with our loves to you all; and believe me to be your ever-loving friend while life is prolonged. I remain James H. Grose. Good bye, & God bless you all. Perhaps by the time you get the next letter from me there will be another one to send his or her love to you. Excuse bad writing as I have bad fingers."

.The next letter is from Jenna Grose :-

"Wallaroo Mines, Oct. 6, 1889. Dear Joe, It is with pleasure that I take the opportunity of writing a second letter since I heard from you last. I hope this will reach you, if the last one did not, & find you enjoying good health & all its privileges. As for ourselves-- we are all pretty well with the exception of the little Grose who has come to live with us since I wrote to you last. Of course you understand what I mean by the little Grose; & I suppose I must tell you whether it be a lad or a lass. Well, it is a lad, to be sure, & a fine lad he is, too, only he has a nasty cold these last 2 or 3 days. The weather is killing at these times, to-day we have rain, & to-morrow we have it as hot as we can well suffer it. I am beginning to think Winter will last all the year now & so I think the changeable weather is affecting my only son & heir of all I possess, or ever will possess, which is 22 years' gather-

ing, & comprises half a blanket, & an old hat, I expect. Well, to come back, I must say that I have been troubled a good deal about you of late. I was afraid that something might have happened to you, that I did not get an answer to my letter; but at last I concluded that you were having your photo taken & was patiently waiting to get it so as to send me one over. But to-day I made inquiries from Charley White, & he told me his Mother had a letter, & he thought there was something said on it about you going blind in your other eye; but I hope from my heart that such is not the case. If reading is injuring your eyesight I would strongly advise you to give it up, or at least a good deal of it. I hope you will receive this & answer by return of post, as I am anxious to hear from you. Remember Mrs. Grose & myself to the family. I hope they are all well. And accept our kindest love & best wishes for yourself while I remain your continual friend, Jenna. My boy is called Wilfred Grose, & was 3 months old last Thursday, the 24th of the present month (October)."

The next letter received from Jenna is as follows:-

"Wallaroo Mines, November, 1889. Dear Joe, It is with much pleasure that I take the opportunity of answering your kind & ever-welcomed letter which I received a week ago. I was glad to hear from you again & to hear that you are not blind as was reported here. I am glad to tell you that the Mrs. & Wilfred are pretty well; & you would think the latter was if you were here at the present moment, for he is expanding his lungs to let his Mamma know that he is not asleep, nor don't intend to go until he has had another suck of titty. Well, I have told you about the health of the others, so I suppose I must say something about your humble servant.

Well, I am suffering from low fever & an abscess & a festered hand; so you may guess that I am not altogether A 1. I am home now going on for a fortnight, & I am no better now than I was when I left off work at first. I think it is the changeable weather that is the cause of it. There is a dreadful lot of sickness here now. Bill Maddigan, who married Sally Prideaux, died last Monday, over at his Mother's place, of dropsy, heart disease, & fever. His wife is in Broken Hill. Bob Penno's (the blind man) second son was killed here in the mine since I wrote last. He was killed in old Hughes' shaft at the 170 plat. He was a filler; & the first skip came down with tools. He went to take the shovels out, & a casing board about 16 feet long came down on his neck & nearly cut his head off. He was a married man but had no children.

Dear Joe, you want the reason that our boy is named Wilfred. Well, the only reason I know is that both grandmothers asked to have him called that name; & so it was decided that it should be so. My people at home are not over well. Father hurt his back about 3 months ago, out at Kurilla, loading stumps, & he is disabled ever since, & I believe, for lifetime. Mother, too, has not been well for a long time. I suppose it must be through the weather, & age, & hard work combined. She is able to get about & do her work. She is like

a good horse: she will not give in till she drops.

My sister Annie is married; she tied the knot about 3 weeks ago to a man called Harry Sibley. He has been here about 12 months now. He seems a nice sort of chap, about 26 years of age, & she is about 19 years. They are living with the old people. They are both pretty

well. Brother Will is also pretty well, but he has been spoilt in rearing up. He doesn't take any notice of the old people, & he is only 15 years old. He is taller than me, but he is like a shadow. He is working on the floors now, driving horse & dray, & he gets 3/- per day. All the rest are pretty well.

You said that none of you were married yet. Well, all I have to say is you are long-winded about it. I wish I got tied years before I did. You did not tell me if you had a piano or an organ of your own or not. I don't do much in the line of music now.

I wish I was over there with you; I am sick of this place. I am working on the surface, dressing, on Taylor's floors with Jack Webster. He has the dressing at Taylor's. I only get 5/- per day, & have got to pay doctor & club & union fees out of that; so that leaves me 4/8 clear; & we have to work doubly as hard now as we did when you were here. Johnny Rogers & Jack Marks have got Boors & Elders' dressing. Homes' is owners' account. Bill Stevens & his brother Ned have got Office, Young's, & Hughes'. There are a lot more men working on surface now than when you were here, but not so many underground. The head boss on the floors is Captain Skinner from Moonta. I don't know if you know him. If you don't I will try to describe him to you : Well, Captain Skinner is a bit of a swine:

: He is a boss in Wallaroo Mine;

He rides about on a mare called Bess,

And among the men he makes a mess.

Capt. John Warren is under him, & is a very good boss. Capt. Bice is boss over the baggers & sample-house. Ned Broad is boss over the carpenters; Cornish over the blacksmiths; Brown over the fitters; Jim Brown over the stables; & Joe Pengilly over the jiggers. Captain Paul from Moonta is over Kurilla floors; Capt. Datson the underground manager; Tom Tambllyn under him; Capt. Quick under Tambllyn; Capt. Dick Jennings under Quick.

Jack Webster still sticks to the Salvation Army: he is color sergeant now. "Uncle Will" Stevens is still alive, but not able to work. I suppose he drivels just the same. Bill Stevens doesn't give higher than 5/- per day, & not lower than tenpence. The Primitive choir isn't up to much now; Jack Martin is the leader, & Sarah Ann Penhall is the organist. Some fellow just out from England is bass, assisted by Sam Thomas, Tom Bawden, & Nicholas Penhall senior tenor. Treble, Mrs Williams ( Ramsay Williams' Mother ) Johnny Martin's little girl; Kate Thomas ( Oates ), & Bess Whits second treble. Then there is the Band:- Martin; George Kellow; & Joe Slee, fiddlers; Joe Phillips bombardier-bombardon, Jack Roberts, cornet; sometimes Kellow plays a clarionet & Martin a tenor horn. So that is what the choir is composed of.

I don't think it is likely that we shall see you over here for a



while, but we should like to very much. Could you not come over at Christmas? Mrs. Grose is longing to see you. I expect when she does she will fall in love with you & elope with you on your return home. You are not likely to get my photo this side of Christmas now; but keep on believing for them, as we are for yours. I would not mind having one of the others' photos. I have Jack's & Bob's, but not Eliz Jane's nor your Mother's. Got a stray one to part with, for their features are almost gone from my view. I almost forget what sort of looking people they are.

Math Mitchell is away up North somewhere; he has not given any entertainments, to my knowledge, since you have been gone.

There are 15 engines working, namely: Elders new draught engine; Duncan's fire whim; Cruxher fire whim; & a new jigger engine (Taylor's draught); the 415 engine is working at Home's; the blast engine in the blacksmith's shop yard; Young's fire whim; Harvey's draught. Draught & crusher engines at the Devon, Morphett's; Crusher & draught engines at Kurilla. The old Wombat engine is put out at Hall's engine house at Kurilla. And then there is "Hancock's Pig"-- the locomotor.

All the employees of the mines are union men. We sent a quantity of money to the London Dock strikers-- how much I don't know. John Tamblyn is still here in the Mines. He is an out and out union man now.

Mrs. Grose is very busy fixing up a garden. I will try to get you a few seeds of tobacco trees to send with this letter. Well, I am tired now; I can't write much at a time-- my head aches so badly, & it is a dreadfully hot, windy day to-day. I started this letter yesterday. Give our loves to Mother, Charley, Jack, Bob, & Eliz Jane, & tell them all that we wish them a merry Christmas & a happy New Year. We wish you the same, & please accept our 22 carat love while we remain your humble servants, James Henna, Eliza, & Wilfred Grose. Good bye. Write soon. Can't you give us another letter by Christmas? It is rather early for those tobacco seeds yet, but I will get some & send next time."

The following is a short letter from Jenna Grose:-

"D Wallaroo Mines, Dec. 27 1889. Dear Joe, It is with much pleasure that I take the opportunity of answering your kind & welcome letter which I received yesterday. I was glad to hear from you; also glad to hear that you were quite well, as I am happy to tell you these few lines leave myself & family at present. I have had slow fever & have not been able to do any work, for this last 6 weeks; but if all is well, will be leaving Wallaroo Mines for the Barrier again on Monday morning. So by the time you get this letter I hope to be up there & working. There is nothing much doing here now; the mines are nearly stopped, & the pipe track is about finished. They have got the water laid on very near to Moonta, & when it gets

there it will stop again for a time. Brother Joe & myself & my new brother-in-law-- Harry Sibley-- ( Annie's man ) are going next Monday to the Pinnacles, if all is well. The Christmas holidays have been very lively here. There were thousands of people in the streets on the 24th. There was a lot down from Broken Hill & from Queensland, Victoria, & from all over the colonies. Brother Tom is over from Victoria. Harh Wanton, Jack Dobbin, & a host of others; but they are going again on the second of Jan. 1890. You can address the same as before till you hear from me again; the Mrs. will be here to get the letters for, a while, & she has fallen in love with your letters. She likes to read them. I believe she would fall head & ears in love with you if she saw you. You read the nice bit of poetry on the back of the card she sent you, & see if you don't think so too. I hope you won't come to Wallaroo Mines after I leavd, & run away with her. Give our love to all the family & accept the same for yourself while I remain your old chum Jenna. I wish you a Merry Christmas & a Happy New Year. The seeds are here."

The following is a report of a maintenance case that was tried in the ~~Willsend~~--Wallsend police court on Oct. 15th, 1889:-

" Wallsend Police Court. Maintenance case. William Reed was charged with neglecting to maintain his wife, Mildred Reed. Mr. Gorrick appeared on behalf of the complainant. Mildred Reed deposed that the information read was true, & that she had been married to defendant 5 years. Prior to July 28last her husband went away for 3 days, to the Glebe, & then, accompanied by Mrs. Bright, she went to seek him & found him in an hotel. She asked him to come home, and he replied that he would not come home again. On the evening of the 25th of July he came home for his clothes & said he was going to England, & did not require her any longer, & she could go home to her parents. She stayed in the house one day & night after her husband left, & then sold the furniture for £ 2-12-0. She had not received any money or clothes since. She was at present staying with Mrs. King. She had no means of her own. Her husband was a miner & was at present staying at Blair's hotel. She considered his average wage was about five pounds per fortnight. She asked his witness to make an order for 15/- a week.

Some amusement was caused, in cross examination, by defendant washing a lot of dirty linen. Mrs. Bright simply stated that she remembered the defendant being away from home the 3 days, & accompanying Mrs. Reed to the Glebe when the defendant told his wife to go home to her parents, as he was going away to England & did not want her any more. In reply to questions from Reed this witness stated that she was certain none of the things were sold on the Monday before he came home for his clothes.

For the defendant, C Cook deposed that he was a miner residing at Wallsend. On the Monday night, after the defendant had come home

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from the Glebe, he saw Mrs. Bright & Mrs. Reed going away on the tram & had a box on the platform. He did not see the furniture sold. The defendant made a statement that his wife had left him-- not he his wife, & that she had simply given the furniture away. The P.M., however, did not see the matter in this light, & made an order for 1 5 shillings per week for 12 months; the first payment to be made on the 21st of October; to find sureties, self in 20 pounds, & 2 others in £ 20 each, or 12 months in Maitland. As the defendant declined to pay he was removed, & in going out said, " Good bye, old woman; I'll see you again in 12 months time."

Copy of a letter from J.H. Grose:-

" Mica Street, Broken Hill, 30/6/1890. Dear Joe , your letter of the 8th June is now before me, & I am puzzled to know how to answer it as I should. I received it on Saturday, & had to pay the usual 4d for the overweight, but I don't mind that you know, for I would gladly pay 2/6 for a letter from one so dear to me.

Do you know that I look on you as if you were my only brother.

I often think that we ought not to be so far apart from each other as we are, for we were attached to each other like brothers should be when we were at Wallaroo Mines together, & I have never had a constant companion since then until I got married. And even now I could do with a mate that I could put confidence in, for there are many things that happen in one's life that one would not care for a woman to know anything about. I daresay you don't understand the circumstances of a married life; it is very different from a life on the ocean wave, or the life of a backwoods preacher, or even a single life.

only

I have brothers 4 in number, & there is ~~not~~ one that will write me a single line. I am afraid he is not long for this world; & when he is gone I might say that I am without a brother. It is Joe that I refer to. He is over at the Pinnacles, but he is wasting fast away. The Barrier will kill him in a very few months. I believe he is nothing but a living skeleton. Poor fellow, he has a family of five children, & he has to work in the lead to maintain them. He has got a house of his own, & furniture, but the lot would not be worth 15 pounds; it is only a canvas house. All the rest of my brotheres think very little of Joe; he seems to be the black sheep of the family, but he is straightforward & honest-- that is more than some of the rest are. I would stick to Joe to the very last, & he should not want for a meal as long as I had one to give him.

Well, I must finish on that subject & return to our first.

I have read your letter through & through. I am very glad to hear from you at all times. I was glad to hear that your letter left you all pretty well & in work. I am happy to tell you that these few lines leave me & my little company enjoying the best of health

(thank God for it ). I am still in work: that is also a blessing.

Dear Joe, you said that you considered that 50 bob a week was good

wages if the price of food & clothing were not very high. Well, I will send you a "Barrier Miner", & you will see by that what the prices are. We can get drapery here cheaper than we can in Adelaide city. We can live for about 15 shillings per week, so food can't be very dear. We pay 3/- per 100 gallons of water, & 13/- for a horse load of wood, which will last about a month; & we pay 8/- a week house rent. That is considered cheap, for Broken Hill is a very healthy place, & we are living in the best place in the town. We are living on the corner of Mica & Garnet streets. It is a hollow with hills on either side of it. They have started to take out a large reservoir on the hill in front of our house, so we shall be able to have plenty of water bye & bye.

I can tell you Joe that Broken Hill is a very pretty place, & in about 3 years time it will be called one of the largest & best out of Sydney. Whereas 2 years ago the town consisted of Iron, canvas, & weatherboard buildings, they are replaced & being replaced with beautiful 1, 2, & 3 storey stone & brick buildings, & the town is getting larger every day. You can stand up on the hill in front of our door & see houses & streets as far as the eye can reach. ( We will adjourn till after dinner ) .

Well, I will make another start. I have told you all about the town. I will tell you a little about the mines. The lode is running nearly North & South: the streets run just the same, but if you started from the West you could get there just the same, etc.

Well, in the Central we have blocks 12 & 13; they are called the Broken Hill Proprietary Company. On the North of them we have block 14; then the British; British Block 6; Junction South; Junction; Junction North; North Broken Hill; Victoria Cross; Bonanza; Cosgrove's; Silver Crescent; Imperial Consols; & Round Hill.

Of course there are many more, but I don't know their positions exactly. Those that I have mentioned are within 4 miles of the Proprietary mines.

Well, on the other hand, the South side I mean, we have blocks 11, 10, 5, 6; Central; Central Extended; Central North; Central South; South Broken Hill; South Extended; No. 7; No. 4; Rising Sun; Rising Sun Extended; & White Lead. That is about all in that direction within 4 miles of the Proprietary Company's mines.

Well, now I must turn to something else.

You thanked us for the, "Might send a photo of the boy". Well, he has been very slight this last fortnight, & we did not get it taken. But keep believing, as the Army says, have faith, old boy, for you know what Solomon said unto Moses when the former was in the wilderness

--"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." (Negro).

Excuse me, Joe. I will send you a bit of a toast on our silver and dust city:-- "Here's to our gay little city of Broken Hill, the home of hardlots, where Niggers, Chinamen, & cats are thicker than bugs in a spoiled ham; where gamblers, thieves, & pickpockets go skittering about the streets like weasels in a barnyard; where honest men are scarcer than hens' teeth; & where a strange woman once took in her beloved teacher in the twinkling of an eye & bamboozled

CHAOS OR ORDER, WHICH ?.

April 3, 1894.

To the Editor "Wallsend & Plattsburg Sun."

Sir, Will you kindly allow me, through your paper, to make a few remarks relative to the iniquitous system of balloting, or rather drawing lots for working places, employed by the miners at the Wallsend colliery.

I do not allude to the manner in which the balloting is performed, but to the unjust system itself, which produces so much inequality amongst the miners. Probably a good many men think that, because the present lottery system gives to every man a chance of getting cavilled to any part of the pit, it is therefore perfectly fair to all.

A little consideration will show that the present toss-up system is decidedly unjust & inefficient to accomplish the purpose for which it was adopted, which is to equalise labour & wages as much as possible by giving to every man a change of place every quarter.

Instead of giving to every man a change, it merely gives to all a chance of one, & a change to some only, thus leaving others where they were before, & defeating its own object. If it is right for the majority of the miners to have a quarterly change it is right for all to have changes. Miners frequently have the misfortune, or mismanagement rather, to be cavilled 5 or 6 quarters in succession to the Jubilee district, which is rightfully considered to be the worst part of the pit to work in, whilst other miners get back 5 or 6 successive times to the Little Tunnel, which is Heaven in comparison to Jubilee.

There is no justice in a system that produces so much inequality amongst men who are supposed to have equal rights.

A chance of a change is not what the miners require, but a certainty of a change. There is nothing certain about the present useless system but its uncertainty. The miners, instead of being ruled by reason, foolishly allow chance to rule them.

Chance never yet gave perfect justice, & never will, because when analysed it is seen to be merely ignorance of what will happen. Knowledge can give perfect justice to all. A knowledge of the difference between the various working places is absolutely essential before a system of changing can be formulated which will deal justice to all. The miners know this, yet they are allowing themselves to be robbed by a system the fundamental principle of which is ignorance.

What would people think of a man who, while ignorant of the art of navigation, would take charge of a ship manned by an equally ignorant crew & set sail for a foreign port? Men in that position would have equal chances of reaching the desired port; they might have compasses, log-books, charts, sextants, nautical almanacs, etc., but should a storm arise the ship would be driven on to the first reef that lay in its way. What use would the equal chances be to those men then?

The Jews consulted the Urim & the Thummim, & Christians endeavour through the books of Daniel & Revelations, to obtain a knowledge of coming events. Men seek to know the future because knowledge

57 A.

& to be forewarned is to be forearmed.

Now, Sir, as I have exposed the inefficiency & inequity of the present system, it is only fair that I should formulate one which will give justice, equality, & certainty. My system is as follows:- Divide the colliery into 4 districts, each consisting of the same number of places. Name the 4 districts thus:- Little Tunnel, Lambton Headings, Magpie, & Jubilee, respectively.

Divide the whole of the miners into 4 gangs or divisions, each consisting of ~~thax~~ an equal number of men. Number the divisions 1, 2, 3, & 4, respectively. Next, number the pairs of men in each division from one to as many as there are in each division, have a divisional number to distinguish them from men in the other divisions which would be numbered 2, 3, & 4, respectively.

The pairs of men in each division would be numbered from 1 to 91 inclusive. The men in number 1 would, of course, have number 1 for their divisional number, which would distinguish them from the men in the other divisions, which would be numbered 2; 3; & 4, respectively for the same purpose.

Let number 1 pair in number 1 division take the place marked 1 in the Little Tunnel district, & let the other pairs in the same division take the places in numerical order up to 91 inclusive.

Let number 2 pair in number 2 division take the place or place 92 in the Lambton Headings district, & let the other pairs go to their places in numerical order up to 182 inclusive.

Let number 3 division go to Magpie district & take the places numbered from 183 to 273 inclusive, in numerical order.

Let number 4 division go to the Jubilee district & take the places numbered from 274 to 364 inclusive.

At the beginning of the second quarter let the number one division go to the Lambton Headings district; number 2 division to the Magpie district; number 3 division to the Jubilee district; & No. 4 division to the Little Tunnel district.

At the beginning of the third quarter let number 1 division go to Magpie; number 2 to Little Tunnel; number 3 to Lambton Headings; & number 4 to Magpie. At the end of the first year the divisions will have been in every district in the colliery, & will be ready to repeat the process. No one will have been compelled to work in a hard place, nor allowed to monopolise an easy one, for more than a quarter at a time. That, Sir, is my simple scheme of periodical changing which will, if adopted, give certainty instead of chance & substitute order for chaos. It would equalise labour & wages & give practical recognition to the principles of the equality of man. I am yours respectfully, Jo King." 3/4/91.

April 16, 1891. To-day the following letter appeared in the "Wallsend & Plattsburg Sun";- "To the Editor, Wallsend & Plattsburg "Sun". Sir, A letter appeared in your paper of the 11th drawing the attention of the Wallsend miners to the present system of balloting. The object of the writer is to ~~imprax~~ remove the present inequality of work that exists in the Wallsend mine.

*For a report of Rueben Smith's trial see page 66 of  
of diary for 11 Jan 1887 to 18 May, 1893.*

There can be no doubt that the intention of Jo King is to improve, if possible, the conditions of the miners, but the system of balloting that he wishes to adopt is open to serious objection. His proposal is to divide the colliery into 4 districts, & that the same pair of men shall not work in any portion of the same district 2 quarters in succession, & by this means he contends that the labour & wages of the men would be equalised.

I am inclined to believe, while it may equalise the work, it will not remove the injustice. Now, Sir, it is generally conceded that 8 hours is a fair day's work. If persons work in the Jubilee district (which, by the way, appears to be the Purgatory of the Wallsend mine,) if they cannot earn a fair wage in 8 hours, then according to every sense of justice they have a right to compensation. I am well aware that it cannot be done under the General Agreement, but at the same time I deny the justice of the General Agreement to miners of the district. As everyone knows, it was forced upon the men at the close of a severe struggle.

Now, Sir, to illustrate: previous to the last miners' strike of 1888 there existed in the adjoining colliery (the Co-operative) a certain section of the mine which the miners deemed to be deficient. For this deficiency a certain amount of compensation was granted, & the result was that in this part of the colliery men could make just as much money with the same amount of labour as in any other part of the pit. In such a case a man would be indifferent as to where he was cavelled. Yours truly, A Miner.

In reply to "A Miner"s letter I wrote as follows:-  
The System Of Balloting: to Be, or Not To Be.

To the Editor, "Wallsend & Plattsburg Sun". Sir, I am glad to find that my letter of the 3rd instant has aroused the interest of the Wallsend miners, & has evoked a reply from one of them, to whose letter I will, with your permission, endeavour to reply.

A Miner says, "There can be no doubt that the intention of Jo King is to improve, if possible, the conditions of the miners, but the system he wishes to adopt is open to serious objection".

If A Miner had carefully read my letter he would have noticed that I did not therein advocate the adoption of any system of balloting, but that it was an attack on the present system of balloting. The "serious objection" to my proposed system appears to be that while it will equalise the work it will not remove the injustice."

The injustice to which A Miner alludes is not that of the present system of drawing lots, but the injustice of the General Agreement; therefore, as I did not contend that my scheme would remove the injustice of the General Agreement, his objection is null & void.

I still maintain that if the miners would adopt my plan it would abolish the injustice of making some men work 8 hours per day for a period of 15 or 18 months while other men are enjoying good places for a like period, & it would equalise labour & wages. The proposed system would have the effect of making miners more

contented, & would materially lessen the grumbling

59 A.

which is now so much indulged in. It would also be of great benefit to men who might wish to take novices on the coal, for by calculating where they would be at any given time they could take on novices at the most favourable terms, so that they could have 2 or 3 quarters in easy places before going to the hard ones. A Miner further says, "If persons working in the Jubilee district . . . . cannot earn a fair wage in 8 hours, then according to every sense of justice they have a right to compensation." I think so too, but, as A Miner admits, it cannot be done under the terms of the General Agreement. And if persons working in any part of the pit can make fair wages by working like horses for 8 solid hours, do they not deserve compensation for the extra work performed in order to make as much as other men do who work only 5 or 6 hours per day? If the miners cannot get compensation for places in which they have to work 8 hours to get as much money as other miners get in 5 or 6, then that is the more reason why they should exchange places. If the colliery proprietors will not give justice to the miners it is no reason why they should not give justice to each other. The miners have the power to effect the reform I suggest, as they need not consult anyone but themselves in the matter. If A Miner, or anyone else objects to my proposed method of ~~changingx~~ exchanging places, let him explicitly state his objections so that I may reply to him if possible. I am not so egotistic as to imagine that my scheme is the best that can be produced, but it certainly is a bad one if it is not more practicable, equitable, & reasonable than the one at present in operation. My motive for exposing the injustice of the present system, & devising another to supersede it was to equalise labour & wages, but if any person can accomplish that object by a simpler & better plan, let him make it known, & I will give it my utmost advocacy. I am, Sir, Yours sincerely, Jo King".

An extract from the "Adelaide Chronicle", Sat. Ap. 29, 1893.

"Enquirer, Adelaide. To find the day of the week of any date of the present century make the last 2 figures of the year as one number & add thereto its 4th part (excluding fractions) the day of the month, & the "ratio" of the month as given below. Then divide by 7, & the remainder, if any, will give the day of the week. If there is no remainder the day will be Saturday. The ratios for the months are:- Jan. 3; Feb. 6; Mar. 6; Ap. 2; May 4; June 0; July 2; Aug. 5; Sep. 1; Oct. 3; Nov. 6; Dec. 1. Take, as an example, the date you give, viz. July 6, 1850. The number 50 added to its 4th part equals 62. Add to this 6, representing the day of the month, & 2, the ratio for July, & the total is 70. Divide by 7, & there is no remainder, so that July 6, 1850 fell upon a Saturday."



The following letter from Aunt Grace Perkyns is probably that which my sister answered on Aug. 12, 1892 :-

" Jenkins Terrace, June 22, 1892. My Dear Sister, We received your letter all right & were glad to see that you were better. You want to know why I don't write to you oftener. The reason is that I have to ask strangers. When Lily was alive I had one to depend on to write. I am glad you are better, & glad you have such a good daughter, & glad you have such good sons; & I hope they will stay with you. You said one of your sons does the photos. When he is able to take them I should like to have all the family. I often wish you were home here; I would have some one to speak to, for Mother has got very old & weak. She is in her 86 th year of age now. We cannot expect her to be here very much longer, & then I shall be very lonely without her. Everyone do say she do look well, considering her age. She is going very forgetful. We heard from brother Billy a month ago; all the family was well, & desired to be remembered to you. We heard from Robert; he have got a daughter married & they sent home both their portraits, & she has got a little baby girl. Robert's wife has had 10 children. She has 6 alive. He cannot send Mother much-- a trifle sometimes. So you can see Billy has got it all to do. We know you cannot do much after having so much sickness & a family. You are better to make up your mind & come home. Dear sister, I hope the Lord will spare you to see your children reared, & see us once more. You said you have got a very good husband. I hope he will continue so. I think very often I should like to see all of them.

We had a letter from brother John 6 weeks ago. They are all very well, & he has one daughter, named Elizabeth after you. I am the only unlucky one of the family. Walter is very well & is still working at his shoemaking, working himself poor. We have not got much red herrings in this place. I was over to Eliza Stevens' last Sunday. She wishes to be remembered to you. She would like to have a letter from you. And Mary Warsley sends her love to you. She is still working at the factory. No more for the time from your loving sister, Grace Perkyns & Walter. Robert & Mary Rowe's address is John Rowe, New Almaden, Santa Clara Co. California.



57. 57.  
him out of 250 dollars. But, hallelujah ! she can' do it again, for she shall know the file & flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam where the lion roareth & thwae the wangdoodle mourneth for her first-born !"

The chap I mistook for you is a he goat, but he is so ignorant that he hasn't the sense to bunt. He is 22 years of age. If you speak to him he will grin at you like a Cheshire cat in a kitchen chimney. I never saw a chap so silly in all my travels. But for all that he is the image of you. I am not the only one that has mistaken him for you, either. I pounted him out to Dick Broad one night in the barracks. I said " Who is that chap over there ?" He said " That's old Joe Cocking .". And he was going to have a say at him , but I said, " That's not Joe, that is Bob Clark ". I only wish you were up here ; I am longing to see you again.

I want you to compose a piece on the Miner of Broken Hill. The piece you sent me is very good indeed.

You wanted to know if either of us belonged to the Army. Well, we do not, I am sorry to say. I want to know what you mean by "Calithumpian in religion". I am a good piece of a Salvationist. They nearly captured the both of us last Sunday night. It was a miracle we escaped.

Well, I must bring my letter to a close with love to all from all, & accept our kindest love & best wishes for yourself while I remain your affectionate friend, Jenna.

Address:- Corner of Mica & Garnet Streets, Broken Hill, N.S.W."

Letter from Jenna Grose to me:-

"Broken Hill. Mar. 20, 1890. Dear Joe, It is with much pleasure that I take the opportunity of answering your kind & ever-welcome letter which I received a week ago. I was glad to hear from you, also glad to hear that you were all well; & I am glad to tell you that these few lines leave us all well at present. I hope it will find you the same. The reason I did not answer it before was because

I have been very busy since I got your letter. I have put up another room, & I have got my Mother & Father, Sam & Will up here now; so things have altered a little since I wrote last.

I was pleased to have your photo. I think it is a very nice one. You have not altered much in appearance much these 5 years, old man. We will get ours taken as soon as possible & send it to you. Our baby is getting on well. We will have his taken too.

Sam is not altered much; he looks a bit older. Will has grown to a big chap. He is about 5 feet 8 inches in weight, & about ten stone high. He is the biggest in the family now, & not more than seventeen. Father & Mother are getting old, but they are both well.

I am still working at the Junction mine at the same old job. Jim Tambllyn told me to tell you he is going to write to you when he has got time. His brother Frank zsent you the " Budget. I will send you one with this letter. Sam wishes to be remembered to Mother, Jack, Bob, Elizzy Jane , & yourself. All hands wish to be remembered

58. 58. 11/11  
to all. Accept our kindest wishes & best love for yourself while we remain your friends, J.H. & E. Grose.

P.S. The baby is called William Harrold Grose. Good bye. Write soon. Excuse short letter-- in a hurry."

This was followed by another letter from Jenna, which reads thus:-

"Broken Hill, April 29th, 1890. Dear Joe, It is with much pleasure that I take the opportunity of answering your ever welcome letter, which I received this morning. I was glad to hear from you; also glad to hear that you were well, but sorry to hear that Elizzy Jane & Mother were not well. I hope by the time you get this letter that you will all be well again.

As for myself & family, we are all quite well at present. I daresay you think I am a rambler because I write nearly every letter from a different place. Well, the Pinnacles is a very unsettled place, & I did not work there long before they slackened hands & I was one of the unlucky ones. I came to Broken Hill & got a start in the Junction mine; so I am living in here. I have got the Mrs. up la st Thursday. She & the boy are both looking well. The baby was 9 months old last Thursday. He has 5 teeth, & can crawl all over the place & pull himself up by the sofa & chairs. He will say Dadda & Mamma quite pat; & you can bet that I am proud of him, old boy. I shan't promise anything, but I might send the photo of us 3 next letter. But Mrs. Grose says that you shan't have one till you send one of yours. She is anxious to see your mug.

I showed her a young man last Sunday that was the image of you; in fact I thought he was you the first time I saw him. I went so far as to go & shake hands with him, but I could tell, when he spoke, that I had made a great mistake.

Mrs. Grose wants to know what your age is; & I have forgotten entirely. She was 20 years of age on the 27th; that was last Sunday. She looks 24 if she looks a day. I am just 2 years & 5 months older than she is; but she looks the oldest of the two.

Dear Joe, I am sorry to hear that you are having so much trouble with your eye. I am afraid if you go putting so many different medicines into your eye that you will lose the sight of the one that is bad, & perhaps injure the other. I think, if it had been me, I should go under operation & have it taken off. Joe Head had one taken off his eye, & he is all right now.

Well, I suppose I must tell you something about my house. Well, I got the house nearly up at the Pinnacles, & got out of work; so I sold what cost me 3 pounds for five: so I did not do so bad after all, you see. There were 2 rooms in it, each 10 by 12, & 8 feet high. They were canvas walls & iron roof. But if I had continued to work there I would have built stone walls all around & made a house worth £ 60 in a little while. There was lots of stones near the house, & plenty of water in a well 200 yards from it. So you see it would not have taken me long to put up a substantial house. But I have a good place to work in here; no lead whatever, & very light work: in fact I hardly dirty my hands from one week's end

This is a copy of Mun's reference from Mrs. Purcell:-

" Bourke Street, Surrey Hills, Aug. 8th, 1890.

This is to certify that Mary Jane Anderson has been in my employment as general servant for nearly 11 months, and during that time I found her honest and most trustworthy, and can recommend her to any person. If further reference is required apply to the above address Mrs. John Purcell."

Following is a copy of a letter from Grandmother to Mother:-

" Jenkins Terrace, Redruth, Cornwall. Nov. 24, 1890.

My dear Children; I now answer your most kind & welcome letter, & am sorry to hear that you are so unwell. I hope your boys have gone to work again, & hope you will have better luck. And I must tell you that after a long time I have heard from your brother Robert, & was so glad. He has had poor speed, like yourself.

They have had 10 children & buried 4; & he has not been able to do anything for me. So you see, dear Elizabeth, if I had not had Billy to look to I would be in a poor place. But never mind, I shall always be glad to have a letter; & if all is well, as soon as I get Billy's money I will send you a pound between the children. I hope the strike is ended. You must put your trust in the Lord, & he will bring you through. Grace & Walter send their love to you all; & you must accept the same from your ever affectionate Mother, Eliza Rowe. And if we never should meet on earth I hope to meet you all in Heaven, where parting is no more.



to the other. I am stationed in the chamber or plat, & have got 4 & sometimes 6 men trucking for me. I simply pull the empty trucks out of the cage, & when the truckers put in a full one I ring it off. They start to work at my bidding & leave off by the same. I only get the same pay as them-- 50/- per week; but I am responsible for them & the work they do. I wonder you don't take a trip up this way. There will be work here for 3000 more men within the next 4 months. The Broken Hill Proprietary Company has bought 4 new smelters here & a large concentrating & leaching built plant. You would be surprised to see Broken Hill, I assure you. You know you will always find a friend in me. If you come here I would share my last loaf with you, or any of the family. I believe you would do a lot better up here than you are doing over there. You would also be surprised to see some of the boys here. There is Jim Trevivian; he is a bigger man than his Father, ~~but he is~~ & Jim Prideaux, he is a regular 6 footer, but he is not very stout. Then there are Sam & Elisha Witford-- they are like lamp-posts. Then there are Willie Davey & Tommy Brokenshire, they are like-- well I don't exactly know their heights, but I believe they are nearly as big as they were when you saw them last. They have not grown a bit. And myself-- I am no bigger, nor do I look any older. I pass for 18 years of age now. I was in Jim Tamblyn's shop this morning & showed him your photo. He told me that he will write before the week is out. The reason he hasn't written before is because he has been down to Adelaide. He went down to play base ball with a team from Broken Hill, & he has been very busy since he came back. I believe he is doing a very good trade here. It appears so; he has 2 or 3 men working for him now. I am much obliged for Lizz Jane's photo. I think it is a good one. You can tell her that it is a good job for her that I am a married man, for if I were not I should be coming over there and running away with her, perhaps. Give my love to all at home, & accept my kindest love & best wishes for yourself while I remain your ever-loving friend Jenna. Mrs. Grose wishes to be kindly remembered to you & all the rest. Good bye. Address:- C/o W. Hooper, Argent St. South Broken Hill."

The next letter from Jenna is as follows:-

" "Malua Cottage", Broken Hill, Sunday, Nov. 16th 1890.  
Dear Joe, It is with much pleasure that I sit down to write you a few lines in answer to your kind & ever welcome letter, which I received some time ago. I was glad to hear that you were all well. I hope these few lines will reach you & find you all enjoying the best of health & strength, as, I am happy to say, these few lines leave us all pretty well at present. The reason I did not answer your letter before is because I thought like this-- "If I write to him now I feel positive he won't answer before the strike is settled, & so I will have to wait a long time before I hear from him again." So I say to myself, says I, "I will wait till things

are settled a bit, & then I will write to him". That is my excuse, so don't apologise, I was once a poor man myself.

I enjoyed the 4 weeks we were out, very well. It did not hurt me much, & I went back to my work feeling all the better for my holiday, & have been working ever since. I hope by the time this reaches you U will B hard at work again. I believe things R pretty well settled over your way by this time. I wish I were over there wid U, or U here with me. I would like to see you again. I suppose you think I'm silly, but I ain't. I must do something funny

12)89217( 7018 times, dontcherknow. I am going to try to come 24 across your way at Easter if I can, old man, & I ..81 hope to find you at home. I will not promise you that I will come, but I will try, & if I don't succeed at first, well I'll try,try again. Keep believing, old boy.

Ho, by the bye, I have tried to get that book, "Christendom Astray", & it can't be got in Broken Hill, nor in Adelaide; so they tell me to send to Sydney for it. So if you will get it for me & tell me the price, I will send you the money in stamps or order. I would like to see it, as I think religion is getting a little bit mixed in these times. There are about 20 different religions in Broken Hill to-day.

Dear Joe, I suppose you heard that the old woman Northey was dead & buried; & old William Bennets ( Tom Bawden's stepfather ); he is dead & buried. And Tom Tilly: he died in a drunken fit. There is a lot of old people getting buried down at Kadina. My dear old Father & Mother were well when I heard from them last, that was about 6 weeks ago. Stee Giles got your address off me the other day to send down to the old man Giles. They said he wanted to write to you. I am 22 years of age next tuesday week, if it is a nice day. It don't seem to me to be more thansix months since I was 20--1. How the time flies ! I might have something extra for you the next time I write to you, Joe. I bet U can guess what it is, for a wager.

Christmas is drawing near again, & I suppose I must send you all a Christmas greeting. I wish you all a Merry Christmas & a Happy New Year. And may you all live long & enjoy many is the wish of your loving friends who, with undying love for you all, remain yours till the year 1900 & fast asleep. Jim & Eliza Grose. Good bye, & God bless you.

Please address, Mr. James H. Grose, Junction Mine, Broken Hill, N.S.W. I will send you a "Barrier Miner" & a "Broken Hill Budgett" with this letter. Write by return of post, Joe. I am longing to hear your voice again. I always fancy you are talking to me when I read your letters, old man. Tbbq Olr wbr byq, obl. Good bye Joe, old boy.

( Note. When the foregoing letter was written we were living in a house that faced west, on the Eastern corner of Harriet street & Devon street, Plattsburg, where a small watercourse ran through the yard. We were buying the house from the Northumberland Building Society for £ 180, but when 90 pounds were paid we, that is my 2 brothers, sister, step-father, & Mother, were told by Dent, the man-



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ager, that, as we were in arrears with our monthly payments, we had lost all that we had paid on the house, & would have to make fresh arrangements. Finally we left the house in disgust; ~~but before we happened brother George had married May Robinson, & I had married Mary (Robinson).~~

Here is another letter from Jenna Grose:-

"Malua Cottage", Broken Hill, Dec. 14, 1890. Dear Joe. It is with much pleasure that I sit down to write you a few lines in answer to your kind & ever welcome letter which I received a week ago. I was glad to hear from you; also glad to hear that you were all pretty well. I hope this will come to hand & find you all enjoying yourselves in good health & luxury at Christmastide. As for ourselves, we are all pretty well except Wilfred. He is poorly, but I hope that he too will soon be well again. It is his teeth that trouble him.

Christmas will soon be here now, & I want to know how many you have spent over there; I forget. I want to know if you think it is any good for a fellow to come over that way to work. I thought by your last letter that the wages are pretty good over there. How is the living? Can you get your butcher's meat & groceries at a reasonable price? I think if I could get 7/- a day over there, I could do as well there as here. I get 8/4 a day here, but I stand a big show of getting leaded any time. I am a tool carrier now. I have to keep the miners supplied with sharp picks & drills, fractureur, water, & candles; so I have not very hard, but I am always going about in the dust, & thereby stand a show of getting leaded.

I can go mining any time if I like, but I would not be able to stand the lead again. Brother Joe is working in the Junction, too, now. He gets his £ 3 per week.

You will either have to come up here, or I will go over there. I am dying to see you again, old boy. I would like to see your

Mother again, too. Seems to me it is ten years since you went away from good old Wallaroo Mines. I would like to come over & have some goose & duff at Christmas with you again. I have not forgotten the big duff you had down below; I would like to have a piece of it now. (Oh, the gravy, George.) I hope you will enjoy a very happy Christmas & New Year; & I hope before another rolls around that we shall see each other face to face.

About that book; I think I had better wait a bit & see if he has any cheaper editions. I think 6/6 is too much to spend on a book just at present. If he has any cheaper ones let me know & I will have one. I am anxious to see it. I can't get it up here, nor in Adelaide, nor Melbourne.

That was a tidy bit of poetry you sent. I think you are a good piece of a poet. Keep on, & you'll lick Bobby Burns yet, I believe Jack Mallet is working in the Junction mine. He is in the face at ten bob per shift. He is going sillier every day he lives. He

joins the Harmy about twice a week, or at least he has done so for the last 3 years, but he is spragged now. He is excommunicated from the Harmy altogether now for his silliness; & he is a low, foul-mouthed blackguard of the lowest grade, to be found in Broken Hill. He is despised by all his old ~~com-~~ companions of long ago. He got your address from me. I will send you a "Budgett weekly now. One will accompany this letter. I think Jim Tamblyn is doing a roaring trade here. Give our loves to Mother & the rest. May you all enjoy a merry Christmas & a happy New Year. I thank you for the photo; & Mrs. Grose is waiting anxiously for photo. She is anxious to see what sort of a bloke you are.

25. 15. 21. 23. 9. 12. 12. 2. 5. 19. 12. 9. 16. 16. 5. 4. 21. 16. 1. 2. 15. 21. 20. 20. 8. 1. 20. 25. 15. 21. 14. 7. 19. 20. 5. 18. 10. 15. 5. 9. 20. 9. 19. 7. 15. 9. 14. 7. 20. 15. 2. 5. 1. 7. 9. 18. 12. 15. 12. 4. 2. 15. 25. for a level bob tanner 14. 15. 20. 1. 18. 18. 9. 22. 5. 4. 25. 5. 20. Well, give our best love & kindest wishes to all at home, & accept our best love for yourself while I remain your ever loving friend Wnzrf Tebfr, Jenna. I am a Serrguvaare Joe."

The next letter from James Henna Grose is as follows:-

"Broken Hill, 13/1/91. Dear Joe, It is with a mixture of pleasure & sorrow that I sit down to write you a few lines in answer to your kind & ever welcome letter which I received on the 10th, I was glad to hear from you; also glad to hear that you were well & I hope this letter will come to hand & find you all enjoying the best of health. As for ourselves, it is very different with us. In the first place I must tell you that we have buried our baby. He died on the 26th of December ( Boxing Day ). He was poorly for a fortnight, but nothing to be alarmed about, as we thought, but we took him to the doctor & got some stuff for him for teething, & it seemed to do him good for the time, but on Christmas Day the weather was very hot, & he was taken with convulsions in his right hand, & we took him to the doctor again & he prescribed powders & a mixture & hot water baths. So we gave as directed, but on Boxing morning about half past nine he got convulsed all over, & he was in that state until about ten past 5 in the afternoon, then he was easy for 5 minutes & he died. Poor little fellow, he suffered agonies; it was awful to see him suffering. I shall never forget him as long as I live. he was a year & 5 months old on Christmas Eve, & he was just getting to be the life & joy of the house. He could walk about & talk, & laugh heartily. But we all miss him sadly. Your cards came too late for him, but we will treasure them up in remembrance of him. We also regret to tell you that we never had his photo taken. I would have had it done at Christmas time if he had been in good health, but we have left it too late. Dear Joe, the loss of Wilfred has left us miserable. Eliza has been very ill & is not well yet, & I have been laid up for 3

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weeks through his death & a dose of lead, but I am pleased to tell you these few lines leave me much better. I have started to work again & worked 2 shifts. I am night shift, & it is now five past 11 p.m., so I must put this away till to-morrow, then I will write more to you. So now I must wish you good night.....

Well, I could not write yesterday, so I will start to-day. The Mrs. was ill, so I put it off, & I am glad I did, & so will you be when I tell you that she was safely confined of a son at 8 o'clock this morning. I am night shift. She sent for me at 3-30 a.m.. She has not had as bad a time as I feared she would have. It is a fine boy, & like little Wilfred; also like his Dad-ah ! They are both doing well. Mrs. sends you her love, & hopes to be able to send you this one's photo soon if all goes well. Dear Joe, since I wrote to you last I have been laid up with the lead, but I am about right again; & I don't think I'll come over there yet for a while. I have got a good collar-- very little or no work to do, & 50 bob a week. I think I will get more yet. You said you sent me a book. Well, it has not turned up yet. I suppose one of the post office fellows has got it reading. I would very much like to get the "Twelve Lectures"; I am anxious to read it.

Well, Joe, I must conclude, hoping to find you all well, as these few lines leave us at present. Eliza's Mother, Sister, & Brother are up here on a visit. They will stay till Easter, I expect. Give our love to all at home, & accept the same for yourself from your ever loving friend, James H. Grose. Good bye. Write soon."

For a letter, dated April 3, 1891, written by me to the editor of the "Wallsend Sun" on the cavilling system used in collieries, see pages 89 to 91 of my diary from July 28th 1937 to June 28th 1938. See also a letter by "Miner" in reply on page 89 of the same diary, & a second letter from me in answer to "Miner" on pages 90 to 91.

The following is a copy of a black edged letter from Jenna Grose:-  
" Broken Hill, June 28th 1891. Dear Joe, It is with much pleasure that I take the opportunity of writing these few lines in answer to your kind & ever welcome letter which I received one day last week. I was glad to hear from you, also to hear that you were all well, but sorry to hear that you were losing so much time. I hope you will keep in a steady place again for a bit. I am still working at the Junction mine at the same old game. I am night shift-- have to go in at 2 a.m. to-night. We have been working 2 shifts for a long time, but we have to start 3 shifts again. We work backwards here. We start with night shift to night, & next week we shall be afternoon, & the week after we shall be forenoon coor, do e see ?

I received the papers alright, & will send you some "Miner"s with this letter, & a " Broken Hill Budget" . There was not much spout-

ing here by the candidates, as 2 resigned & the other had nothing to do but walk in hands down. W. Ferguson was one, but he resigned. So did Wynum Brown; & Mr. J.H. Cann. (a miner & president of the Amalgamated Miners' Association) was elected. I believe he is a thorough gentleman.

Dear Joe, we were glad to find that your letter left you all well. As for ourselves, we are all pretty well. We have some sad news to tell you this time, that is that my eldest sister, Kitty, Frank Turner's wife, died 3 weeks ago last Thursday; & her youngest child (a little girl of 2 years) died a week after her. Mother & Father went down to Kadina & brought up one of the children (a little girl of 7) with them.

Sam, Will, Father, & all the rest send their love to you. Give our love to all at home, & accept our kindest love for yourself while we remain your loving friends, J.H. & E. Grose.

Will Ferguson is a son to old Jimmy the roper, late of Wallaroo Mines." *On May 27<sup>th</sup> 1891 Sir George Grey spoke at Wallsend on 'One Man One vote.'*

With this letter there came the following from Mrs. Grose:-

"Broken Hill, June 28th, 1891. Dear Sir, I now sit down to write a few lines, hoping to find you all quite well as it leaves us all pretty well at present. Jenna received your letter & papers all right. I can't say I know you, but I have seen you in Kadina somewhere. Jenna is always reading some book or other. I would like to come over & see your place; I am tired of Broken Hill, it is very cold up here. It was raining nearly all day yesterday, & it has been looking like rain all day to-day. Mr. Cocking, you ought to make up your mind & come over & see us. You are quite welcome to come. You have been asking for our photos for a long time. Well, you will have to wait a little longer yet. I believe Jenna is going to send you some "Barrier Miner"s & a B.H. Budget with this letter, so you look out for them. You must remember me to your Mother & Brothers, & accept the same for yourself, while I remain your friend's wife, E. Grose." *On May 9<sup>th</sup>, 1891 Sir John Robertson died.*

The following letter is also from Jenna Grose:-

"Broken Hill, Aug. 26th, 1891. Dear Joe, It is with much pleasure that I take the opportunity of writing you a few lines in answer to your kind & ever-welcome letter which I received on Monday. I was glad to hear from you; also glad to hear that you were well. As for ourselves, we are well at present, & I have started to work in the British Blocks after a month's spell. I have a very good place to work, so far,-- no lead as yet, but I expect I will have to take my turn in it as well as the rest. I don't think much of "Twelve Lectures, or Christendom Astray" for this reason, that there are so many creeds in connection with Christianity that one doesn't know which one will lead him up to the pearly gates. Well, I think I have said enough on that subject

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 for a time. I only wish I were near you so that I could talk to you properly.  
 I saw Mr. James Ferguson senior about a week ago, & he told me he would write out another testimonial for your brother Jack, & be only too happy to do it. He would be happy to hear that Jack had a good place & get on well. He said he could guarantee Jack to be good enough for anything in the ropers' trade. He looks the same as ever. He asked after Jack's health. Pretty well all his family are up here. The girls are all married, but whom to I could not say. Andrew is teaching down in South Australia somewhere. I don't exactly know what the old man is doing, but I think he is travelling with some books, debt collector, or something like that. Bill is engine-driver at the North Broken Hill mine. I will see him tomorrow morning & see if he has got the testimonial; if he has I will send it with this letter. I am glad that you get the "Budgets" all right, but I am sorry that we have not got the last fortnights Budgets to send you. We will send you one next week if all is well. You have not told me what you think of them yet.  
 I am night shift, & I am beginning to feel sleepy over my writing. I will send you "Twelve Lectures" back as soon as I can; it is out of my line altogether. I have read a good bit of it, but I think it is like all other creeds, it is got up to suit a certain class of people who don't like to hear about Hell.  
 I have not got our photos taken yet, but I will get them done before Christmas, if all is well, & then you shall have them. I will get some views of Broken Hill & send with the next letter, so keep believing. I am living about 200 yards away from the mine where I work, so I have not got far to walk.  
 Jack Capel, Elisha Davey ("Uncle"), "Cutten Har" Rogers, Alf Cock, & Alf Caple are working in the same claim as myself. The first, second & fourth wish to be remembered to you. Sam is living right opposite to me, but I don't see him very often; he never comes to my place & I never go there. I don't think he is his own boss now his Mrs. is here.  
 I thank you kindly for the likeness, but we have room for a few more in the album. Our baby is cutting his teeth, or trying to, & he has been very teasy the last couple of days. I have no dog now; my dog is dead. Do you remember the time we went out to shoot our poor old dog "Nero"? Well, he is dead yet, & I have not had a dog since.  
 My Mother-in-law is 350 miles away from here, & I am some glad, U bet, for I always wished my Mother-in-law far, far away. When she spoke the house was shook; She was always bringing me to book, & if she hadn't gone I'd have to take my hook far, far away. I dare say you can guess that the Mrs. is not near me when I am writing. she is in bed, but that won't make much difference, for she will find it out & give me what for in the morning when I come home from work.  
 Now, Joe, I will give you a bit of parental advice. If ever you have the luck (good or bad) to get married, never say a word to

the Mrs. about her Ma. If you do she will come down on the latter part of your person with a boot-jack, or a slipper, when you are asleep. Always find out when Ma is coming, & then go & dine in the city somewhere out of the sound of her voice. If mine comes here again I shall take a room further down the street.

Are you going to Newcastle to see General de Boots when he comes out.?. You want to know how many priests there are in Broken Hill. I don't know exactly, but there are 3 or 4 of them, & they keep away from the S.A.

They smelt the sulphide ore in a furnace to itself, I think, & they save the sulphur. I saw a stack of it the other day in the big mine with about 6000 bags & barrells in it. I don't know anything that will kill insects in trees, or I would send & let you know. We have a small flower garden coming. It is about 10 feet by 3 feet; so it is not very big. If I were on an allotment of my own I would have a nice garden.

Well, I told you all I know; my head is empty; so I will conclude & adjourn to the next room & change my clothes & prepare for work. It is about 11 p.m. Give my love to all & accept the same for yourself, while I call myself your umble servant, Jenna. Excuse short letter. More next time. I don't know the time for setting tobacco trees. P.S. I can't get the testimonial to send with this letter, so I will get it or give him Jack's address next week."

Hereunder is a copy of a letter from Jenna Grose to me:-

" Broken Hill Oct. 7th 1891. Dear Joe, It is with much pleasure that I take the opportunity of writing you a few lines in answer to your kind & welcome letter which I received a few days ago. The reason that I did not write before was because our annual sports were pretty close, & I thought I would wait to see how things went so that I could tell you more about things in general.

Well, I am pleased, as I am always, to hear from you. I was also glad to hear that you were all well; & I am pleased to tell you that these few lines leave us all pretty well at present. I hope this letter will find you all the same. Well, our sports, I believe, were a success. We had a large procession made up of all the different trades unions, each giving an exhibition of its trade, & all were fairly represented, with the exception of the miners who were very badly represented indeed. I would do, blind-folded, more than they did with their eyes open. We had a very good day, & I, for one, enjoyed myself immensely. There were 21 Yankee sweat tables on the ground. Each man had to pay £ 5 to pitch his table on the ground; but I believe they all went away with their nests well feathered. There was some very good running on the ground; several drunks, & a few fights. Of course if there were none of the latter there would be no sports: but on the whole I believe it was a great success.

We have had Miss Jessie Ackerman here lecturing on the Women's

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The following verses were written by me after reading a letter from Alf Edwards in which he mentioned that some Cope land girls had taken advantage of ~~the~~ the fact of this being Leap Year to propose to their sweethearts.

#### LEAP YEAR.

O, give me the harp of king David, the Jew,,  
Or pipes from the land of Scotch thistles,  
Or hand down the trumpet that Gabriel blew,  
Or give me some tuneful tin whistles !

O, give me permission to lift up my voice  
In tones captivating & mellow;  
Produce a fluturum & let me rejoice,  
O, kindly permit me to bellow .!

Some say that Protection, or "One Man one Vote",  
With blessings this country will cover,  
But far before others the question to note  
Is that of One maiden, one lover .

Since Adamic times have the women been bound  
By tyrants of masculine gender  
Who caused harsh & despotic ~~despotic~~ laws to abound,  
And women their rights to surrender.

A woman may love, with affection intense,  
A male of the bipedal genus  
Who may keep her several years in suspense  
And tempt her to imitate Venus.

But though she were fair, & as sweet as a rose,  
And rich, & of dignified carriage,  
She dare not her amorous feelings disclose,  
Nor hint to her lover of marriage.

But Leap Year's the time when maids, free from restraint,  
Possessing both courage & beauty,  
May cease to repeat a fond lover's complaint,  
And teach their cold sweethearts their duty !"

*Printed, in altered form, by "Leannon" base  
1444 2956*

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The following cutting from a Californian newspaper was sent by Aunt Amelia (Uncle Robert Rowe's wife) in 1891. -

" Wedding In Valona. A quiet but pleasant wedding took place at the residence of Mr. R. Rowe on Sunday afternoon, March 1891. when a few friends assembled to witness the marriage of Frank Starr Esq. to Miss Lila Rowe. About 2-15 p.m. could be heard the sweet strains of music floating on the quiet Sabbath air. Miss Susie Edwards presided at the organ. Rev. L.N. Barber having arrived, the bride & groom took their places on the side of the parlour, surrounded by the family & friends. As there was no objection made they were made one, Rev. L.N. Barber giving them words of advice on their starting out on life's battle together. About 4-30 p.m. they left the house to take the train for the city, all wishing them good well & long & happy life. The rooms were handsomely decorated. Mr. Harry Evans was groomsman, Miss Booth bridesmaid. We hope that their journey through life may be one long day of happiness. On Tuesday night the members of the Rebecca Lodge met at the Starr hotel & tendered the bride & groom a reception & presented them a solid silver set of spoons, 2 sugar spoons & butter knife, after which refreshments were served. After all had partaken the tables were moved back & dancing kept up till 1 o'clock."



Christian Temperance Union. I went to hear her on Monday night. I think she is a good speaker, & I believe she is doing a lot of good in the Temperance Cause.

We are going to have Joseph Symes in Broken Hill for a month. He will make his first appearance on Sunday night in the new Town Hall. I have never seen him yet, but I will give you my opinion next letter. I have an idea that I won't like him. I can't say much about him till I have seen & heard him.

Dear Joe, since I dropped my pen from the last page I have had a go at the influenza racket, & I am not clear of it yet. I have not been able to go to work since last Saturday, & it is not likely that I shall go for this week, if I do next. There have been a great many people buried here with it. There are funerals here every day, & they are nearly all victims of the same thing. Mr. William Rue, mining inspector, died this morning from it.

My Mrs. keeps pretty well so far, but the baby is not well; he is cutting his teeth & is very poorly. The Mrs. took him to the chemist to day & got some stuff for him. I hope by the morning he will be better.

Well, I said I would be able to say something about Symes after I had heard him. I have heard him twice, & I think what he said was correct. The subject on which he lectured on Sunday last was, "How the Bible was manufactured". He gave a good account of it, & challenged any of the clergy to reply to him, but none responded, & the Christians are in a rage to think that none of them are game to stand up & protect their holy creed. He lectured last night on "Astronomical Wonders & Bible Blunders", but I could not go out to hear him.

Well, I am tired now. I think you will put up with this short letter considering I am not too well. I hope you are all well. Give our love to all, & accept the same for yourself while we remain friends till death, Jenna & Mrs. Grose. Look out for "Budgets" with this letter, Joe."

Another letter from James H. Grose:-

"Broken Hill, Mar. 29th 1892. Dear Joe, It is with pleasure that I sit down to write you a few lines in answer to your kind & welcome letter which I received some months ago. I have been so very busy lately that I have not had the time to write to anyone. I have been writing till I am sick of it; & another thing, I have had sickness in the house. First the Mrs. was laid up for a fortnight, & as soon as she got right the boy was taken bad; but I am proud to tell you that the old woman is all right & the boy is improving fast. I hope he will be all right by the time you get this letter. I have been out of work for a good bit, but I settled again & worked for about 8 weeks, & now I am out again. I may start again in a few days, or I may be out for a month or 2. Things are very dull here at present on account of not being any

rain here for the last 2 years, nearly, & I don't believe we are going to have any more. If Wallsend is a worse place than this it is a very bad one. We get our drinking water from South Australia, & we have to pay 6/- per 100 gallons, & then it is not much better than rabbit juice & full of typhoid. There was a man buried from here of typhoid this afternoon. He was one of our neighbors called .Anthony ( Yorky ) Bound. He only came here from England 2 months ago. He left a wife & one child.

Dear Joe, I have been working lately at the famous claim known as the Australian Broken Hill Consols, where they get all the large slugs of silver. I will tell you a little about this native silver. It is found in sulphide & carbonate of iron lodes. This sulphide is a black, smutty substance, & very tough. It comes out in boulders, & inside these boulders are slugs or nuggets of pure native silver. The biggest slug found in the claim was found about 12 months ago. It was named the turtle slug, being very much like a turtle & weighed 16 cwt. So you can imagine a lump of silver that weight must be worth a little. They have had several others weighing from 3 to 8 hundred weight, but they were found before I went there to work. There was one found since I have been there that weighed  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cwt. called the flitch of bacon. I helped to dress it. I will send you a photo of that one & some smaller pieces piled up alongside of it. You will be able to tell the solid piece from the others.

This carbonate of iron is like what we call quartz down below, only instead of being white it is a very dark brown, & it also carries ruby silver, cobalt, & farletz. Farletz is a sort of steel gray copper ore, & carries about 6000 ounces of silver to the ton, but it is only found in small quantities. I have a piece containing native silver & farletz which I would send you if I could, but I don't know how, as it weighs about 4 ounces & is only about the size of an almond; & it would never reach you. The work is all one handed dressing, & all sitting down. There is a large iron room about 20 by 30 feet by 10 feet high, that the men work in, so you can see I had a good place. But there was a slackness of ore, & some were put off, & I was Jonah & had to be thrown overboard, but I did not have the luck to swallow a whale, like the original Jonah, you see.

Well, I will tell you why I have not written before.

I had to give up working underground when I was at the British mine, & I was out 17 weeks looking for a job on surface, & I tramped about every day for 14 weeks out of that, looking for work. The other 3 I was laid up & could not go out. I was leaded, & after tramping about all day I had to come home & write for hours, for I am the hon. secretary of the Barrier Secular Association, & was drawing up ballot papers & auditing books for the half-yearly general election, which came off in January.

So after all it was not because I was too lazy to write to you. I hope this will find you all enjoying the best of health & strength. I am happy to tell you that I never enjoyed better health in my natural than I do at the present.

I suppose you are all married before this.; if you are, "Here's to

the girls ! I wish I was single again, old man; if I were I would come over & see you soon.

How is Jack the Ripper taking over with you ? He is a terror, isn't he ? But some of the women want killing, don't they ? But you don't know; you have never been married yet. I would advise you to learn to cement in hearthstones before you get married, old boy. I would like to have a kick at Deeming before he gets strung up. We have got a big jail here in Broken Hill. They are going to hang here when it is required. I wish they would bring Williams here to stretch him. I would be Jacky Ketch for him, & give him 15 feet pitch, & play football with his old head. I will send " Twelve Lectures " back to you, as you wish. I have read a little of it myself, & have lent it to 2 Christians & one Atheist, but it is not in their line or way of thinking; & I can't stuff it into my knowledge box nohow. I will also send you a photo of the slugs with this letter. Give my love to all at home. Mrs. Grose sends her love to all. And accept our kindest love & best wishes for yourself while we remain your old friends Jenna & the Old Woman Grose."

For a For a court case dated June 3rd 1891, see page 71 of diary from Oct. 16, 1935 to July 31, 1937. See also page 76 of the same.

The following letter is from Jenna Grose:-

" Broken Hill, May 23, 1892. Dear Noe, It is with much pleasure I take the opportunity of writing you a few lines in answer to your kind & ever welcome letter which I received last Friday week. I was glad to hear from you; also glad to hear that you were well & working. I am glad to tell you that these few lines leave us all well with the exception of myself. I have a bad cold on me for the last week, otherwise I would have written before. Your letter of February never reached me. There are several Grose's here; & I dare say one of them took it up & never returned it. I was wondering if you had left the district, for I heard that you & Bob got the sack. Jim Tamblyn told me. Then I thought, " P'raps he's dead; 'p'raps he's 'live; , or 'praps he's spliced & not let to write to an Atheist now; but I am glad that you are still yourself. I hope such a thing won't happen again for this year. I have lots of news to tell you, Joe. First & foremost, we have a larger family than when I wrote at Christmas time; & geees what he is ! Girl ? Yes, but somebody must have told you, but you are right this time. I have got what is known in the Australian colonies as a pigeon pair-- & now I am satisfied. I don't want any more for the present time. I think if I can feed, clothe, educate that pair shall be a toff. ; what do ee say ? Ees, I know thee dost. I will now give you the pedigree of the said cheel. On the 11th day of February, in the year 18 hundred and 92, at Berenocken ill, in the colony of N.S.W., Annie May Grose, daughter of James Henna and Eliza Grose first saw the mud, & the first thing she did was to squall, but she only squalled

once, for she has been squalling ever since, & she is squalling now  
 bless her little gums & lungs. Her is a daisy of a squaller. I  
 can't say much more about her or I fear it will make you ill.  
 She gets more like her Mamma every day. Harrold is getting on sple  
 ndidly. He will say everything that he hears me say. He is now  
 about 2 years & 4 months old, & the Mrs. is going to put him into  
 nicker bockers next week.

The next item on the program is--I have speculated in a new house.  
 I bought a weatherboard & iron house, 12 x 14 x 8 high, with var-  
 nished matchboard & then lined above that, & ceiled with Hessian,  
 & papered. There are 2 windows 2 feet by 2 ft. 6 inches; and a  
 door, & a place for a stove, & an ornamental mantelpiece, & two  
 hatpegs. It cost me £ 15-0- ( fifteen pounds). It is a lot of mon-  
 ey for one room, but I had it cheap; so I had a bargain. I took dow  
 n the old place, & with some of the old timber I have put up ano  
 ther room. So you must excuse our photos this time, Joe, but bye  
 and bye I will get them taken. It will cost 30/- for a dozen; so  
 that is no trifle. I have found out an uncle of mine in the old  
 country. I wrote to him & got one letter from him. He is a brothe  
 to Father, & is called Thomas Grose. He has a son up in Gympie in  
 Queensland. I will write to him in a day or two.

You say that Elizabeth Jane is engaged to a bonny Scotty. Well,  
 good luck to them I say. I hope they will have a lot of brae bon  
 nie lassies & laddies-- Geordies & Jeans-- & all the harm I wish  
 them is that they will always have plenty of porridge.

You want to know if I am a Socialist. No, I am not, because I don'  
 see what there is in it. You Socialists preach what you ought to  
 have & what you know you can never get. If Socialism is not Sec-  
 ularism it is not worth much, for the latter embraces everything  
 that tends to make the human family happy. There are planks in  
 the Socialist platform that I think it is impossible impossible  
 get, such as equal portion of the products of the land. It is  
 madness, I think, to expect it. I don't know if you prea ch that  
 over there, but they do here, They think that the money got from  
 the Barrier mines should be equally divided among the whole pop  
 ulation. If such were the case we would all starve. It would not r  
 un 4/- a week. The Socialists here were pretty strong for about  
 two months, but they are very weak here now. I want you to let me  
 know, when you write again, if you received the books & Christmas  
 cards. We hope you are still in work & all well. And I want you t  
 to tell me what, in your opinion is the best thing to take for  
 indigestion. I have been suffering a good deal of late from it.

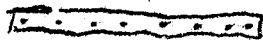
How are your eyes now? are they any better? Did Evan Morris  
 do you any good? I wish I had £ 50: I would take a run over to se  
 you. I would like to see you, old boy!

Give our loves to Mother, Harley, Jack, Bob, & E. Jane, & accept ou  
 kindest love & best wishes for yourself. We remain your loving  
 friends, J. H. & E. Grose.

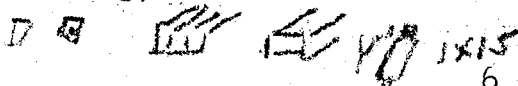
Address, as before, C/o A.B.H. Consols Mine; I shall be sure to  
 get it then. We have started a flower garden here. Mrs. Grose."

Following is a copy of a letter from James Henna Grose:-  
 " Broken Hill, June 19th, 1892.

Dear Joe, T It is with much pleasure that I sit down to write you a few lines in answer to your kind & ever welcome letter of the 5th of May. The reason that I have not written before is because I was laid up with fever & was not able to write; but I am glad to tell you that I am all right now. I was glad to hear from you; also glad to find that it left you well. I hope these few lines will find you also well. You want to know how the mines are worked here. Well, the stoping is done on a large scale after this fashion:-  
 Main drive or lode.



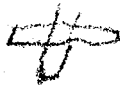
Dots show the timber (square pine). leg on end. The leg is 10x10, 7 feet long, with a horn 4 x 4 x 5 inches long, like this



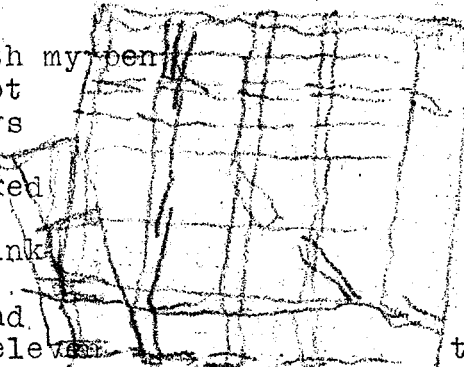
Three is the cap. same size timber, with the end leg cut like this 6 feet long. The strut is 4½ or 5 ft. long, and when they are put together they form a set like this. The hole in the centre is where the horn of the leg fits 5 inches, & the leg underneath meets that.

3 ins.

3½ ins.



This is a 12 set of Yankee timbering. Where I have crossed it with my pen is where one can go through, but in a lot of places like this they have put in angle stays & even then where the ground is heavy, it will not hold up. I worked in a place that was creeping, in the British mine, where the timber would shrink down ten inches while 2 men were sawing a piece 10x10. And there are places in British & Block elevators that have come together; & men have had to bore holes in the timber & shoot them with dynamite to get a roadway through the main drive. They have filled the sets up like this with angle stays, & then filled the open space with blocks of wood till you would be puzzled as to how you could get out of the stopes. Now I will tell you all I know about the treating of the ore. The ore is broken & sent up in trucks, tipped into bins, & then



carted & trucked into the furnaces. With the ore they put iron-stone, limestone, marble, & granite for flux to help to smelt it. Then the bullion comes out of the bottom. This is ladled into moulds branded B.H.P. Co. Ltd. or the name of whatever mine you like; & so each bar is branded. There is no refinery here, so I don't know how the silver is separated from the lead.

I have not seen Jim Tamblyn for a long time, but I will deliver your message to him as soon as I can. I don't think he is offended at anything, but he is busy at his trade, I think he is doing well. Whenever I see him he always upbraids himself for not writing; but busy business has been his excuse.

We have had a nice drop of rain up here; all the dams & the reservoir are full. They reckon that there is 500 000,000 gallons in the latter.

You said that you think Secularism is comfortable. Well, I don't. For this reason-- it teaches me to make the best of this life; to make myself happy here; to make my wife & family happy; & to do my best to make my fellow-creatures happy; to do my best to help as far as lies in my power those who are helpless & in distress; to instruct the ignorant how to live happy & moral lives without being robbed by priests, parsons, & other sky-pilots. I believe in teaching how to live. There are too many getting a dishonest living teaching how to die. You teach a man or a woman how to live, & they will find out quickly enough how to die. And do you think that in doing such I don't feel comfortable & happy? I think the most noble occupation under the sun is to help to uplift the gospel of Truth & freedom, equality of the human family; & that gospel is the gospel taught by Secularism. I would like to talk to you personally; I could tell you better than I can on paper how I feel about the disgraceful want in Australia, & all through the poor people's ignorance. I believe in free & secular education for all. But the gospel of the Bible is going dead (at least in Broken Hill) for they have to resort to politics such as "One man one vote", & "The Contract System: shall we accept it?"

There is every likelihood of a strike here again. The directors are trying to introduce the contract system; they want all the work done by contract, & I think the men object.

Give our loves to all the family & accept the same for yourselves while we remain yours till the resurrection morn. J.H. & E. Grose.

Some of those sets run for 300 or 400 feet in width & length. When the set is up it forms a square like a small room. It is lathed over & under feet. All the timber is cut on the surface."

The following letter was written by Jenna Grose to me:-  
Broken Hill, Aug. 16, 1892. Dear Joe, It is with much pleasure that I take my pen in hand to answer your kind & long-looked-for letter which I received to-day. I was glad to hear from you, also to hear that you were well & working. As for ourselves, I am glad to tell

you that these few lines leave us quite well. I am in work again, notwithstanding the strike here. I am working in my old place. There is one thing I wish to impress on your mind before I forget it, that is that you must desist from addressing my letters to the Junction mine: simply address Broken Hill. I am lucky to be working. I have been out with the rest, but have started again. You want to know how the stoping is done. Well, they stope the width of the lode & fill them up with addle( " mullocking up" is the term used here ) mullock means addle.) in certain places, & some places are left open. The main cause of the creeps in these mines is that the lode is underneath a range of hills that are capped with ironstone; & they have been taking the top of the hill off so as to have the ironstone for flux for smelting; & in the first place, if you take the centre bricks out of an arch the consequence is that it falls down. And so it is with taking the top of the hill. There is double the side weight for the timber; & then again the lode is a soft, spongy material that when they are firing the long holes in the quarries on the surface they shake the hill from stem to stern, cause the ground sills to sink & lean, & of course the whole fabrication is crippled by it; but they did not think of that until it was too late.

The timber that is used is American; & the reason why they do not use Australian timber is because we have Yankee managers here. Not only timber, but the greater part of the machinery on Broken Hill comes from Yankee-dom. You would be surprised to see the hundreds of thousands of pounds worth of machinery here idle. Some of it has never worked & never will; & some has worked a week & been condemned: & it all comes from America, dear boye. These got the cheek to tell me I'm a Cousin, hast tha? Well, I dink know where Cornwall is, less he's in France. If thee wart to come here & say you're going to shoot they'd "shut" thee, my son, doesn' see?

The man who told Bob there was no water drank in Broken Hill did not tell the truth, because there are hundreds of horses & cattle here that drink nothing else but water. I myself drink a little ( with my whisky ) in the winter, & drink it manufactured into stimulants in the summer. I am not a total abstainer, but a temperate consumer of bug-juice & tanglefoot, & corn cure. I take it in small quantities at different periods-- say about every christening we have in our house. So I have only had one of them periods since I have been married. I am strongly in favor of Prohibition.

The ~~work~~ done by a Secularist is done charitable, & not with the hope of a front seat or a bright crown in a future state. Anything that is done with the hope of reward is not charity. So we have a comfort in giving, & a comfort in feeling that we did not do it for our own future benefit.

All the mine timbering has been done by a gang of day-wage timber men, so far. It is all contract work in Wallaroo Mines. Do you practise ventriloquism now? Mrs. Grose hopes soon to be

able to send her own & the boy's photos; then you will be satisfied for a while, I hope. The Strike Committee has started Defence Stores, as you will have seen by the papers, & everything is done on the coupon scale. Each man gets a coupon: if he is single he gets one to the value of 5/-; married, with one child, 7/6; with 2 or 3 children, 10/- & over that--12/6 a week. They take the coupons to the stores & get groceries, flour, spuds, & butchers' meat. So things are managed well. If the men's wives are in another colony they have to give their wives' addresses to the Defence Committee, & they will send the money away to the women. They do this because some would say they had wives & families down at Moonta, & get the money & booze it. Our boy can run about anywhere now; & we can't keep him at home from his Granny Grose's house, which is across the road from us. I will try to send you a specimen of silver as soon as I get a nice piece to send. Give our love to all at home & accept the same for yourself while we remain your ever-loving friends, J.H. & E. Grose. Write as soon as you like, for I am always glad to get a letter from you, old boy."

Copy of Minute of an Order of the Court.

"Mildred Reed V William Reed. It is ordered & adjudged that the defendant do pay weekly & every week, for the period of twelve months, now next ensuing, into the hands of Sergeant Edward Grennan or officer in charge of the police station, Wallsend, in the Colony of New South Wales, for the maintenance & support of the said William Reed's deserted wife Mildred, the sum of 5/-, & we do order that the first of such weekly payments be made on Thursday 11th day of January 1894. It is also ordered & adjudged that the defendant do pay the sum of 6/6 costs of Court & £ 2-2-0 professional costs Signed W. P. Henry, P.M. Police Office, Wallsend, 11th January 1894."

Copy of my diary from March 8th, 1892 to

Tues. Mar. 8, 1892. I have counted the bottles of Clement's tonic that Mother has taken, & found that there were 13 small bottles & 16 large ones.

Fri. Mar. 18, 1892. This evening I heard Mr. Silver lecture in the Plattsburg Mechanics' Institute on "Fun With Figures" or the use of the slide rule. Only a few were present, including young Tom Bousfield. Mr. Silver had a very large slide rule. He said that he was a carpenter, & had worked in a timber yard at Maitland for many years. There he saw a man who was very proficient in the use of a slide rule; so he decided to learn how to use one also, & after several years of study & practice he was able to work any sum in arithmetic, or to tell his mates how much pay they would get



for working a given number of days at a certain wage. Mr. Silver explained that the slide rule was divided into tenths, & that ten tenths made one inch; 20 tenths equalled 2 inches, & so on. He worked his sums by sliding one part of the rule to a number on another part, when the required answer would be found on another portion of the rule. He said he wished to form a class to teach it by the quarter how to use the slide rule, & if he could get 15 pupils he would start teaching next week. I do not think that he got any pupils. I sent a letter & a photo of Cockle Creek traffic bridge to Alf. Edwards. Cold weather.

Sat. Mar. 19th, 1892. I sent for 12 Austral extra rapid  $\frac{1}{2}$  plates &  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of chrome alum. The local miners' demonstration is on to-day. The miners marched in procession to the racecourse, led by a band. Rain has been falling nearly all day. A part of the course is covered with water. I went down to the course this afternoon & got in for 6d as the racing was nearly finished. There were hundreds of people there. Brother Bob & Tom Richmond went out to shoot ducks on Hexham swamp this morning, but they only shot a black diver, & returned this evening. I wrote some verses on "Dancing" this evening to send to Alf Edwards.

Sun. Mar. 29th, 1892. I went to the home of old Evan Morris, the oculist who is treating my left eye to cure its partial blindness, but found that he is ill. I paid young Jack Morris 4/- & left one owing. I went to Tom Stepney's home & borrowed a book entitled "Photographic Pastimes", & another called "Photography In a Nutshell". Reading them.

Mon. Mar. 21, 1892. Bob & I filled ten skips of so-called "round" coal that is as square as bricks. I paid George Clothier 1/2 for putting in 2 new handles. Bob got the skin of a duck, with the feathers on, to make a decoy-duck; & he expects to get Alf Beecham's decoys next Friday when Alf comes home from Catherine Hill Bay.

Tues. Mar. 22, 1892. We filled 11 skips, & lost one that was filled too high. This is the first we have lost for that reason. Brother Jack worked at Young Wallsend to-day. I received the alum & plates from Sydney, & paid 9d freight.

Wed. Mar. 23, 1892. We filled 10 skips of large ("round") coal. Jack worked all day, & Charley  $\frac{1}{2}$  a day. Raining lightly.

Thur. Mar. 24, 1892. We filled 10 of large & 1 of small coal. Jack worked. He is playing a "Summer Ice" match at the Mechanics' Institute this evening. Jack Hayden came here this evening & asked Bob to go out to Lake Macquarie with him, but Bub declined. Jack & Liz-Jane sang several hymns together at the organ. Fine weather. No work for Wallsend pit to-morrow.

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Fri. Ap. 1, 1892. Wallsend colliery worked to-day. The 4 of us filled 26 skips of round coal. The weights this morning were 9 cwt. & 9-2-14 for Bob & me, & 10cwt for our crossmates. Bob went for the pay. He got crossmates this morning at the pickrack: they are Bill ("Pompey") Holmes & Bill James. They are married & live at Dark Creek (Jesmond). "Pompey" is a Geordie, & Bill James is a Welshman. They worked in a crosscut next to us, in the Little Tunnel, with George Metcalf & another as crossmates.

On the road to the pit this morning I picked up a man's coat & bag that fell off a drayload of lime that was being pulled up the hill near Joe Longworth's pub by a horse that was jibbing frequently.

I shouted to the driver, & he stopped & took the coat & bag from me. He said that his boys had been allowing the horse to do as it liked. Bob bought 2 pounds of cork this afternoon for 1/6, & cut it into 7 pieces to make decoy-ducks with. Rain has been falling nearly all day.

Sat. Ap. 2, 1892. Pay Saturday. I made a decoy with a black shag's skin & a wild duck's head & beak. This afternoon I photographed Bob & Jack in the dining room with the little quarter plate camera. Jack first at 1 p.m. with an Austral extra rapid plate which I gave 45 seconds' exposure. I developed both plates with ferrous oxalate developer. Jack's was properly exposed, but his face was not sharp although his collar & coat were sharp. Bob's was a pretty good negative. Jack & Charley went to Newcastle for groceries at Wither-spoon's shop & brought them home in our cart. Bob went out shooting this afternoon, but did not shoot anything. Rain this morning & evening.

Mon. Ap. 4, 1892. Wallsend worked to-day. The 4 off us filled 24 skips of large coal. The weights for Friday were, for Bob & me, No 113 ) 10-2; & for our crossmates (114 ) 9-1, 9-2, 92; average weight, 9-1-14. Bob bought a pair of wild ducks this morning from Bill Dove for 1/6, but they were stale, so Bob cut off the heads & wings & burnt the bodies. I paid George Clothier 7d this morning for putting in a new pick-handle. I varnished 6 of my negatives this evening. I saw our names on the new Electoral Roll for 1892-3 at the court house. Wells' circus is in Newcastle to-night. Fine weather.

Tues. Ap. 5, 1892. We started to take out 2 fresh pillars this morning, as our old ones have fallen in. We filled 28 of big & 2 of small coal. Our weights are, for 113, 9-1; 9-1-14; 9-2. For 114, 9-1; 9-1-14. Our pillars are wet & are nearer to the little tunnel than the others were. We started a cut-through in the left hand pillar & intend to leave a "stook" (a portion of the nearest end of the pillar) in. The deputies (George reay & Jim Williams) were timbering up the roof near our pillar nearly all day. We cavilled this evening & got to 169 in Jubilee, the worst portion of the Wallsend colliery to get coal in, as the coal is low & brassy.

178.

Charley Garish & Jim James got to 69 in Lambton Headings, & our crossmates got to 170 in Jubilee. Raining again. The red flag is flying on Ross' flagstaff to signify that the Wallsend pit will work to-morrow.

Thur. Ap. 7, 1892. We 4 filled 29 skips of big coal. Our weights this morning were, for 113, 10-14; 11-1; 11-1-14. For 114, 8-1; 10-1; & 10-2. I received a letter from Alf. Edwards (Copeland) & Bob got 2 wood-ducks from Bill Dove. I made another decoy this evening. Jack worked at Young Wallsend to-day. Raining as usual. Red flags are flying for work.

Fri. Ap. 8, 1892. Wallsend & Young Wallsend collieries worked to day. We filled 22 skips of big coal, & has 3 yards of cut-through measured for next pay. Our weights to-day are, for 113, 9cwt. & 9-2 for 114. This morning Mr. W. Willis told Bob to tell Jack to go to his house to-morrow morning. Jack saw Willis at his house this evening, & he told Jack to tell us to see him at his cabin to-morrow, when he would see whether he could give Jack a job or not. I made a third decoy this evening. Dry & cloudy weather.

Sat. Ap. 9, 1892. We all worked, but Wallsend only worked  $\frac{1}{2}$  a day, & we filled 13 of big coal. Bob carried 8 picks down to our bord in Jubilee, & came back to our pillar. We then put all of our other tools into a skip & took them down on the set road to 3 flat & on to Jubilee shaft, & carried them from the sump to our bord. We set a prop in the bord & came home. I received my book entitled "Twelve Lectures, or Christendom Astray", by R. Roberts, and a letter, & a photograph of a slug of native silver from Jenna Grose of Broken Hill. I got 4lbs. of blasting powder & a large flask of gunpowder at the Co-op. store this morning: price 4/2.

Sun. Ap. 10, 1892. I went to Morris' as usual this morning & he put the electricity from his little shocking coil through from my hand to my head, as usual, & his son Jack gave me some more medicine. I then went to Tom Stepney's home & returned his 2 books. I met "Cabbo" & another chap there, & they went with Tom to the Wallsend park to hear Mr. George D. Clark speak in favour of Prohibition. I went there too, by another road. I sat with little Dick Hooper & Joe Wicken. There were many people present including Good Templars with regalias on. The chairman was a bow-legged man named David Watson. A parson named Briscoombe spoke first, then Mr. Clarke spoke, & then a parson or preacher named Thomas Davies. Lastly Clarke spoke again & took a vote on Prohibition; the result being an almost unanimous vote in favour of Prohibition. The chairman then said that there was a quantity of refreshments at the Mechanics' Institute for people who had come long distances to be present. A collection was taken & the meeting ended.

17.  
Thur. June 30, 1892. Wallsend pit worked, & Bob & I got 7 skips. Our weight to-day is 11-1. Co-operative pit is idle. There is work for Wallsend to-morrow.

Fri. July 1, 1892. Bob & I worked again & had 9 skips, which finished us in our old bord for this quarter. Weight this morning is 11 cwt. We shifted our tools to-day into our new place, which is at the left hand side of a bord that separates our present bord from the new one. Sammy Lee got cavilled to the little tunnel this time.

I received a letter from Jenna Grose to-day. Tom Richmond went out with brother Jack & got some slabs. Tom borrowed the muzzle loader gun & the decoys & went to Shelly Holes to shoot wild ducks. Jack has received a summons to attend a Committee meeting of the miners lodge to answer a charge of working at 2 collieries. Our bord number is 163 in Jubilee. On June 28th I finished reading "A Social Tangle", a criticism of & reply to Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward". Fine weather.

Sat. July 2, 1892. No work. I went out alone in our new boat to Shelly Creek, & I was going over to the duck-holes when I saw 2 men there; so I pulled the boat up to Fisherman's Creek, tied it up there, & went to the new duck-hole that Bob & I cut in the reeds. I reached there about 5 p.m., put out the 9 decoys, & went into the cover made of reeds. I sat there waiting for wild ducks to fly down into the hole, but as none came I picked up at about 7 p.m. & started for home. When I reached a clear space partly covered by water I aroused a mob of ducks and as they were flying away I fired a random shot but did not get any ducks. I pulled back to the sheds, put the boat away, & reached home about 10-40 p.m. Cloudy & calm weather.

Sun. July 3, 1892. I stayed at home & read nearly all day. Work to-morrow.

Mon. July 4, 1892. We started to work in our new bord in the Jubilee district of the Wallsend colliery. We filled 5 skips. Bob & I went in together. The coal is very soft & the roof is unsound & needs slabbing. I bought a strip of sheet lead at Tyler's, & examined a 12/6 rifle & a 42/- shot gun.

Tues. July 5, 1892. Wallsend & Co-operative pits worked all day. We filled 7 skips. Our coal was not weighed yesterday. We are to be made up to L 10 cwt. as our coal is so soft. Dab Timmins is wheeling from us. Jack Rowbottom is also wheeling in Jubilee. Tom Neilson is boss over the wheelers.

~~Wed. July 6, 1892. This morning I awoke at 4.30 & went down to Shelly Holes with our dog. I did not get a shot at ducks, but I had 2 flying shots at plovers, & missed them.~~

Wed. July 6, 1892. Wallsend pit worked all day, & we filled 6 skips of coal & 1 of dirt. No weight yet. Rain to-day. White flag for no work for Wallsend.

Thur. July 7, 1892. This morning I rose at 4-30 & went out to Shelly Creek, which is a little tributary of Ironbark Creek, with our dinghy. I did not get a shot at ducks, but I had a flying shot at some plovers & missed them. I waited in the cover at the duck-hole until about 9-30 a.m., & then went toward Fisherman's Cree, another little tributary, & shot a crane. Then I went toward the Eastern end of Shelly plain & crept near to a large flock of cranes & ibises that were feeding on the plain. When I got near the edge of the reeds the cranes saw me & flew, so I had a flying shot & broke the wing of one & caught it. I reached home about 1 p.m. Weather cold & windy.

Fri. July 8, 1892. Bob & I cleaned out the wash-house & did several other little jobs. In the afternoon Bob went for our pay, which was £ 3-12-5 for 18 tons 18 cwts at 3/10 per ton. I have been about the negatives, & took a bromide print from a negative of Mother's white plaster castle., with 40 seconds exposure at 2 feet from a candle. Clear fine weather.

Sat. July 9th, 1892. Our Jack & Tom Richardson went to Newcastle for our groceries. Jack bought 20 pinfire Ely cartridges for 1/3 at Capper's shop. Bob went to the Wallsend park to see a football match. Cold westerly wind is blowing.

Sun. July 10, 1892. I have been doing proportion sums to find out how many pills a Clement's tonic bottle will hold, as the proprietors are offering a prize of £ 20 for the nearest guess to the actual number. My guess is 1084.

Elder White, of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints" lectured on "Apostolic Succession" in the Plattsburg Mechanics' Institute this evening

Mon. July 11, This is brother Jack's anniversary of his birthday, as he was born on the 11th of July 1864, at Kadina, South Australia. Bob & I filled 7 skips of large coal. Bill Harden was wheeling in Dab Simmons' place. Our weight is 7-1, the first of our skips that has been weighed for the quarter.

This evening Mr. Robjohns lectured in the Plattsburg Mechanics' Institute on "Biblical History", I went & heard him. He is an old man with a moderately large head, but he is not so good a speaker as he should be according to the look of his head. He has probably been a good speaker, but he speaks in such a mournful tone & has such a pathetic style that he was rather depressing & disappointing to listen to. He did not lecture on the history of the Bible as I expected him to do, but on the origin, work, of the British & Foreign Bible Society, for which he is an agent. The rev. Thomas Davies & parson Walker of the Church of England were also on the platform. Rev. Davies was chairman.

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Mr. Robjohns said that the district in which he works is composed of Queensland, New Zealand, & South Australia, but he exchanged places with another agent who was desirous of having a change for awhile. He said that very few people really knew what the British & Foreign Bible Society was & what it was doing. The Society was started many years ago in England, & its object was to supply the Bible in a beautiful & cheap form to every nation in the world. It prints the Bible, or has it printed, in 70 different languages. He said he did not suppose there was anyone in the audience who knew where Pashtu was spoken. He did not wish to insult them, but he had a particular reason for thinking that no one knew, & that was that he did not know himself until a little while ago. When he found out he was ashamed of his ignorance, as Pashtu was spoken in Afghanistan. No missionary is allowed to visit Afghanistan, but the British & Foreign Bible Society sent thousands of copies of the Bible into Afghanistan every year, which he regarded as a splendid piece of spiritual engineering. The reason why they could send Bibles into that country was that some years ago a Christian man named Cust went to Afghanistan & learned the language & got a native scribe to write the Bible in that language. Then Cust went to London to the B. & F. B. Society & gave it the translation, which is multiplied & printed by photo-mechanical processes.

When Martin Luther started the Reformation the Bible was only printed in 10 languages; & if Luther could shake the world when the Bible was only in ten languages, what could they do when the Bible was printed in every language? Infidels what is the use of giving the Bible to races just emerging from savagery, when there are difficulties in the Bible that puzzle the most enlightened men of the age? , but he said that that is not what the Bible Society does not do. It first sends to the natives portions of the Testament, & as they grow in intellectual strength they get more & more of the Bible until they get all of it.

In the island of Ceylon (See-lo-nee, he pronounced it ) there is only one woman in a thousand that can read; so Christian women are trained to go among the native Cingalese & sing hymns in Hindu or Parsee & get the women interested. Then the natives ask for more information & are then taught to read; & when they can do that the Society sells them cheap & beautiful Bibles printed in Hindu. In that way 11000 Bibles <sup>were</sup> sold in Ceylon last year. The Sydney Bulletin sometimes criticises them for going to the natives with a Bible in one hand & a revolver in the other, but it was all nonsense. He was speaking recently with a missionary who had been in New Guinea several years & had never carried firearms, but dressed in a suit of thin white clothes so that the natives could see he was unarmed. On one occasion this missionary had a narrow escape from being killed by a native who followed him with a club, & was coming close behind to stab, when the missionary saved himself by suddenly turning round & saying in the Malau language, " Here, I'll carry that club, & you take this

hoop-iron." The native was surprised, & before he recovered the missionary got into a boat & pulled away. A collection was taken & amounted to 23/-.

Tues. July 12, 1892. Wallsend & Co-operative pits worked all day. We got 9 skips. No weight. No work for Co-op. to-morrow. Rain, wind south-west.

Wed. July 13, 1892. Wallsend worked again to-day & Bob & I had 6 skips of big & 1 of small coal. Not weighed. Rain; wind south-west.

Thur. July 14, 1892. We worked again & received 10 skips & filled 8 with large coal & 2 with small. There was a heavy storm this morning, & the place was flooded.

Fri. 15, 1892. We filled 7 skips of big coal & 2 of small. Tom Bousfield was in & measured our yardage & jump-down, & took the number of our slabs. We have driven the board narrow for 10 feet, for which we shall get 4/4 per yard. For the jump-down we shall be paid sixpence per inch, or 9/- for the 18 inches. We have set 10 slabs, for which we shall get 10/-. We have begun to widen the board out to 8 yards wide. I bought 2 pounds of blasting powder at the Co-op. store for 1/8. I attended a meeting of Wallsend miners in the Wallsend School of Arts. It was decided to give £1000 to the Broken Hill miners who are now on strike. The money is to be taken out of the General Union Fund. A scheme to take the miners' picks in skips to Jubilee, Centennial, & Magpie flats was adopted. The scheme is that each pair of men be provided with a number for their picks, which number will be stamped on a tin token to be hung on copper wire put through the handles. The miners are to put their picks into a special skip on the nearest flat, & when it is full of picks it will be sent to the surface to have the tools sharpened. The water-balers will take the pick-skips full of sharp tools to where the men sit to wait for starting time-- 8 a.m.

Sat. July 16, 1892. We worked again to day, & thus worked all the week. We filled 7 of large & 3 of small coal. I received a Wallaroo Times & a "Barrier Miner" to-day from Jim Tamblin. Brother Jack has toothache & tried to cure it by holding brandy in his mouth, but it failed to stop the pain. Cloudy. South wind.

Sun. July 17, 1892. This evening I went to the Mechanics' Institute & heard Elder White lecture on "Present Revelations". There was a large audience present, & Elder Avery occupied the chair. At the close of the lecture a tall man asked Elder White several questions, which he answered in such an unsatisfactory manner that the questioner proposed that he & Elder White have a 2 nights debate; which was agreed to. Fine weather. Work to-morrow.



Mon. July 18, 1892. Bob & I filled 9 skips of large coal & 1 of small. Our tonnage for next pay is 66 skips @ 6--1, or 32 tons 5 cwt, & 5 skips of small coal. Brother Jack is not well yet.

I am writing a letter to Jenna Grose this evening. Fine weather.

Tues. July 19, 1892. We all worked to day, & Bob & I filled 8 skips of big coal & 1 of small. The white flag is up for to-morrow for Wallsend pit. I have been suffering from indigestion since last Monday. Fine weather.

Wed. July 20, 1892. We all worked, & Bob & I filled 8 of large & 1 skip of small. The white flag is up for to-morrow for Wallsend. Fine weather.

Thur. July 21, 1892. Wallsend pit is idle, but Co-op. is working half a day. Bob went for our pay, which amounted to £ 8-2-0 for 32 tons @ 3/10 per ton; 10 slabs @ 1/- each; 3 1/2 yards of narrow work @ 4/4 per yard; & 9/- consideration for the jump-down of 18 inches. Fine weather.

Sat. July 23, 1892. Brother Jack & Tom Richmond went with our horse & cart to Newcastle for our groceries. Jack bought "Reynolds" newspaper & 12 Austral instantaneous plates for me. In the afternoon Dave Johns came & said he was going to Sydney, & would bring back anything I wanted; so I gave him 5/- for 2 doz. Ilford's rapid plates & 2 sheets of sensitised paper. I also gave him a glass cutting-shape to exchange for a larger one at Baker & Rouse's shop. Bob went out to Elliot's swamp but did not get a shot at anything. Fine weather.

Sun. July 24, 1892. I have been making the new dark slide right to-day. Brother Bob & Tom Richmond took our brown dog "Rap" out to the Co-operative new tunnel. Our black dog "Nigger" would not follow them. Cold weather.

Mon. July 25, 1892. Jack & Charley planted 100 cabbages that were bought of Tom Sharpe. Jack also bought a hand-pump of old David Frew ( Wally's father ) for 1 pound. It is a number 4 pump with a half inch pipe, & is nearly new. The price when new is said to have been £ 25. I have been making an arrangement to copy photos with the big camera. I copied the photo of Alf Edwards' cousin, but it was too small; so I made a larger copy. I made a new decoy for Bob this afternoon. No work at the pits to-day. Cold South wind.

Tues. July 26, 1892. No work for anyone but Charley to-day. He is working at the Co-op. coke ovens. Jack & I put the pump in position on the underground tank. I have made a box for enlarging, reducing, or copying with the big camera. Brother Bob &

Tom Richmond went out to Elliot's swamp this morning, but they did not shoot anything, & returned at dark. I put an arm on my white background. Dave Johns brought all the things that I ordered-- & more. He brought 2 boxes of Ilford's rapid plates; a glass cutting-shape with a knob on it; & 3 sheets of albumenised, sensitised paper. He got the 3 sheets for 2/9.

Wed. July 27, 1892. I took a photo of Mother in the dining room with the big lens; 20 seconds exposure. The fault in the negative is that the face is too clear. I varnished the enlarging box. I received a "Broken Hill Budget" from Jim Tamblin. I made a deal with a duck-skin that Bob Richmond gave our Bob. Rainy weather.

Thur. July 28, 1892. I took another photo of Mother in the dining room with the little  $\frac{1}{4}$  plate camera, with 20 seconds exposure. It developed nicely & made a good negative. Bob Richmond & brother Bob went out to the Co-operative holes in the Hexham swamp yesterday, & our Bob shot 2 wild ducks & gave one to Richmond. Fine weather.

Fri. July 29, 1892. To-day I made a photographic copy of Mother's marriage certificate. I used the big camera & an Austral instantaneous plate & gave it 16 seconds exposure. Developed with ferrous oxalate & got a clear, sharp negative. I printed 2 copies from the negative of Mother that I took yesterday, & toned them together with a print from the negative of Alf Edwards' cousin. I used a borax toning bath, in which the prints toned well. Our Bob & Bob Richmond went out to the Co-op. holes again this morning & returned after dark. Brother Bob fired 10 shots-- 2 at swan & 8 at ducks, but he only got 1 teal duck & a plover. Bob Richmond had a swan as his share. Three wounded swans flew into the reeds & were lost. Jack worked back shift & filled 6 skips & holed 4 feet in a cut-through. David Davies' choir went to Maitland to give a concert in aid of the Co-operative Relief Fund. Fine.

Sat. July 30, 1892. I printed a copy of brother Jack & myself to-day, & toned them this evening with a copy of the marriage certificate. We worked about 2 hours in the garden digging weeds out. We are all idle to-day. The red flag is flying for work on Monday.

Sun. July 31, 1892. I wrote part of a letter to Alf Edwards. Bob took our brown dog, "Rap" out for a run. Nothing interesting happened. Fine weather.

Mon. Aug. 1, 1892. We all worked. Bob & I got 8 skips. Our weight was 10 cwt. for the last day we worked. Our tonnage for next pay is 26 skips @ 9-3-14 or 12 tons 16 cwt. &  $\frac{3}{4}$ , & 4 skips of small. We had 2 yards booked for widening out to 8 yards wide: also 3 slabs @ 1/- each. I wrote part of Alf's letter this evening.

Tues. Aug. 2, 1892. We worked to-day & got 10 skips. There are 40 small coal fillers picked out to fill small coal out of the bords to-morrow. Writing part of letter to Alf. Jim O'Brien had 8 decoys to day. Fine weather.

Wed. Aug. 3, 1892. No work for any of us to-day. We turned over the ground in the garden where the oats were, & Jack & Charley went to the Co-operative line & got some old sleepers to repair the sides of the creek that runs through our garden. Our Bob & the brothers Bob & Tom Richmond went out to Hexham swamp this afternoon. I am still writing Alf's letter. I received a "Barrier Miner" & a "Broken Hill Budget" this morning.

Thur. Aug. 4, 1892. Working at the creek in our garden., & repaired the sides with old sleepers. In the afternoon I took a photo of sister Liz-Jane, with the big camera, stop 8, with 6 seconds exposure, & one with 8 seconds exposure. Both were fairly good, but the last was the best. Fine weather.

Fri. Aug. 5, 1892. We filled 9 skips of big coal. Bill James, our crossmate, took up our pay, which was £ 3-6-0. Brother Bob & Bob Richmond went to the swamp this afternoon to shoot wild ducks. They returned at 7 p.m. with one crane, which Richmond shot flying. Tom Richmond took 8 decoys out this evening, after Bob came home, & went out to the swamp to stay all night.

Sat. Aug. 6, 1892. This morning I took 3 prints from the last negative of Liz-Jane, & toned, fixed, & washed them. Jack & Bob went with our grey horse, "Tiger" to Newcastle for our groceries, & bought a tin kerosene lamp, Reynolds' newspaper, & "Chips". I received a letter from Jim Tamblyn to-day. Rainy.

Sun. Aug. 7, 1892. I am writing a letter to Jim Tamblyn to-day. There is a cold wind blowing & rain is falling heavily. No work for both pits to-morrow.

Mon. Aug. 8, 1892. Jack & I planted some potatoes on the hill side of our garden. Writing to Jim Tamblyn. Joseph Symes the infidel lectured in the Plattsburg Mechanics Institute on "The Origin Of Life", but I did not hear him.

Tues. Aug. 9, 1892. We filled 7 skips with "round" (large) coal & 1 with small to-day. We have reached a second jump, which is a jump up, & the coal is soft again. Last Friday our bord was bratticed nearly to the face. There is probably gas in the bord. There is to be a debate this evening between Elder White & Mr. Mogg on "Present Revelation. I am finishing my letter to Jim Tamblyn this evening. I have sent the fourth guess form to F.M. Clements with the number 10 85 on it as my guess of the number of pills in a tonic bottle.

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Wed. Aug. 10, 1892. We worked again to-day & filled 9 skips. No weight this morning. Writing to Jim Tamblyn. Fine weather.

Thur. Aug. 11, 1892. We filled 10 skips of big coal. Our weight was 7-3-14 average. Tom Bousfield & Bob Lundie were in & measured a jump-up, which is 6 inches. We have 5 slabs for next pay.

Fri. Aug. 12, 1892. We only got 9 skips to-day. This evening I went to a meeting of the Wallsend miners. The secretary read a letter sent by manager Alex. Ross in which he enclosed a cheque for £ 15 as a donation to the Accident Fund. The deputation that was appointed to see Ross about the picks gave a report of what they had done. Ross promised them that he would have a pick-rack & blacksmiths shop at the furnace as soon as he saw the inspectors about the men having to travel in the smoke from the forges. A motion was carried to strike a levy of  $2\frac{1}{2}\%$  ( 6d in the £ next pay for the support of the Broken Hill miners who are on strike. Jack attended a Co-operative miners' meeting & asked for permission to help Charlie to sink a tank, & it was granted. Liz-Jane wrote a letter for Mother to Aunt Grace perkyns this evening.

Sat. Aug. 13, 1892. We filled 6 skips.. Our wheeler, Bill Simmons, was sent home for refusing to drive the horse called " Spring",, Bill Harden wheeled in his place. The Wallsend football club played the Maitlanders at Wallsend, & the game ended in a row, & the umpire left the field. We have worked 8 days for next pay.

Sun. Aug 14, 1892. I photographed brother Jack in the dining room with the half plate camera, stop 16, & 8 seconds exposure. It was the first full length photo I have taken with the big camera. Developed with ferrous oxalate & got a passable negative. I took 3 prints from Liz-Jane's negative & one from Mother's & toned, fixed, & washed them. Tom Stepney came with the address of the Australian Photographic Journal Company, which is 332 Kent Street, Sydney. The Journal is issued monthly & costs 2/- per annum, payable in advance. Rainy morning, fine afternoon.

Mon. Aug. 15, 1892. We worked to-day & got 7 skips. Jos Miller was wheeling from us in Bill Simmons' place. Bill was sent home for not taking a new horse to wheel with. Our tonnage for next pay is 66 skips @ 8-3-14 or 29 tons 5cwt., & 1 of small coal. We also have 5 slabs & 6 inches jump-down which equals 6/-. Jack & Charley went out to Young's slaughter-house & worked in the tank that we are sinking there for Albert Young & his brother to pay off the arrears of our debt for meat. Mr. Mogg, the Christadelphian, & Elder White (or Whyte ) the Latter Day Saint, are debating against each other's religious beliefs to night.

371  
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Tues. Aug. 16, 1892. We filled 12 skips to-day & set 2 slabs. Bill Simmons was back in his place again, wheeling. Jack & Charley were working at Young's tank again, & Jack shot a blue crane. Last night I mounted 3 of Liz-Jane's prints, 2 of Mother, & 1 of Jack, on some mounts that I had used before. Fine weather.

Wed. Aug. 17, 1892. We filled 9 of round to-day. Raining very hard when I left the pit. Bob Richmond came over this evening.

Thur. Aug. 18, 1892. No work in the pit for Bob & me, but Jack worked the back shift at Co-operative. Brother Bob & Bob Richmond went out to Hexham swamp to shoot wild ducks this afternoon, but did not get any. I made 2 prints of brother Jack (standing) & 3 of him sitting. I toned, fixed, & partly washed them. I sent another guess to F. M. Clements. Raining.

Fri. Aug. 19, 1892. We are all idle again to-day. Jack did a little more to the new dark slide; then he, Bob, & Charley went out to the tank, but they could not work at it because of the rain. Jack then made a top for the dark slide. I finished washing the prints & dried them with filter paper. In the afternoon I went for our pay, & got a 1/- ticket for a raffle for Jim Lonsdale. The gun to be raffled is a single-barrelled one, & is to be raffled next week. At almost every pay day there are men going about among the miners & trying to sell tickets for raffles, concerts, or charities of some kind. Our pay was for 33 tons @ 3/10 per ton, 1 skip of small coal, 5 slabs ( 5/- ) & 6/- for the jump-down, amounting in all to £ 6-18. I paid our "stump" (Union dues) for last fortnight & this one, & paid a 2 ½ % levy -- 10/- in all.

Sat. Aug. 20, 1892. I took Bob's photo with the big camera, with 14 seconds exposure. The weather was rainy & the light dull, so the plate was underexposed. Then I took Jim O'Brien with 50 seconds exposure; & got a moderately good negative. I then photographed Charley & gave the plate 45 seconds exposure with stop 16. It was a fairly good negative, & very sharp. I developed the 3 negatives with ferrous oxalate. They are the first I have taken with the new slide, & it acts very well. I received a "Barrier Miner" from Jim Tamblin to-day. As the weather is too wet to take the horse & cart to Newcastle for our groceries, Jack went & brought them home in the tram. Also 20 cartridges for Bob. Raining.

Sun. Aug. 21, 1892. I printed a few copies from the negatives that I took yesterday. Intensified Bob's neg. because it is too thin. In the evening I tested some of the medicine that Jack had for his back & found that there was Hydrocyanic acid in it. I made a new intensifier with Cu SO<sub>4</sub> ( sulphate of copper ) & KBr ( bromide of potassium ) & some new bichloride of mercury. Cloudy.

Mon. Aug. 22, 1892. This morning our Bob, Bob Richmond, & Jim O'

Brien went out to the swamp, & Jack, Charley, & I went to the new tank & baled out 18 inches of water & some dirt, but as rain was falling heavily we had to return home. The 2 Bobs did not get a shot at anything.

Tues. Aug. ~~23~~ 23, 1892. Bob, Jack, & I went out to the tank & finished sinking it. We found a hard black stone at 13 feet depp, &, with Mr. Young's consent, we made it the bottom. This tank is situated at the slaughter yard North of the Wallsend racecourse. White flag for Wallsend pit; red for Co-op.

Wed. Aug. 24, 1892. I took some fresh prints from Charley's & Bob negatives, & from Jim O'Brien's, & toned them in a fresh borax bath. My chloride of gold is all used. I received the "Broken Hill Budget" from Jim Tambllyn this morning. This afternoon Bob, Jim O'Brien & Bob Richmond went out on the swamp again, but never fired a shot. This morning I photographed Bob Richmond's little girl with the box camera, in the dining room, with 2 seconds exposure, but she moved & spoiled the plate, which was correctly exposed. I got my watch today from Mr. Ralph who has repaired it for 7/6. Jack is working in the Co-operative colliery, & Bob & I work at the Wallsend pit.

Thur. Aug. 25, 1892. The 2 Bobs have gone out shooting; our Bob with the Hardes' & Bob Richmond to the duck-holes. I am washing prints to-day. I received a letter from Jim Tambllyn with four photos. One is of the "Premier" football team; one of Jim's sisters--Bertha & Lily; one of Frank Tambllyn in a group; & one of a young woman--a friend of Jim's. Bob came home with 4 red-bills, a bitter & a black swan that Bill Hardes' dog found after the bird had been shot by Kemp. Miss Hyde was here to-day from Sydney. Jack has had a "stop" in the pit for filling splint, which is really the best coal in the seam but is called "dirty coal" at the Co-op. pit & is thrown away. Fine weather.

Fri. Aug. 26, 1892. We filled 10 skips of big coal. Weight 7-1 this morning. Bobby Lundy was in & we told him about the light weight, & he put down 5 slabs for us for next pay. I received a letter from Jenna Grose. Heavy thunderstorm this afternoon.

Sat. Aug. 27, 1892. I printed a proof from Jim O'Brien's negative, but it was over printed. I also took a print from the negative of Miss Clara Burrows, but it was too thin although I intensified it with bromide of copper intensifier. I took a copy of Jim's sisters' photo, & another of Miss Burrows which was a good one. Jack & Bob went to the boatsheds & got some ti-tree sticks for the peas to climb on. Rain again.

Sun. Aug. 28, 1892. I printed a copy from Jim O'Brien's negative, & 3 from Miss Burrows'. Also one from Jim's sisters' negative. Fine weather.

Mon. Aug. 29, 1892. This morning the 4 of us went out to the tank & trimmed it & put in some bricks. In the afternoon Bob, Bob Richmond, & Jim O'Brien went out to shoot. They took our boat, "The Republican", & were going to Shelly Holes, & when they were at Shelly Bridge they saw Harry Brennan & his brother in their boat which they were going to lift over the bridge. Bob's party went on about 100 yards, when they heard the report of a gun & looked to see what was fired at. Then Harry's brother called them back, & they found that Harry had accidentally shot himself in the right arm above the elbow, & blew away the flesh & bone of the arm. He was taking a double-barrelled gun out of the boat, & was holding the muzzle in his left hand when the trigger or hammer must have been caught in something & set the charge off. When Harry was shot he said "This is what I have got for killing that bear". Some time ago he fired a number of shots at a koala & took a long time to kill it. Bob Richmond & his brother Tom, & Harry's brother, took Harry in the boat to the Ironbark Creek boatsheds. Tom ran up to Wallsend for a doctor while Bob Richmond & Jack Brennan took Harry home. Bob & Jim O'Brien stayed with the boats. Harry had his arm taken off this evening. Fine weather.

Tues. Aug. 30, 1892. Filled 10 skips. Weight 9-2. Our tonnage for next pay is 37 skips @ 8-1-14 or 15 tons 18 cwt. 1 qr. & 3 slabs. Received "The Barrier Miner" from Jim Tamblin. Fine weather.

Wed. Aug. 31, 1892. We filled 10 skips again to-day. No weight, but we are to be made up to 10 cwt. The papers came from Jim Tamblin to-day. I mounted 2 of brother Bob's photos, & 1 of Charley's this evening. Fine weather.

Thur. Sep. 1, 1892. To-day 3 of us went out to the tank & worked until 3 p.m. Filled 9 skips. No weight. Jack went out with our car & got a load of wood for Granny Firth. There was a miners' meeting in the Agricultural Hall this evening to deal with the splint question at the Co-operative colliery. They decided to ballot to see whether they will continue to take the splint out or strike. It was also decided that a 2 ½ % levy be struck to support the Broken Hill miners who are on strike. I posted an order to Baker & Rouse for a shilling's worth of carte de visite mounts. Fine.

Fri. Sep. 2, 1892. To-day 3 of us went out to the tank & worked till 3 p.m. & used all the bricks, & came home. I went for our pay, & was just in time to get it. I paid 5/- to the union, & got a large bottle of Clement's tonic for Mother at Blackall's shop. Our pay was £ 3-18-8. We were made up to 10 cwt. This evening I bought 2 ounces of hydrochloric acid at Joe Senior's shop; & I was given some nitrate of barium & sulphate of barium by Tom Stepney. There was a blind man playing an organ in front of the "Carrington" pub. He sang & played "The Cottage By the Sea"; "Wrap Me Up in my Stookwhip & Blanket"; "The Shamrock"; & he played the Barn Dance Waltz, & "Strike the Cymbal". I went to see

Texas Jack, the American Cowboy, perform. I paid 1/- for admission to an enclosure on Andrews' running ground at the back of Co-op. store, Plattsburg. Texas Jack & Tiplady were at the gate at 8 p.m. A few minutes later Texas rode out to the middle of the ground & said that he intended to give an exhibition of American riding, not as some people alleged, to show Australians how to ride, but simply to show how it is done in America. He said that the first item on the program was to pick up a small article such as a half-sovereign or a handkerchief from the ground while the horse he was riding was galloping. If any gentleman would lend him a half-sovereign he would pick up the "little kine" for him. No coin was offered. The next thing would be lassoing a horse around the neck or around either leg, whilst it was going past at full gallop. Then there would be riding & buckjumping, & lastly riding a wild bullock. At the conclusion of this speech Texas was loudly clapped. He then rode up to one end of the ground, turned his horse & galloped towards a handkerchief he had dropped. Suddenly he seemed to fall backwards over the horse's rump, but he picked up the handkerchief as the horse was going, & he got back into the saddle. He repeated this feat several times, & was loudly applauded. The next act was lassoing. Texas stood at one side of the ground with his lasso while a young man rode a horse galloping past him, & when the horse was close Texas threw the lasso & it caught the horse around its neck. The young man took off the rope & the trick was repeated several times, but sometimes Texas missed. Then the galloping horse was lassoed around its foreleg, or its hind leg. The next act was to be riding a buck Jumper, but it did not buck a bit although it galloped about a great deal. Lastly 2 cows were let into the ring, & as they appeared to be rather wild the spectators rushed to the fence. Texas lassoed the wildest one around its horns, & it rushed around madly & got the rope twisted around a lamp post & nearly pulled it down. Then it made a rush at Tiplady & he held up a big box to defend himself, but Texas stopped her just in time to save him from her horns. She then turned & charged some youngsters, & might have gored one if the rope had not caught in a post. He then rushed at Murphy, Texas Jack's assistant but was thrown down by a violent jerk of the lasso. They ran to her & tried to make her rise to ride on her back, but her neck was evidently broken; so the show was over, as he could not use the other cow. Fine weather. Just previously the Sydney Bulletin published some verses that began thus:-

"Texas Jack, you are amusin !  
 By lord Harry, how I laughed  
 When I seen yer rig an' saddle  
 With its bulwarks fore an' aft.  
 Holy Smoke, in such a saddle  
 How the dickens can you fall ?  
~~Why~~ Why, I seen a girl ride bare-back  
 with no bridle on at all .'"

Sat. Sep. 3, 1892.

To-day I have been working some precipitated gold which I intend to make chloride of gold with. Jack went in the tram for our



groceries & brought home some. I received 50 carte de visite mounts from Baker & Rouse. Raining heavily.

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Sun. Sep. 5, 1892. I finished washing the gold precipitate & dissolved it in aqua regia. Raining.

Mon. Sep. 5, 1892. We worked again to-day & filled 11 skips. No weight. Mr. Thomas Walker is lecturing on temperance at Lambton this evening. Having accidentally shot & wounded the Rev. Laserson when intoxicated, Tommy has renounced the drink & become an advocate of total abstinence. I intended to go & hear the lecture, as Mr. Walker is a real orator, but a thunderstorm forced me to stay at home. I sent in another guess to Clement re the pills.

Tues. Sep. 6, 1892. I have been writing a letter to Jim Tamblyn & working at the chloride of gold. Fine weather.

Wed. Sep. 7, 1892. Bob & I filled 9 skips of large coal & 1 of small. Our weight to-day was 8 cwt. Nelly Ricklow (or Ricklar) was buried yesterday. Jack & Charley have nearly finished the tank. I am writing the letter to Jim Tamblyn. Fine weather.

Thur. Sep. 8, 1892. We filled 10 skips to-day. Brother Jack was down helping us. Tom Bousfield & George Brown were in our bord & booked 8 slabs & 3 inches of jump-up for us. No weight. Writing to Jim Tamblyn.

Fri. Sep. 9, 1892. We filled 11 of round & 1 of small coal. Jack & Charley finished bricking up Young's tank. The Wallsend & Co-op. miners balloted to-day for or against the Co-op. miners ceasing work because they have to obey Jimmy Barr's order to throw away the splint. or anthracite coal of the sea m. Only Wallsend big tunnel will work to-morrow. Writing the letter to Jim Tamblyn. Fine weather.

Sat. Sep. 10, 1892. ~~I precipitated the gold afresh afresh & partly washed it. I am reading a book entitled "The Labor Party in N.S.W."~~  
We worked only half a day & filled 4 skips. No weight. Bill Immons got his heel hurt by skips while he was unloading them. He went home, & Bill Harden wheeled in his place. Bob, Jack, & Jim O'Brien went in our cart to see a football match at Hamilton. I posted a letter & a photo of Clara Burrows & photos of Jack & Bob.

Sun. Sep. 11, 1892. I precipitated the gold afresh to-day & partly washed it. I am reading a book entitled "The Labor Party in New South Wales".

Mon. Sep. 12, 1892. We filled 9 skips of large coal. Bill Harden was wheeling in Immons' place. Tom Bousfield "Wax" was in our bord. Our tonnage for next pay is 74 skips at 8-3-14 or 32 tons 16 cwt. & 3 skips of small coal. We have 3 inches of Jump-up, which equals 8/-. A young man named Cummings was accidentally shot to-day.

by a chap called "Danger" Collins at Limeburners' Bay, a part of the Hunter river. Cummings was taken to the Newcastle hospital, & he is likely to recover as the wound is not serious. Fine weather.

Tues. Sep 13, 1892. We are all at home to-day. Jack, Charley, & Bob intended to go fishing, but rain is falling heavily, so they can not go. Young Cummings died at the hospital this morning. Collins is in jail. George Dibbs came home to-day. I washed the gold precipitate again.

Wed. Sep. 14, 1892. I printed some poison labels, & took a print of "A Happy New Year" in twigs. Bob & the Worboys went with our horse & cart to Young Wallsend & got 8 sheets of stringy bark to cover a shed for a new boat that the Warboys are building. Jack, Tom Richmond, Charley, Harry Liver, & Tom Allen went in our boat to the river this afternoon to fish. Young Cummings was buried to-day. I dissolved the precipitated gold in aqua regia this evening. The Co-operative miners are called out on strike.

Thur. Sep. 15, 1892. No work. Jack & the other chaps returned this evening with about 30 fishes amongst them. They had camped at Limeburners' Bay, & in the afternoon they sailed to near Gregson's big house & caught the fish there.

Fri. Sep. 16, 1892. I went for our pay, which was £ 6-13-10. The union dues were 2/6 per man & a levy of 6d in the pound. There was a photographer in front of the bank where the men were paid, & he photographed the men who were waiting for their pays. I saw Evan Morris in the street & had a talk with him. He is getting well again. I bought 2 bottles of Clement's tonic from Joe Senior for 4/6. Also a tube of chloride of gold for 2/9. I went to Tyler's for a piece of blue glass but could not get any.

Sat. Sep. 17. 1892. Jack & I went to Newcastle for our groceries. We left the horse & cart at a pub & went down to the beach, where I took a photo of the beach looking South. Then we went to the breakwater, & I took a photo of Nobby's hill. We went along the wharf & saw mutton being put aboard the steamer Rauhine for Liverpool. We got the groceries at Witherspoon's shop & came home. I bought a book entitled "The Art Of Photography" by Dr. G.H. Herman, at the market, for 9d. I also bought "The Australian Journal of Photography" Cloudy weather.

Sun. Sep. 18, 1892. There is a children's anniversary at the Primitive Methodist chapel. Jack, Bob, Bill Steen, & another went fishing to-night. We are living in a 5 roomed house at the corner of Devon & Harriet streets, Plattsburg, near the public school. We are buying the house from the Northumberland Building Society for £ 180. Tom Stepney came with 2 Australian Photographic Journals.

Mon. Sep. 19, 1892. I went with my small( $\frac{1}{4}$ , pl.) camera & 2 Ilford's

rapid plates to the Wallsend coke ovens & took a photo of them. received a letter from Alf Edwards to-day. Jack's party returned this evening. They had camped on Moscheto Island & tried unsuccessfully to catch some prawns. Fishermen gave them some mullets to bait the Jacob line with, but they did not get a bite. They caught nothing. Fine weather.

Tues. Sep. 20, 1892. I printed some copies from the negative of the coke ovens, & from the leaf-print negative. I toned the with some prints of Clara Burrows & Jim Tamblyn's 2 sisters, Lily & Bertha. Two copies of "The Wallaroo Times" & 2 of the "Barrier Miner" of the 14th & 15th inst. came to-day. In one of them Jim Tamblyn wrote "Letter just arrived all serene". Thunder & rain.

Wed. Sep. 21, 1892. I mounted 2 prints of the coke ovens on old 1/4 plate mounts; also 1 of Clara Burrows on a carte de visite mount; & on another a print of the Wallsend little tunnel with 3 men at its mouth. I also mounted, on quarter plate mounts, a print of Tomago well; the Co-operative tunnel, & the little tunnel screens. Jack, Charley, Frank Allen, his son, & another young chap have gone to the Hunter river to fish. Bob intended to go too, but the red flag went up for work for Wallsend to-morrow. Showery all day & at night.

Thur. Sep. 22, 1892. Bob & I filled 8 skips of large coal. Bill Harden was wheeling, & he jammed his hand between a full skip & a prop. Jack, Charley, & party returned this evening with a good catch of fishes.

Copy of a letter sent by Mildred Reed to her husband:-

"Camperdown, Sep. 20, 1892. Dear William, a few lines, hoping you are well. I have bad news to tell you. I got robbed of every penny I had on the boat. I suppose you have seen it in the papers. I got the man arrested & put in prison till to-day, but he got out of it. He was the only person I was speaking to on board. It has near killed me. I don't know what to do at all. No more now, I am too sad. Millie Reed."

The reply to the letter above is as follows:-

"I received your letter, & was surprised to hear of your conduct on the boat, & sitting about the boat & drinking with men. Everybody is talking about you in the district. I hope I never see you again, for I am disgusted with your carrying on. I never want to hear from you any more; so good bye for ever. William Reed."

Sep. 23, Fri. 1892. Bob & I filled 6 skips of large coal & 3 of small. Weight 10 cwt. No work for us to-morrow. Rainy.

Sat. Sep. 24, 1892. I mounted some ~~copies~~ from the negatives of the coke ovens & the Co-op. tunnel &c. Rainy.

Sun. Sep. 25, 1892. I am doing nothing except writing to Jenna Grose. No work for Wallsend to-morrow.

Mon. Sep. 26, 1892. I tried to reduce some chloride of silver in mug to the metallic state, but the mug broke in the fire, & the chloride was only slightly reduced. Jack posted my letter to Jenna

Tues. Sep. 27, 1892. I went with my small camera to the Wallsend coke ovens & took another photo of them. Exposure 1 sec. in sunshine. Then I took a panoramic view of Blue Gum Flat, or Heaton, with the tramway crossing signal box in the foreground. Exposure seconds. I developed with ferrous oxalate, & they came out well. Fine weather.

This is a copy of Mrs. Reed's letter in reply to that of W. Reed on-page-89 of this book:-

" Camperdown, Sep. 27, 1892. Dirty old Reed, I got your insulting ignorant note, & it is like your impertinant ignorance to address me in the manner you have. I am pleased to hear that you believe what the papers say. I am going to be married to a proper husband soon. An old, bad brute like you is not fit for my company. My troubles about your talk & the district you live in ! With hatred to you for ever. You pig, you hog, you dirty dog, you think that I do love you; I sent you this to let you know I think myself far above you."

Wed. Sep. 28, 1892. I printed 28 copies from various negatives. A " Broken Hill Budget" came this morning. Jack went out to the bush & got some split timber to make a frame for the grape vines. Charley made a new door for the wash house. I am toning the prints in an acetate toning bath. Fine weather.

Thur. Sep. 29, 1892. I could only tone 9 prints last night, so I packed the untuned prints on one another & left them damp all night. This morning I started to tone the others that I had left, but they took until 12 p.m. to tone. I had to make a new borax toning bath. Fine weather.

Fri. Sep. 30, 1892. This morning I finished washing the prints & dried them. I went for our pay, which was £ 3-1-0, of which 16/- were for consideration that we should have had in our last pay. The "stump" or union dues, were 5/1 & a 5 % levy, or 8/- in all. The man who photographed the crowd last pay was there at the pay office with 5 cabinet sized photos. He wanted 2/- each for them, but I did not see anybody buy one. This morning Jack returned the 2

"Australian Photographic Journals" to Tom Stepney & bought one ounce of oxalic acid & an ounce of nitric acid, for 3d each, from Joe Senior. This evening I mounted the last toned photos. There is a merry-go-round in Wallsend with 30 wooden horses, & a steam organ. I received 4 "Barrier Miners" from Jim Tambllyn to-day. Fine.

Sat. Oct. 1, 1892. I have been trying to analyse some insecticide powder, & found that it contains arsenic & tobacco. Bob has gone with a hoe to a new cricket pitch. Jack took the horse & cart to Newcastle for our groceries. Charley was paid 5 £ 2 strike pay. I made a dark drying-box to dry albumenised papers in.

Sun. Oct. 2, 1892. I cleaned some negatives by soaking & scraping the films of gelatine off them to cover them with albumen, & I prepared some albumen from the white of eggs. Fine weather.

Mon. Oct. 3, 1892. This morning I went to the Wallsend colliery office & put our names in for the coming cavil, but the office is closed. In the afternoon I walked down again & saw Tom Bousfield in the claypit of the brickworks & gave him our names. I made a vertical, glass nitrate of silver bath for sensitising albumenised plates. I coated some plates with albumen. I bought some gallic acid, nitrate of silver, & an ounce of acetic acid of Joe Senior.

Tues. Oct. 4, 1892. I albumenised some more plates to-day. I made the glass bath watertight, & made a box to put it in. Jack & Bob are building a new boatshed next to ours.

Wed. Oct. 5, 1892. This forenoon I have been testing a salt that I made by dissolving a brooch in nitric acid. This evening I went down to the colliery office near the tunnel to see where we got cavilled to, which was 45 & 46 in the Nordenfelt district. To-night I made a nitrate of silver bath, sensitised 12 plates, & put them in the dark drying box to dry. At 7-30 this evening there was a lecture by young Mr. W.A. Holman, in the Mechanics' Institute, on "Socialism". Admission was free. Dave Watkins was chairman, & said that he himself had been a Socialist for a considerable time because he believed that Socialism was the only thing that would ameliorate the conditions of the workers.

Mr. Holman then arose to address the audience, which was a small one. He is a man, apparently about 26, with black curly hair, a high narrow head, large perceptives, large black eyes far apart, a long straight nose, narrow face, small chin & jaws, fair complexion, a slight body, & about 5 ft. 9 in height. He said that in Sydney recently Mr. Bruce Smith, Mr. Ringrose Wise, & other capitalists have been shedding the light of their brilliant intellects on the dark & mysterious thing called Socialism, through the medium of that influential daily, the "Sydney Morning Herald". Those gentlemen describe Socialists as men who clamour for a division of the

wealth or this world so that they may have a good time while the money lasts, & then, when they have spent all they had, they would want a redivision of wealth, & so on, so that they could live without working. But that was not a true definition of a Socialist. A Socialist is a person who desires to get what he earns. He would clear away a prevailing misconception of what a Socialist is. Some people think that a Socialist is necessarily a freethinker, & that Socialist & Secularist are convertible terms. A Socialist may be an Atheist or a Christian, as there are no dogmas to which they had to assent, except the principle of the Brotherhood of Man. That was the only thing upon which Socialists were supposed to be unanimous. Socialists are not necessarily men who believe in revolution, or the use of force to attain their ends; nor are they persons who imagine that if a certain set of doctrines were assented to & acted upon, society would be cured of its many evils, & like the fairy kings, would be happy ever afterwards. Some people say that Society is a stable institution, that it never changes of itself, but has changes impressed upon it by the legislature; but Socialists were persons who recognised that change was one great law of the universe, & they propose to avail themselves of the operation of it to better their conditions. To give an instance or 2 of the changes which had taken place in the industries of the world & in the conditions of society, he would give an account of what had happened in Lancashire during the last 150 years. About 150 years ago the cotton spinning industry was carried on in Lancashire by people who used hand machines & did their work in their own homes, & were their own masters, & comparatively independent men. But when the steam engine was applied to the loom it did away with the services of the hand worker. Factories were built & the cotton industry was concentrated & monopolised, & the small workers were unable to compete with the large capitalists. Ever since then monopolies have been steadily increasing, the rich have been getting richer & the poor poorer; & now side by side with opulence & magnificence we have poverty & degradation. At that time the prevailing idea among the people was that they were not free enough; so the legislatures removed restrictions from both employers & employed. That was the regime of *laissez faire*--do as you please. It was found that although the workers were comparatively free they were relatively bound to the capitalists & had to accept their terms; but the employers had too much power. At that time the factory owners kept small children working at the looms for 14 & 16 hours a day, & very often the children were tied, to keep them from falling, to the looms. Then people began to give up the idea that men should be free to do as they like, & they agitated for a restriction of the powers of the employers, & several restrictive Acts were passed. In N.S.W. we have also had restrictive legislation in the shape of the Coal Mines Regulation Bill & several others of that kind. He then referred to the tramways of London which are owned & run by private companies who compel their workmen to work 18 hours per day for small wages. These tramways are called "sound" con-

cerns, that is they good dividends to shareholders. In Manchester the city Corporation owns the tramways, & the trams run as fast, as often, & are as wellappointed as the London trams, yet the Manchester tramway employees are paid good wages & work only 8 hours per day; & tram fares are no higher than those of London.

Some people might ask How is it done ? The reason is that the London shareholders get what the workers should have in wages, but in Manchester the profits were paid to the employees as wages. What Socialists say is that if the city of Manchester can own & work its own tramway & make it pay, so also can other cities & thus do away with capitalists altogether. Labour had no quarrel with capital, but with Capitalists. Labour & Capital had been divorced. The mines & the lands had been grabbed by capitalists, & the workers were thus forced to first ask the capitalists' permission to gain access to the means of subsistence. Many people boast that they are free, but while the capitalists hold the means of subsistence they also hold the workers in their power; & although they are nominally free they are virtually serfs & slaves. The workers must get back the national wealth, that is mines, factories, farms, & all other means of subsistence. In our district we had an instance of what Socialists wanted, that is the abolition by the bus traffic monopoly between Wallsend & Newcastle. If the Government can manage the tramway, railway, & postal service it can manage all other industries equally as well. That is what every worker should fight for, & that was the only hope that they had for the improvement of their condition in the future. They should try to put men in parliament who would help them to get what they desire. Unfortunately many young men take more interest in a football match, or the Cup race, than in the improvement of their condition. But they are not altogether to blame for that, because they have been sent to work just when their mental powers were beginning to unfold, & when they were only just commencing to take a practical interest in their lessons. The sons of the capitalists, however, get splendid education which they use to their advantage.

He then proceeded to detail the great & numerous benefits to be obtained by Socialism, & contrasted them with the enormous disadvantages of the present state of society. At the conclusion of the lecture there was very great applause, & an old man in front loudly thumped the floor with his walking stick.

Dave Watkins then stated that as Mr. Holman had incurred some expense in coming to lecture to them there would be a collection. He also said that Mr. Holman intended to endeavour to form a Socialist League in Wallsend, & anyone who desired to join was requested to remain behind, when the names of intending members would be taken down. Dave said he would be obliged if anyone would move a vote of thanks to the lecturer.

Adam Cook moved "That the best thanks of the meeting be given to Mr. Holman for his able & instructive lecture." This was carried by acclamation. Several chaps stayed behind, but as no one offered to take their names they all went out.

Thur. Oct. 6, 1892. \*I have been trying the albumen plates, but could not get a picture by contact printing & developing, even after  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour's exposure in bright sunshine. I am reading "The Life & Times of George Washington". Fine weather.

Fri. Oct. 7, 1892. This morning Bob, Jack, & I went down to Jubilee to shift our tools. We put them all into a skip, & a waterbaler's horse pulled it a long way up Jubilee set road for us. We shoved it up to near Bob Lundy's cabin, where the timbermen were shifting a Tangye, & put the tools into another skip & shoved it up to number 3 flat, & from there Joe Millar's horse pulled it up to the incline flat. We changed skips there & took the tools into our bord. Our bord is just broken away from the straight in heading which is driven up to the Lambton boundary, & we could hear the Lambton pit miners working on the other side of the boundary. Our bord is 8 yards wide at its mouth & 7 at the face. We set 2 props & came home. This afternoon Bob, Jack, Jim O'Brien, & Wally Frew went to the river. Fine weather.

Sat. Oct 8, 1892. To-day I made a small table to write on in the dark room, & began to write to Alf Edwards. In the evening Jack's party came home with 6 fishes amongst them. They had camped at long reach near the round-top house, Old Mr. Thacker & his daughter, & Tom Trelevan & his daughter Harriet were down too, but they had no shelter except a tree. They caught 2 fishes. At 8 p.m. I went down to Nelson street to hear Alf Edden speak, but as he had started at 7-30 I missed half of his speech. Adam Cook was chairman. A vote of confidence in Alf was carried almost unanimously. Jim Richmond wanted to move a motion of want of confidence, but Adam ruled it out of order. Fine weather.

Sun, Oct. 9, 1892. I finished writing to Alf Edwards. I am sending Liz-Jane's carte de visite photograph with the letter. Fine weather.

Mon. Oct 10, 1892. I have been experimenting with some papers imbued with ammonia oxalate & iron oxalate mixed, & with citrate of iron & citrate of ammonia mixed. They all produced very bad pictures. Jack, Bob, Jim O'Brien, & Wally Frew are building our new boatshed. I am reading "The Life & Times of George Washington". Jack posted my letter to Alf this evening. Very hot weather.

Tues. Oct. 11, 1892. I went down to the boatsheds with Bob this morning. We took our boat down to Shelly Creek corner & got 7 ti-tree posts & 4 ti-tree rafters for our new shed. We had the tide with us going back with our load. We unloaded the boat & dug a trench for the side posts. Jack came to us after ten o'clock after he had attended a meeting. Gomer Davis also came & helped us. Bob, Gomer, & I went for another load of poles & left our 2 dogs with Jack, but when we had reached Warback's shed they came to the Eastern side of the creek & yelped to us, so we called them & they swam over to us. We got 7



93  
95/. 95.  
posts & brought them to the new shed. We helped Jack. & at 4 p.m. we had nearly finished the side. As there is no work for Wallsend tomorrow they are all going with Gomer to the river. Hot weather.

As the weather is so hot there were many chaps swimming in Iron bark creek. We lent our axe to Alex Wonders to cut down a tree to get grubs for bait. Dick Hudson & another man caught a fish each at Shelly point.

Wed. Oct. 12, 1892. To-day I copied the portrait of George Washington, with the big camera stop 32, & 25 seconds exposure. Developed in ferrous oxalate & got a good negative. Allan Norley came this evening & inquired for me. I saw him & sold him the photo of himself & the team of horses he drives for W.W. Johnson. I took the photo on the 8th of Oct. 1891. I also sold him a photo of himself & his team taken near Cockle Creek bridge on the 22nd of Oct. 1891. I sold them for sixpence each. They are the first photos I have sold. Jack, Bob, & Jim O'Brien have finished putting in posts to make the side of the boatshed. They are going with Gomer Davis to the river to-day. Hot.

Thur. Oct. 13, 1892. To-day I distilled some water in the wash house. Jack, Bob, & party went down to the long reach of the river & camped there last night. In the morning they went down to the smelting works & gradually worked up towards Gregson's mansion with the tide. They caught about 40 fishes. "Creamy" Porter, Bobby Stubbs, Arthur Bradley, Dick Wardell, & several others have gone blacklegging out at Gartlee colliery near Teralba. Rain all day. Work for Wallsend tomorrow.

Fri. Oct. 14, 1892. Bob & I started to work in our new bord in the Centennial district to-day. We filled 8 skips of big coal & 3 of dirt. Job Sheldon is wheeling from us, & Joe Lonsdale is wheeling in the next heading. Bob took up our pay, which was for one ton of big coal, 3/10, & 1 slab, 1/- or 4/10 in all. Bob bought 60 yards of rope at Froome's shop; 5/-, so he did not bring home a penny. Fine weather.

Sat. Oct. 15, 1892. I took 3 prints from the negative of George Washington & toned, fixed, & washed them. I am reading the first volume of "The Letters & Speeches Of Oliver Cromwell", by Thomas Carlyle. Bob & Jack have been working about the new boatshed at the creek. Work again on Monday. Fine weather.

16  
Sun. Oct. 15, 1892. I mounted a print of George Washington. Reading "Letters & Speeches". Rainy weather.

17  
Mon. Oct. 16, 1892. Bob & I filled 8 skips of large coal. No weight. Work to-morrow.

18  
Tues. Oct. 17, 1892. To-day we filled 9 of "round" & 1 of small coal. Jack was paid £ 1-19-6 strike pay, & he went in the tram to Newcastle for the groceries. Our wheeler was discharged to-day for whipping

his horse, "Beach", the great puller.

Wed. Oct. 18 1892. No work to day. I painted a few papers in a bucket with oxalate of iron & ammonia. & I made a small shelf to hold the lamp in the dark room. Idle to-morrow. Fine weather.

Thur. Oct 20, 1892. This morning Bob, Jack, Mary Murray, Frank Allan, Mrs. Allan, her 2 daughters, & Liz-Jane went in our boat to Tomago. I stayed at home & made an alteration to the book-case. I received a Broken Hill Budget to-day from Jim Tamblyn. This evening Jack & party returned, having enjoyed the trip although there were only a few people at Tomago. This is Eight Hour Day in this district. Ben Hestlow borrowed our cart & harness to go to Toronto, where there was a great picnic to-day. Jack gave me a coin sleeve-link this evening, & I dissolved it in nitric acid. Fine weather. Idle to-morrow.

Fri. Oct. 21, 1892. No work. This morning I added common salt to the nitrate of silver that I made last night, & it precipitated the silver as chloride of silver. I mixed the chloride with its weight of zinc chips to reduce it to metallic silver. In the afternoon I went with Bob, Jack, Jim O'Brien, Gomer Davis, Jim Robertson, Sam Dean in our boat, the "Republican", to the railway bridge over Ironbark Creek to catch mullets in our home-made prawn net that we have recently finished. We only caught 6 mullets, & returned about 9-30 p.m. Jack went to Newcastle to buy half of a sheep. No work to-morrow. Dry weather.

Sat. Oct. 22, 1892. This morning I received a letter & a paper called "The Storekeeper", & a photograph of the Broken Hill Strike Committee who are about to be tried for conspiracy. Jack, Bob, & the Worboys went out near Ironbark Creek this morning & split 100 3 feet palings to cover our boatshed & theirs. This evening Jack took some of my likenesses down to Tom Stepney for him to burnish them. I finished reading "The Letters & Speeches of Oliver Cromwell" this evening. Fine weather.

Sun. Oct. 23, 1892. I have read nearly all day. I picked out my good negatives & put them in 4 boxes. Rainy weather. No work to-morrow.

Mon. Oct. 24, 1892. To-day I made part of a frame of a magazine slide. Jack, Bob, & some of the Worboys are out splitting some shingles for the boatshed. Cold, rainy weather.

Tues. Oct. 25, 1892. To-day is the 26th anniversary of brother Bob's birth. He was born at Kadina, South Australia, on October 25th, 1865, so he is 27 years of age to-day. To-day Bob, Alf Worboys, & I went out on the Wallsend Company's land near the Rocks, Ironbark Creek, & cut about 120 palings. We had dinner, & shortly afterwards Harry Worboys, Dunc Cherry, Charley Hawkins, & Charley Price came in. Worboys!

"Our Boys". Charley Hawkins soon found a remnant of a dry log for us & when we had split that into shingles we carried 217 to the boats. Charley Hawkins found a very large dry log, & we were sawing off the end piece when Mat Iles, the Wallsend Company's boundary rider, rode to us on horseback, accompanied by young Johnson. We asked Mat for permission to cut down a green tree, but he said he could not give it. Bob showed him our order, & he rode away. We split 101 shingles & carried them down to the boats, loaded up, & returned to the shed about sundown. Cloudy but dry. Work to-morrow.

Wed. Oct. 26, 1892. We filled 9 skips of big coal & 1 of small. No weight. Jack & the Worboys split about 400 shingles & left them in the bush. Rain from the Nor-West. A Broken Hill Budget arrived from Jim Tamblyn.

Thur. Oct. 27, 1892. We filled 9 of large coal & 1 of "slack" (small coal). For the want of proper tokens we had to put 4 cotton tokens on our skips. Our weights this morning were 9 cwt. & 10. Average 9-3-14. Our tonnage for next pay is 21 skips at 10-2, or 12 tons, 12 cwt. & 8 skips of small coal. The Wallsend show is on to-day. Raining from the East.

Fri. Oct. 28, 1892. This morning Bob & I got up at 4-30 & took our boat up to the Rocks near the Lambton boatsheds; then we carried 405 palings from the scrub to the boat, which took us until 12 a.m. We loaded the boat with 400 palings & pulled back to the shed. We had a good tide with us. Bob stayed to unload the boat, & I started to go home to get our pay, when I met brother Jack, & 2 Worboys on the track. I went for the pay, which was £ 5-14-8. I paid a 5 per cent levy--3/--- & 5/- local lodge expenses. I paid 2/6 to Tom Kerr for an order or permission to split timber on the Wallsend Company's land & bought a shilling box of Fletcher's pills from Joe Senior. I paid Bill Lochrin 1/- for 2 Truth & left 8d owing. I bought a copy of the "Evening News". Bob helped to unload & stack the palings, & then he came home. Jack & the Worboys went down the creek & split some rafters for our shed & brought them to the shed. Thunderstorm from the south.

Sat. Oct. 29, 1892. Jack & Bob were working at the new shed again to-day. Harry Gilpin, ( Jack's mate ) is building a new shed on the site of his old one. Charley was paid £ 1-19-6 strike pay to-day. I made a leaf-print of " A Merry Christmas " to-day. A " Broken Hill Budget " came from Jim Tamblyn. Tinker Jack Davis mended a tub & a watering can for us. Dry weather.

Sun. Oct. 30, 1892. I have been reading a book entitled "The Old Order & the New", which Bill Love has just returned. I made a solution of iodised albumen & put it by to settle. Fine weather.

Mon. Oct. 31, 1892. The Little Tunnel men are filling small coal.

Jack & Bob are putting the roof on our new shed. This afternoon Charley, Harry & Bill Wicken, Ralph Carr, & our Jack went in our boat to fish in the river. I coated 6 plates with the albumen that I prepared last night, & dried & sensitised them. I exposed 2 of the plates under negatives but they were failures. Then I exposed the albumenised papers under negatives, but the prints were poor. Little Tunnel men will fill small coal again to-morrow. Bill Davis & Sutherland, the publican, have drawn a horse in Tattersall's sweep. Beautiful weather.

~~Sun. Oct. 31, 1892. The littletunnel men are filling slack. Jack & Bob are putting the roof on our new shed. This afternoon Charley, Harry & Bill Wicken, Ralph Carr, & our Jack went in our boat to fish in the river.~~

Wed. Nov. 2, 1892. This afternoon a swarm of bees flew into our bottom yard, & some boys rattled tins & the bees settled on our passion vine. Jack & I spread a white tablecloth over them & brushed half of them into a box beneath, & put it on its side on top of the vine. Bob & some others are working at Worboy's new shed. I received a copy of "The Barrier Miner" & "The BUdget" from Jim Tamblin.

Jack got 2 copies of the General Agreement of the robbers' association & the Hunter River District Miners' Association. The Wickens have gone in our boat to fish. We have started to make a bee-hive. Fine, warm weather. Yesterday Bob helped the Warboys to cover their new boatshed with shingles. I wrote nearly all day. Jack & party returned last night with a good string of fishes each. Jack had a big jewfish that he caught on the jacob line.

Thur. Nov. 3, 1892. This morning Jack & I finished making the bee-hive & put it on the box that the bees are in. There are 12 frames in the hive. After dinner we went down to Worboy's shed & helped them to put on some shingles. Then I went over to Young's slaughter house & borrowed a rope from Albert Young to get a bee-hive in a hollow tree. I took the rope to the creek, & Dave Lonergan, Dunc Cherry, Bob & Charley Price & I took Worboy's boat & went down to the Rocks, left it there, & landed with the rope, a branbag, & a kerosene tin bucket; also a tomahawk & an axe. We went to where we had split the paling s to cut down the limb containing the hive. Then Charlie Price found a swarm of bees about 7 feet up on the side of a big tree. We placed pieces of wood under them so that I could reach them, & I held the tin under the swarm & tried to gently brush the bees into the tin. Many of them stung me on the hands, arms, & face, but I managed to get most of them into the tin. We tied the bag on the bucket & went back to the shed. Bob, & Charlie Price picked the stings out, & I rubbed tobacco juice over the punctures. Jack carried the bees home, & I returned home with Bob, Dunc, & Charlie. I vomited several times on the way home, & was very sick at home. That was about 7 p.m., & I was

sick very often until about 10 o'clock p.m., & had a severe pain in my back until after 10, when I began to recover. I ate 3 oranges at 11 p.m. which did me much good, & I went to bed.

ri. Nov. 4, 1892. Bob is out helping Alf & Harry Worboys to cover their shed. Jack went down to Greirson's shop & got an empty powder box, & is making another hive for the bees that we caught yesterday. I am nearly all right to-day. The pain has gone from my back, but my hands & arms are red & sore. I received a letter from Alf Edwards & a photo of his cousin-- Blanche Somerville who lives at Stanthorpe in Queensland. Bob, Harry & Bill Wicken have gone fishing with Tom Spargo. I have lent Alex Aikman the book entitled " Heads & Faces." Fine.

Sat. Nov. 5, 1892. This morning the second swarm of bees that we caught left the hive & went among the beans in the bottom garden. I rattled a tin, & Charley brought the empty hive & put it above the bees but they would not enter it. Froome's carter brought 3 13 feet battens for our new boatshed. This evening Jack & Bob returned with a dozen jewfish. They had camped near Lintot's house in the middle channel. Jack put most of the bees in the hive to-night & got 2 or 3 stings. I pulled them out & put liquid ammonia on the wounds, & the pain ceased. There is to be a big indignation meeting in Newcastle to-night to protest against the action of the government in arresting the Broken Hill strike leaders, Will Ferguson, Dick Sleath, Heberle, Polkinghorne, & others, & getting them sentenced to 2 years imprisonment. Fine weather. No work for Monday.

Sun. Nov. 6, 1892. This morning Jack put the bees into the hive again, but they would not stay in. They flew over to the passion vine by the big gate & swarmed on a support. In the afternoon Bill Murray (Mick ) put them into the hive again. He got 1 sting near the bottom of the right eye, & after the sting was extracted I put some liquid ammonia on the wound. Jack got 2 stings, & Charley 1.

Mon. Nov. 7, 1892. This morning Jack, Bob, & I went down to the new shed & put on a part of the roof. We returned at dinner time. In the afternoon we took the weeds & grass out of the ground where the barley was, & turned the soil over. Charlie Hockings is going to sow lucerne there when we have prepared the ground. A Lambton watchmaker named George Sherar put the frames into the beehive this afternoon, & got stung twice. The Worboys have finished building their new boat, which is to be named " The Australian". The Broken Hill strike was declared off on Sunday last. Jim Garish was here to-night. Young Joe Longworth was married last week to Mary Ann Moss. Showery weather. White flag is flying for no work to morrow.

Tues. Nov. 8, 1892. This morning Jack borrowed Ben Hestlow's horse & went with it to Newcastle. While he was away Bob, Charley, & I cleaned & turned over the ground that we were clearing yesterday.

When Jack returned with the horse & cart the horse fell through the bridge over the creek in our yard, & broke one shaft of the cart. We took the cart away & pulled the harness off the horse, & he got up all right, barring a few marks on him. Ben Hestlow came over at 8 p.m. & mended the broken shaft, & he & Bob took the cart over to Ben's house. Splended weather. White flag.

Wed. Nov. 9, 1892. Birthday of Ned, prince of Wales. This morning Jack, Bob, Dunc Cherry, Liz-Jane, Frank Allen & his family, Jim & Mrs. Hoax, & several others--14 in all-- went in our boat to Tomago. The Catholics & the Salvation Army each have a picnic there.

Thur. Nov. 10, 1892. I started to write to Jim Tamblyn. I am reading "The Old Order & the New", by Morrison Davidson. Bob & Jack are down at Ironbark Creek putting the roof on the new boatshed. Our tonnage for the pay is 19 skips at 9-3-14, or 9 tons, 2 cwt. qrs. & 14 lbs. Work to-morrow, (pay Friday).

Fri. Nov. 11, 1892. To-day we filled 9 skips of big coal & one of small. I went to the weigh-cabin & had the 4 skips of small put on our number, & got some dirt tokens. Bob took up our pay, which was £ 1-16-8. Received a B.H. Budget from Jim Tamblyn. Writing to Jim. Rain nearly all day.

Sat. Nov. 12, 1892. Bob & Jack are at Ironbark Creek, putting the roof on our new boatshed. There was to have been a regatta of the Ironbark Creek boatclub to-day, but it is too wet. Rain nearly all day.

Sun. Nov. 13, 1892. Jack went to Tom Stepney's house to get the likenesses but there was no one at home. Finished the letter to Jim Tamblyn & put 2 2d stamps on the envelope. Cold & rainy again.

Mon. Nov. 14, 1892. Bob & I filled 9 skips of big coal & 2 of small. Our weight is 10-1. We had 4 of slack put on from last fortnight. Paid George Clothier 1/2 for putting in 2 pickhandles. Received 2 "Barrier Miners", 2 "Wallaroo Times", & 1 "Silver Age" from Jim Tamblyn. Posted my letter to him. Jack made a new shaft for our cart & put it in this morning. The timber cost 1ld. Finished reading "The Old Order & the New". Fine weather. Work to-morrow.

Tues. Nov. 15, 1892. Bob & I sent out 9 of big & 2 of small coal. Jack & Liz-Jane went to Newcastle & got the groceries & 10 lbs of blasting powder. Old Joe Trotter, the fireman in Wallsend pit, was severely burnt with gas in the Jubilee section of the Wallsend pit this morning. Jack brought home a copy of the Cornish paper, "The Cornubian" from Mr. Pritchard of Lambton. The Pritchards are Cornish friends of Mother. Our weight is 9-2. I have finished reading the first volume of "The Life & Letters of Oliver Cromwell", by Thomas Carlyle. Jack returned the book to the Plattsburg Mechanics!

Institute library & borrowed the second volume for me. Rain this morning.

Wed. Nov. 16, 1892. Eight skips of large coal & 4 of small were sent out by Bob & me. No weight. Fine weather.

Thur. Nov. 17, 1892. Filled 8 of large & 1 of small. No weight. Jack has been down to the boatshed putting the roof on. Tom Stepney sent the likenesses over to me by the postman. Jack, David Lonergan, & some others went fishing with the mullet net in Ironbark Creek, but only caught a few fishes. Liz-Jane is suffering from toothache.

Fri. Nov. 18, 1892. Bob & I sent up 11 of big coal. Weight 10-2. I received a letter & a photo of the Broken Hill Defence Committee from Jenna Grose. Jack has gone fishing with several others. Fine.

Sat. Nov. 19, 1892. Bob & I filled 9 skips of big coal & 2 of small. No weight. Bill & Harry Wicken & our Jack came home this evening with about a bucketful of prawns that they got from some prawners near Mosquito Creek. Jack's party only caught a few fishes. Our second swarm of bees has flown away. There was only a small piece of honey comb in the hive. Some men were at the pick-rack with petitions for the release of the Broken Hill Defence Committee this morning. Nearly every man signed it. Reading the "Letters & Speeches of Oliver Cromwell". Our total number of skips of big coal is 63 for the fortnight, & 12 skips of small coal.

Sun. Nov. 20, 1892. I filled another guess form with the number 1352 as the number of Fletcher's pills in a Clement's tonic bottle. Reading "Letters & Speeches", vol. 2. Jack, Bob, & Gomer Davis went out to Cockle creek for a swim. Very hot weather.

Mon. Nov. 21, 1892. To-day Bob & I filled 10 skips of large coal & 2 of small. No weight. Our tonnage for next pay is 61 skips @ 10-14, or ~~30~~ 30 tons, 17 cwt., & 13 skips of small coal. Received a "B.H. Miner". This morning Gomer Davis took our dog "Rap" & his dog out to the swamp for redbills. He shot 1 & returned this evening. Tom Stepney lent me the "Year Book of Photography" for 1872 yesterday. He has a new bicycle. Posted the guess form to F.M. Clements. Rain.

Tues. Nov. 22, 1892. We filled 7 skips of large coal & 1 of small. Weight 9-2 & 11: average 10-1. This morning Liz-Jane attempted to go away from home & go to domestic service because we objected to her keeping company with Jim Pettigrew, but she came back after going a few yards. My right eye is swollen, but I don't know why. Jack went out to the bush with Dunc Cherry & brought in some slabs & bark. Old Dunc Cherry killed a black snake 4 feet 6 inches long that was under some bark. A lad named Carter was going up the big Magpie flat when he stepped on the tailrope & fell with his left arm on the rail, & the horse pulled the full set over his arm & injured it so badly that it had to be cut off. Fine weather.

Wed. Nov. 23, 1892. To-day we filled 11 skips of big coal. Weight 7-2. A man named Mason was badly hurt to-day by a jud of coal that fell on him in a pillar in the Magpir rise. As the pillar was hard he was holing, & the coal fell away & buried him. George Gay is wheeling from the pillar. The Wallsend hospital is not completed yet. A "Broken Hill Budget" arrived from Jim Tamblyn. Heavy hail this afternoon.

Thur. Nov. 24, 1892. Filled 11 of big coal & 1 of small. I had to go to the weigh-cabin this morning to see some "brass" (iron sulphide) that we filled with the coal. No weight. Hot weather.

Fri. Nov. 25, 1892. Bob & I filled 10 of large coal & 1 of dirt. Weight 10-2-14 & 11, which is very good. Jim Kagan has started to break away a bord next to us. Bob went for our pay, which was £6-4-3 for 10 tons 6cwt. @  $3/7$  per ton, & 20 tons, 11 cwt. @  $3/10$  per ton, &  $6\frac{1}{2}$  tons of small coal @  $1/4$ , & 2 skips of dirt @ 6d per skip, &  $3/9$  for "jerry" (stone band in the seam). Mr. Pritchard was here this afternoon from Lambton. Fine weather.

Sat. Nov. 26, 1892. Bob, Homer Davis, Sam Dean & Samson Parker went in our boat to Tomago this morning to see the Ironbark Creek Boat-club's regatta. The Worboys won the double sculls race; prize a pair of new sculls presented by George Towns. Big "Softy" Boag won the single sculls race; prize-- a table lamp worth £1-1-0. Sharp won the fishing contest, prize--£ 1-1-0. Bob's crew & 2 other crews shared the second prize--10/-. Jack went to Newcastle for the groceries & brought them home in our cart. He also paid the water rates. We found a little terrier pup in our yard, & are keeping it until we find its owner. Writing to Alf Edwards. Very hot. Thunderstorm this evening.

Sun. Nov. 27, 1892. I am writing to Alf Edwards at Copeland, & am sending Bob's photo & the 1888 Agreement with the letter.

Mon. Nov. 28, 1892. We filled 11 of big & 1 of small coal. Weight 11-1, which is very satisfactory. I went to work on the front shift this morning because Bob's hand is swollen. Oswald Steel, the baker, sent this morning for the dog that was lost. Liz-Jane posted my letter to Alf, & paid Bill Lochrin 6d on "Truth". Hot weather.

Tues. Nov. 29, 1892. We filled 9 of big coal & a skip of dirt. No weight. Jack, Charley, Bill & Harry Wicken, & Bill Steen have gone fishing on the Hunter. Hot.

Wed. Nov. 30, 1892. To-day Bob & I filled 10 skips of large coal & 1 of small. Jack & Charley came home this afternoon with a dozen fish. I received a "B.H. Budget" from Jim Tamblyn. Hot weather.

Following is a copy of a letter from Mrs. Reed to her husband :-  
No 40 Grose Street, Camperdown, 30 Nov. 1892. William Reed. This is

*Continued on page 207.*



Continued from page 107.

~~107~~ one hundred & two.

to let you know that I intend to claim a divorce from you at an early date, as I intend to marry again soon. I stated my case to a solicitor about you always sending me from my home looking for medical treatment. And I can get 3 doctors' written statements. My present doctor says it will take some considerable time to cure me. I am in a terrible fix through you. I would not trouble you about the divorce only I know you are a treacherous man, & you would get me in trouble if you could do so. I never received a penny of money from you this last 12 months, & you have the name of being my husband. You have never been a husband to me. Yours etc., Mrs. M. Reed."

Dec. 1, 1892. Thur. We filled 10 skips of big coal & 1 of dirt. Weight 10 cwt. Jack went to Newcastle for meat. We had a pick steeled by Bill Phillips, & a handle put in by George Clothier. Thunderstorm this afternoon.

Fri. Dec. 2, 1892. Ten skips of big coal & one of dirt were sent up by us to-day. Weight 11 cwt. Good. Raining.

Sun. Dec. 4, 1892. Reading John Norton's paper, "Truth". Also "The Life & Letters of Oliver Cromwell." Work to-morrow.

Mon. Dec 5, 1892. We filled 9 skips of big coal. Brother Jack, Bill & Harry Wicken, & the Salvation Army captain went in our boat to the Hunter river this morning to fish. They went to Scott's Point near Hexham & caught a few fishes & gradually worked back to Ironbark Creek, & caught a few more. They returned about 7 p.m. I returned Byron's Poems to Charley Brown this evening. A "B.H. Budget" came from Jim Tamblyn.

Thur. Dec. 8, 1892. Bob & I filled 12 skips of large coal. Weight 10 cwt. Hot weather.

Fri. Dec. 9, 1892. Filled ten. No weight. Bob went into the pit & started to work, but as he was too ill to continue he came home. Jack took up our pay, which was £ 10-17-0. The "stump" or union dues were a 5 % levy & 2/6 per man. We received a letter from Mother's sister, Aunt Grace Perkyns, of Redruth, Cornwall, to-day. Hot weather.

Sat. Dec. 10, 1892. I wrote part of a letter to Jenna Grose, & ~~finished~~ Brother Jack & Fred Steel went to Newcastle for our groceries this morning. Jack bought a dozen Ilford rapid  $\frac{1}{4}$  plates for me. Fred Steel is in the Salvation Army. Hot weather.

Sun. Dec. 11, 1892. Finished writing to Jenna Grose, & finished reading "Letters & Speeches of Oliver Cromwell". Bob took Bill James, our crossmate, & Bill's wife & children in our cart to Newcastle this morning. They spent the day on the beach, & came back in the

evening. Bill gave Bob a bottle of red pickles & some splendid strawberries. George Sherar was here & looked into the beehive & found that there is plenty of honeycomb, but very little honey. Very hot day.

Mon. Dec. 12, 1892. I built up part of the window of my dark room with German bricks. I took the water barrel off the stand, which was partly eaten by white ants, & made a new stand. I partly painted the barrel, tightened the hoops, & put it on the stand. Bob helped me to put the tap in again & fill the barrel with water. I scrubbed the floor of the dark room & painted the barrel. Jack stained with burnt umber the table that he made, & varnished it with spirit varnish. Bob, Dave Johns, Charley, & Wally Frew went to the river to fish this afternoon. My letter to Jenna contains a photo of the Walsend coke ovens. Jim Garish came this evening to write a receipt for 5/- for the boat, but I could not find a former receipt, so he could not write. The Associated Colliery Proprietors met the miners delegates in Newcastle on Saturday to consider the new agreement. Very hot weather. White flag is flying.

Tues. Dec. 13, 1892. I took a negative of the photo of the Broken Hill Defence Committee at 3-30 p.m. with the copying camera, & one at 4 p.m. with 20 secs exposure, stop 32, & developed with ferrous oxalate & got a good negative, of the men, but only half of their names were on the plate. We bought 6 Christmas cards about 8 x 18 inches from an old man, for 3d each. The mottoes on them are:- "Welcome"; "What is home without a Mother?"; "A merry Christmas"; "Forget me not"; . Bob & party returned this evening with some fish. They camped near the round top house. Jack has started to make a back veranda, & had some timber brought up from Tyler's. I sent 2/- to Baker & Rouse for 2 sheets of sensitised, albumenised paper. The arbitration awards of Mr. J.N. Brunner, the referee, on the Lambton & Burwood cases are published to-day; & they are both in favour of the miners. Jack was paid strike pay this afternoon. Hot.

Wed. Dec. 14, 1892. I took the third negative of the B.H. Defence Committee, at 10 a.m., with the copying camera, & gave the plate 16 secs exposure. Developed with ferrous oxalate & got a splendid negative. I helped Jack to wheel home 2 blocks, from the Co-operative, to rest the veranda on. I painted my dark room with stone color paint. Jack has partly made the verandah. He & Bill Wicken & another went to the river this evening, as there will be a picnic at Tomago to-morrow. Bob has gone to the lodge. Received a B.H. Budget from Jim Tamblyn. Very hot weather. White flag.

Dec. 15, 1892. I printed 6 copies of the defence committee; 4 of Bob 1 of the public school; 1 of Blue Gum Flat (Jesmond) & 1 of our house with Sarah Pritchard standing in front of it. Jack came home from the river this evening with a few fishes, & 3/- that he got by lending the boat out. Only one picnic was there.

Fri. Dec. 16, 1892. ~~xxix~~. Bob & I had started to work this morning had filled 5 skips, when Tom Bousfield, the undermanager, & old ally Henderson came into our bord. Bousfield got on the canch & said that we had had a shot in the middle on the top; which we admitted, so he sent us home. We washed & changed, & at 3-30 p.m. we went down to the colliery office near the tunnel, & met Alex Ross, the manager. We explained that we were pushed for coal as we had not had a facing for the quarter; & I told him that I did not know until last week that we had to hole a "greyback" to the side of the bord before we could shoot it; but he would not believe me. It is true, nevertheless. Ross gave us 14 days' notice to cease working, in spite of all our arguments, excuses, & pleading. Bousfield & Henderson made the case as bad as they could against us, for which I hope they will get a proper reward. I paid Bill Phillips 2/6 for steeling 2 picks, & paid George Clothier 7d for putting in a new pick handle. Weight 10. Red flag. Attended the miners' meeting.

Sat. Dec. 17, 1892. Bob & I filled 10 skips. Our weight this morning was 10-2-14. Raining hard this morning as Bob was going to work & he got wet. Rain again this evening.

Sun. Dec. 18, 1892. To-day I have been copying the titles of books I have read in South Australia & N.S.W., which are as follows:-

| YEAR.         | Titles.                                | AUTHOR.   |
|---------------|--|---|
| 1886.         | Notes On Ingersoll.                    | The Jumping Frog. Mark Twain.                         |
| 1886.         | The Vicar of Wakefield.                |   |
| 1887.         | (June )                                | Black Hollow. The Bridle Roads Of Spain.              |
| 1887.         | From Log-Cabin to White House.         | by W. M. Thayer.                                      |
| 1887.         | ( Feb )                                | Doctor Matheas. The Mexican Prince. Innocents Abroad. |
| 1887.         | The Backwoods Bride.                   | Mr. & Mrs. Spoopendyke. General Gordon.               |
| 1887.         | Pictures & Stories Of Natural History. | Helen's Babies.                                       |
| 1887.         | The Life Of Flavious Josephus.         | How I Found Livingstone.                              |
| 1887.         | Sweeny Todd.                           | How To Read Character. Pariahs Of Society.            |
| 1887.         | Josephus' History Of The Jews, vol.1.  | Crimes & Punishments.                                 |
| 1887.         | Our New Way Round The World.           | Awful Crammers. Called Back.                          |
| 1887.         | The Clockmaker.                        | Don't. The Warhawk. Far Off. (1888 ).                 |
| 1888.         | (Feb.)                                 | Livingstone's First Expedition To Africa.             |
| 1888.         | (Feb.)                                 | Christianity Or Secularism. Feb. 1888.                |
| Ap. 1888.     | Common Things Explained.               | May 1888. Great Facts.                                |
| June 1888.    | Hidden Scenes.                         | July 1888. Electricity. Cudjo's Cave.                 |
| July 1888.    | Elkerton Rectory.                      | Aug. 26, 1888. Scripture Club of Valley.              |
| Sep. 8, 1888. | Folks In Danbury.                      | Nov. 1888. The Magic (Rest.                           |
| of Science.   | Nov. 1888.                             | The Constitution Of Man, by George Combe.             |
| Dec. 1888.    | Phrenology Made Practical.             | Feb. 1, 1889. Heads & Faces.                          |
| Mar. 1889.    | The Innocents At Home.,                | by Mark Twain.  |
| 1889.         | The Pocket Manual Of Phrenology.       |   |
| Ap. 1890.     | The Beginners' Guide to Photography.   |   |
| July 1890.    | The Photographic Amateur.              | Oct. 1890, Everyday Chemistry.                        |
| Nov. 1890.    | The Photographic Printers' Assistant.  |   |
|               | Recent Advances In Photography,        | by Captain Abney.                                     |

Dec. 1890. The Principles and Practice Of Photography.  
 Dec. 1890. The A B C Of Photography. Dec. 1890. Looking Backward.  
 by Edward Bellamy.  
 Mar. 1891. Progress and Poverty. by Henry George.  
 May, 1891. Social Problems. June, 1891, The Rights Of Man.  
 Aug. 1891. Photography for Amateurs. Photography For All.  
 Sep. 1891. A Dictionary Of Photography. Oct, 1891, Photographic  
 Processes. Oct. 1891, Year Book of Photography for 1883.  
 Oct. 1891, Year Book of Photography for 1891.  
 Nov. 1891, Year Book of Photography for 1872. Nov. 1891, Memory.  
 Dec. 1891, Yr. Bk. of Photography for 1873. New Book Of Kings.  
 Jan. 1892. Photographic Chemistry. New Book of Lords.  
 Feb. 1892. The Age Of Reason. Boy's Voyage Tound the World.  
 Feb. 1892, Year Book of Photography for 1892.  
 Mar. 1892, How To Read Men As Open Books. Yank at Court of K. Arthur  
 Ap. 1892, Photography In a Nutshell.  
 May, 1892, The Grandeur Of True Manhood. July 19, 1892, Byron's Poems  
 July 28, 1892, A Social Tangle. Sep 1892. Labor Party In N.S.W.  
 Oct, 1892, Life & Times of George Washington. Oct. 22, 1892, Letters  
 and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell. vol. 1.  
 Nov. 1892. The Old Order and the New, by J.M. Davidson.  
 Dec. 11, 1892, Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell. vol. 2.  
 Dec. 18, 1892, 1st Sequel to the 2nd Book Of Lessons.

Rain has been falling all day. Dick Edwards is going up to Queens-  
 land to see his cousins.

Mon. Dec. 19, 1892. We filled 9 skips of big coal. Our tonnage for  
 the pay is 60 skips at 10-14. The Wallsend miners ballotted to-day  
 on the new Agreement. Bob went to Ross to try to get a cavil for  
 next quarter. Ross told him that we could not have our cavil in, but  
 we should have a start again. Bob afterwards saw Dave Watkins & got  
 some Socialist pamphlets from him. There was a Socialist meeting in  
 Wallsend this evening, & Mr. Blanksby & Jimmy Thompson spoke from  
 Joe Lewis' pub balcony on Socialism. Jack & I went into the pub to  
 put our names on the Socialist roll, but we saw a lot of men seated  
 around a table with glasses of beer before them, so we came out  
 & did not put our names down. Rain this morning.

Thur. Dec. 22, 1892. No work to-day for Bob & me. I copied the photo  
 of Blanch Somerville to-day with the big camera. I used an Ilford  
 rapid plate, exposed 30 seconds, & developed with ferrous oxalate, &  
 got a good negative. I received a letter, 2 "Wallaroo Times", & a  
 B.H. Budget from Jim Tambllyn. The letter was over weight, so I had  
 to pay 4d on it. Dry weather.

Fri. Dec. 23, 1892. We worked again to-day & filled 10 skips of big  
 coal. No weight. Bob got our pay, which was ~~3x6-10x~~ £ 6-1-0. He paid  
 11/- in levies etc, to the union. I received a letter & 3 Christmas  
 cards from Jenna Grose. I also received a book entitled "Volney's

"Ruins Of Empires" from Alf Edwards. Fine weather.

Sat. Dec. 24, 1892. This morning I went over to Tom Stepney to borrow his camera to take a photograph of some of the 4th regiment volunteers, but as neither of us had half plates I did not borrow the camera, but I borrowed the instantaneous shutter. Bob & I took 2 plates & the quarter plate camera to the Wallsend rifle butts, & I photographed a group of 13 volunteers, & watched them firing at the target. Jack went to Newcastle & got our groceries, & some shot & powder for Bob. I developed the 2 plates. One is thin, but the other is moderately good. I bought a pound of hyposulphite of soda at Joe Senior's for 6d. Bought 12 2d stamps & sent 11 away for photographic mounts. Fine weather.

Sun. Dec. 25, 1892. Christmas Day. We are all at home as usual. There is nothing very extraordinary going on here. Reading "Ruins Of Empires". Hot weather.

Mon. Dec. 26, 1892. This morning Jack & I rose at 5 o'clock & got ready to go up the river to Tomago with Wally Frew & Jack Mahony, who came about 5-30 & waited for us. We took our boat out & went down Ironbark Creek with the tide, & sailed from the mouth of the creek right down to Tomago, as the wind blew from the south. Wally bought 6d worth of fresh prawns from 2 prawners near Scotts Point; so when we reached Tomago & had put our things ashore, Wally, Mahony, & I went out in the boat to fish. We stayed out for an hour, but did not catch anything. Dunc Cherry, "Softy" Boag, "Slick" Davis, & another chap had a tent rigged up there, so Jack put our things in it for the day. Dunc's party caught a shark about 30 inches long on their jacob line. The first steamer with picnics arrived from Newcastle about 10 a.m., & several other steamers came later-- all crowded. The steamers were the "Rose", "Aggia", & some whose names I forget. There were 3 picnics there & 2 bands, & a piano in the dance hall near Tyler's house. The dance hall was full of young men & women. Admission cost 1/- for males & 6d for females. There was some dancing in 2 places outside, too; & some played two's & threes. Kiss-in-the-ring, & bounders, quoits, etc. Jack lent our boat once & got 2/- for it. Jack O'Brien lent his boat to some drunken fellows, & when they were trying to pull it away they ran it onto a log & knocked a hole in the bottom of the boat. Tom Gibson threatened to punch them if they did not pay for the trip; so they paid. Ralph Snowball was at Tomago with his camera, but I did not see him photograph anything. We left at 5 p.m. & sailed to Scotts Point, & pulled the rest of the distance to the boatsheds. Before we got there we tried to tow an old boat to our shed, but the tide was against us, so we had to run it ashore. Bob & Charley went to see the Wallsend horse-races; & Liz-Jane & Pettigrew went to Newcastle. White flag for Wallsend pit.

Tues. Dec. 27, 1892. Bob & Jack are working at the new shed this morning. I have made a bench at the end of the dark room. There are horse races on the Wallsend course again to-day, although rain has been falling nearly all day. I read a little of "Ruins Of Empire" this evening.

Wed. Dec. 28, 1892. We filled ten skips of big coal. No weight. There is no cavil for Bob & me this time. The Wallsend miners cavilled this evening. I finished reading "Ruins Of Empires", & started to read it over again. Rainy weather.

Thur. Dec. 29, 1892. We filled 10 of large coal. No weight. I received 36 quarter plate mounts & a letter from Baker & Rouse, Sydney. I mounted 5 copies of Broken Hill Defence Committee, & 1 of our house. The 2 Metcalfs, Tom Gibson, & Joe Farley are cavilled to on board. Fine weather.

Fri. Dec. 30, 1892. We filled 12 skips of big coal. No weight. We finished to-day for this quarter, & our 14 days are done. Bob went to the colliery office to speak to Ross about being allowed to go to work again, but Ross was not there. The Co-operative miners had a meeting this evening & decided to resume work under the new Agreement. Red flag is up for the big tunnel. Rain.

Sat. Dec. 31, 1892. We are all idle. Bob & Jack went down to the new boatshed & worked about the shed door. This afternoon Bob & Jack went to the Wallsend colliery office, but Ross was absent. We then walked out to his house, but as he was ill in bed we did not see him. I printed some copies of the Broken Hill Defence Committee. Mr. Robert Rainy & family shifted out of Davidson's house next door yesterday. George Sherar mended the see-saw shutter for nothing & Jack returned it to Tom Stepney.

Sun. Jan. 1, 1893. I mounted the prints that I made yesterday. I read a part of a book entitled "For The Term Of His Natural Life", by Marcus Clarke. Dave Johns lent it to me for a fortnight. Rainy.

Mon. Jan. 2, 1893. We are all at home to-day except Liz-Jane, who has gone with Pettigrew to Newcastle. There is a regatta at Newcastle & a picnic of the Salvation Army here. Dick Edwards, Alf's brother, was here to-day. He has just come from Queensland, having been up at Stanthorpe to see his uncle & his cousins Somerville, who have a farm there. Dick has grown a great deal since he left here 4 years ago. I gave him a photo of the Defence Committee for Alf, & "The Old Order & the New", & "Advice To Singers". I read some more of "For the term of his natural life". I made 2 prints of the Committee & 1 of the volunteers to-day, & toned them in a new toning bath this evening, & fixed & partly washed them. I have received a Christmas Graphic from Jenna Grose, & 2 pamphlets from Frank Moore Clements containing the names of the winners of the Fletcher's pills competition (which was to guess the number of Fletcher's pills that a big

Clement's tonic bottle will hold. Old Noah Hayden, of Pittown, won the prize of 20 pounds. He took peas about the size of a Fletcher's pill & filled a bottle with them. The number of pills in a sealed bottle was 1215. I guessed 1034. Windy & rainy.

Tues. Jan. 3, 1893. Bob & I went down to Ross' house to see if he would let us start working in the pit again, but his clerk said he was ill in bed, so we could not speak to him. The Co-operative miners cavilled to-day, & will start working to-morrow. A "Wallaroo Times" arrived from Jim Tamblyn, Broken Hill. I washed & mounted the 9 prints this evening. Finished reading "For The Term of His Natural Life". Wallsend pit worked. Cold & windy.

Wed. Jan. 4, 1893. This afternoon Bob & I went to see Ross, but as he was still ill in bed we could not speak to him. On the way back I took 25 mounted photos to Tom Stepney to burnish them for me. He gave me 2 small bottles & lent me a book entitled "Every Man His Own Brewer", which had belonged to doctor Nash's father. Jack & Charley started to work to-day at the Co-operative colliery, where they worked before the strike. I read a pamphlet entitled "The Convict Ship Success", to-day. I received "Looking Backward" & "The Beginners' Guide To Photography" from Alf Edwards who had borrowed them. Rain.

Thur. Jan. 5, 1893. Bob & I again went to Ross' house. He asked us what we wanted, & Bob told him that we came to see him about a start in the pit again. Ross said he could not start us yet. There were 2 men there to see Ross about a contract to put a fence around the new Wallsend hospital. Jack & Charley are working. Cloudy weather.

Fri. Jan. 6, 1893. This morning I worked 2 hours in the garden. This afternoon I went for our pay, which was £ 7-6-9. I paid Mrs. Lochrin 1/10 for "Truth", & told her to stop the paper, as I am out of work. Bob went to the Wallsend tunnel & spoke to Tom Bousfield, who told him that if he saw Ross he would very likely let us start next week. Bob & Jim O'Brien bought a small, flat-bottomed dinghey, of Harry Duncan, for 9/-. On the way back from the pay office I asked Tom Stepney about the photos. He said he had not burnished them. He asked me to go to his home with him at 8 p.m., when he would do them, which I did, & he burnished them. I gave him a copy of the Committee's photo. I bought 6d worth of cyanide of potassium from Joe Senior. This evening I went to the Mechanics' Institute & received one pound strike pay for Jack. Co-op. worked. Cloudy.

Sat. Jan. 7, 1893. This morning I took 20 copies of the Defence Committee to Maddison's pit & gave them to Dave Johns who was on his way out to the rifle range, as he thinks that he can sell them to the volunteers there. Bob & Jack brought our horse home from

Wilkinson's paddock. After dinner Jack & I started with the horse & cart for Newcastle, & went to the home of Bill James (our late crossmate) to photograph Bill & his family, who were all at home but as they were not ready to be taken I left the camera etc. there & promised to call on our way back, about 4-30 p.m. We went on to Newcastle, & Jack took our order & money to Witherspoon's, as usual for our groceries. Then we went to the office of Leonard Baker solicitor, & paid him some money. We drove to Langer's book arcade for "The Year-Book of Photography for 1893". As Langer did not have the book, we tried several other bookshops, but could not get it. After getting our groceries we returned to Dark Creek (Jesmond) where I got out & went to James' place. Jack waited for me, but rain began to fall he had to drive home & leave me. They were all most ready when I reached the house, but the sky was full of dark clouds, & rain fell a few minutes after I arrived & prevented me from taking a photo. In 30 minutes the thunderstorm passed & the sun shone again; so I prepared the camera & found a suitable spot to photograph the group. I arranged them as well as I could, Exposed the plate 10 seconds, but the baby began to cry when I took off the cap from the lens, & 2 children moved. I focussed again, exposed the Ilford rapid plate for 15 seconds, but as the baby began to cry Mrs. James shook it & the children moved, the picture was spoiled. I packed up & walked down with Bill to the old sawmill, where he left me. I walked home. Jim O'Brien & brother Jack made some alterations to the dinghey, & Bob & Jim carried it down to the boatshed. I developed James' negatives with ferrous oxalate. The first plate was properly exposed, but the second was underexposed although it had 5 secs more exposure than the first plate, for the sun had set in the meantime.

Sun. Jan. 8, 1893. I went to Tom Stepney's home to photograph him on his bicycle, but as the sun was too hot we postponed the photographing until a better time. I printed a proof of the neg. that I took yesterday, & toned, washed, fixed, washed, & trimmed it. I read a few pages of "The Art of Brewing; or Every Man His Own Brewer", for I want to discover what adulterants the brewers add to their poisonous trash. Splendid weather.

Mon. Jan. 9, 1893. This afternoon Bob & I walked down to the colliery office at the tunnel to see Alex Ross about getting work, but as he was not there we went out to his house. He said he could not let us start, & he could not say when we could do so. The fellow has no pity nor shame. Jack & I walked over to the Co-op. skip-line & asked old Robert Davidson, the Co-op. colliery boss, if there was any chance of a start there, but he said they were full up. This evening Jack met Dave Johns, who said he had sold some of the photos of the defence committee. Jack sold 1 to Dick Hooper on trust till next pay day. I finished "The Art of Brewing", & made some extracts from it. Co-op. worked. Very hot weather.



Wed. Jan. 11, 1893. I have received the following letter from James Henna Grose:-

"Broken Hill, Jan. 8th, 1893. "Dear Joe, Yours of the 10th Dec. 1892, together with the Christmas cards & photograph have arrived safely. I am always extremely pleased to hear from you, & I am awfully obliged to you for the photo & Christmas cards. I have sent you some which I daresay you have received ere this epistle reaches you. You will find a photographic- with the "Graphic" of the British Mine: you will also see several houses on it. There is one little 2 roomed white house with a door & 2 small windows, in: that particular one is Mallua Cottage, the Summer (& Winter) residence of Mr. Wnzrf Urdden Tebfr, alias J.H. Grose; & near it is a larger one of 3 rooms that belongs to Father, & one room next to that is Sam's. I forgot to mark them on the photo. I hope you will be satisfied with my photo. I was glad to find that your letter left you all well. I hope this will find you ditto. As for ourselves, we are all pretty middling. I am pretty well: so is the boy; he has had bad eyes, but they are pretty well right again. He will be two years old by the time you get this, if he lives till the 16 th of this month. And when I write again I expect I shall have a much larger family than I have at present. The Mrs. is as well as can be expected under the circumstances, doesent se, you? I hope you will have a very happy Christmas & New Year. We 3njoyed ourselves as well as we could. I am out of work at present, but I hope to get work next week. I forgot to mention about the coupon that I sent you with the cards that the unemployed are served with every week, some worth 12/6; 7/6; 5/-; & 2/6. They take them to the stores & get what they want; & if there is any balance the amount would be marked on the back. But they are not getting enough funds to supply them with coupons this week, but they think they will be able to supply them at a reduction next week. That is to say a 5/- coupon will be only worth about 3/6. I can tell you there is a terrible lot of poverty in Broken Hill. I have gone through nearly double what I have earned since they came out on strike. I did have apound or two before the strike, but now I think we can raise about a 15/- between the Mrs. & me. We have had to keep Mother & them all through, & help to relieve distressed cases. But, Lor a massy! we'll never want it, ch cheel; we'll live!

Dear Joe, I now resume writing. I see you want a list of the photos you have sent me. Well, I have 13 altogether: they are as follows:- Your own photo; 2 of Lis-Jane's; one of your brother Bob; one of Jack; one of your house; one of Tyler's house; one of Tom-ago jetty & tank; the Hunter River, looking East; one of a cutting with Jack, Bob, & yourself & several others & a truck; one of Wal-lsend number 1 Tunnel; one of Co-operative Fern Valley new tunnel; one of the Ironbark Creek & boatsheds, looking South; & the Wal-lsend Coal company's coke ovens.; & thanks very much for them. I will send you some views of Broken Hill when I start work again.

I think I have got one more photo from you that I can't find at present, for the house is upside down. I have been fitting the house up. I have boarded it up on the outside, & half way up on the inside.

I believe that a lot of the historic part of the Old Testament is true, but I object to taking it as inspiration. Who does all this photographing? I have an idea that you are doing it yourself: am I right? You say that publicans & brewers are a curse to the country. You must remember it is their living, Joe & what could they do with all the malt, hops, grapes, etc. if they did not turn them into wines, spirits, & beer? They could not give them to others: so you want to look at both sides. It is not the fault of them that manufacture the drink that there are so many drunkards; it is themselves that are weak-minded about the drink. Well, I must close this letter with love to all at home, & accept the same for yourself from your ever-loving friend & wife, James Henna & Mrs. Grose. Good bye; write soon.

P.S. I sent you my Christmas photo. I hope you are pleased with it. There were only 2 taken: you got one, & the prince of Wales has the other. I am sorry that I can't send you the family photo, but I will try to hunt some up & send you, old man.

Well, there was not a great deal of Burke drunk by the Cousin Jacks here this Christmastide, though I had my share of bug-juice—perhaps more than was good for me. I had a dozen of Australian Natives' lager beer & one dozen of dandelion ale (both teetotal) fetched to the house on Christmas Eve, but I did not drink much of it. I went down the street & had a "Ere's to ee", but I never got out of my depth.

I freely forgive you for suggesting that I went blacklegging; but at the same time if I had been out of work I fancy I should have gone in AFTER I had seen that they could bring a thousand or two men here to take our places & thereby throw us out of employment. There are 400 or 500 men here out of work yet, & some of them are starving. I think the Defence Committee deserves the sentence it got, for preaching "Law & Order", & telling the men to stand out & fight to the bitter end when they saw plainly that they were fetching so many blacklegs here, & the average of them good men. Of course it would not do for me to talk like that here among the Cousins, or I would be murdered in less than 24 hours. I think it was a peice of rot, don't you? I tell you that parsons & priests are the curse of any country. But for them the people would have been educated in the beginning of this century, & the present state of affairs would never have existed. As regards the Irish question of your letter: the Irishmen, with the exception of half a dozen, stood out manfully to the end of the strike, & they were ready for the order to go & pull every scab out of the mines; & they would have done it, too, only for the "Law & Order" business. But I think the staunchest men were the Italians & Greeks. They were ready with revolvers & knives—only waiting for the order—

& the Defence Committee had enough to do to keep them from rushing the men on the mines, on the day that they tried to open them, when they had only 50 policemen.

You say that you are glad to see that Rick Sleath & Will Ferguson are Socialists. Well, Sleath is right enough, but Ferguson has dropped a lot in my estimation, for he was an avowed Atheist, & when the Socialist League started he sort of sneered at the Secular Association. And when he was arrested, in signing the charge-sheet he put his religion down as Presbyterian. What do you think about that for a Socialistic Atheist? I don't go much on Socialism, because I can't see how any benefit can accrue from such. J.H.Grose."

Copy of a letter from Mrs. Millie Reed to her husband, W. Reed:-  
"Wallsend, Dec. 31, 1893. W. Reed, I now give you due notice, as I am going to summons you for maintenance, as I am given to understand that you defy me to do so, as you have the account of where I was robbed on the boat, carrying it showing it to the people. You will talk about me in this unmanly manner, you unmanly fiend. I feel inclined to do anything when my friends tell me such things. Why don't you let my name be neutral? You brute, I have not bothered you now for 16 months. I don't care much how it ends. You won't have it all your own way--just for your lying tongue. Now please yourself what you do: I mean to do the same. I cannot scarce write, I feel so desperate. M. Reed."

We have received the following letter from Aunt Grace Perkyns: to Mother:- Jenkins Terrace, Redruth, Cornwall, Nov. 29, 1893.  
My Dear Sister, I am writing you these few lines hoping to find you all well, but I cannot say the same for ourselves. I am sorry to say that, after a short illness of 2 weeks, our dear Mother passed quietly & peacefully away. She fell asleep on the evening of the 24th, about 9 o'clock. She had been failing for the last 12 months, but very comfortable & cheerful. Dear Mother was constantly telling about you & the rest. We wished you were here to see her before she passed away. Dear Sister, we watched by her bedside day & night, & did everything human hands could do. Poor dear Mother was not any trouble to us. She was so kind & affectionate to everybody. She was liked by everybody around here, & all join with us in our bereavement. We shall miss Mother a great deal now, as she was the only one of all our family that was left.  
Dear Mother is in Heaven--that is one consolation for us to know; & we all hope to meet her there. I am sorry to say Walter was taken sick with influenza almost at the same time, & we had to hire assistance for her funeral. Dear Mother was very decently & respectably interred. We had a hearse & carriages, which cost 8 pounds. I was sick with influenza myself for three weeks. You may just fancy how we feel now that Mother is gone. She was all the company

we had; & she would sit in her chair by the fire, & read & talk to us pleasantly. We shall miss her very much now. We have not yet fully realised that she has gone; but it is a great comfort & consolation to know she is better off where we would all hope to meet her some time.

We shall be glad to receive a few lines from you, & hope you are all well. We ever remain, yours sincerely, Walter & Grace Perkyns.

P.S. Dear Sister, I will send pictures in the next letter. Answer this by return of post."

The letter was accompanied by two black-edged memorial cards containing the following words:-

" In affectionate remembrance of Eliza Rowe, the beloved relict of the late Robert Rowe, of Saint Day, who fell asleep in Jesus, Nov. 23rd, 1893, aged 86 years. "There's a light in the Valley."

O, do not shed a mourning tear,  
Ye that are dear to me,  
I'm free from sorrow, sin, & fear,  
And I'm where I longed to be.

Reposing on my Saviour's breast  
My aching head doth lie,  
My weary soul hath found a rest  
In everlasting joy.

The funeral will take place on Tuesday, Nov. 28th, at 3-30 p.m."

*Photographs sent to Jim Tambelyn, Argent street, Broken Hill, Apr. 19th 1893. A carte de visite photo of Elizabeth Jane Giles, & of brothers Jack & Bob. Also of myself. Also of Tornago well & windmill near the dance hall.*

Tues. Jan. 10, 1893. This morning Bob & I went to the co-operative colliery to interview The manager, James Barr, but he did not come. While we waited "Crusoe" Robinson & Fred Miles came to look for work. Robinson is out for shooting fast in Wallsend pit; & Fred had been fishing at Lake Macquarie, but as he only made tucker at it he gave it up. This afternoon Bob & I went to the Co-op. office & asked Barr for work, but he told us he was full up, & that several men were promised already. Then we walked down to the Wallsend coke-ovens to see Taylor, the boss, but he was not there. Wallsend worked to-day. Vey hot weather.

Wed. Jan. 11, 1893. This morning Bob & I walked to the Wallsend coke ovens & asked the boss for work, but he told us that he expected the men who worked there before to return when the ovens were ready. The prices paid at the ovens are:- Eight shillings for filling & drawing an oven; 1/2 per ton for bagging & loading coke; & ten PENCE per ton for filling bulk coke, that is fillig without bagging. We could not get work there. This afternoon Bob rode on horseback to Minmi to see if we could get work there, but he could not see the manager. Sister Liz-Jane is ill, so we have a girl named May Robinson to do the housework for a while. No work for Wallsend. We brought home 3 of our picks from the pick-rack. I mounted the print of Bill James' family.

Thur. Jan. 12, 1893. Jack & Charley are at home. Wallsend pit is idle. Liz-Jane is a little better.

Fri. Jan. 13, 1893. This morning Bob & I tried to catch our horse to go to Minmi to look for work, but as we could not catch him we walked out. We could not see the boss as he was underground. We walked back. Co-op. pit worked. Young Tom Gibson & Jim O'Brien were here this evening doing sums. Gibson's puzzle is to multiply £19-19-11 by the same amount. I received a letter from Jenna Grose to-day. He is out of work again. Mrs. Laing's father, old James Birrel, was buried this afternoon in the Wallsend cemetery. Searching out Bible prophecies this evening. Andrew Rickler brought a load of coal. Very hot weather.

Sat. Jan. 14, 1893. Co-op. is idle. Jack, Bob, & I caught our horse this morning, & Bob & I rode in our cart to Minmi & asked the underground boss if he could give us work. He said "No, there is no chance, but you can ask Mr. Thomas, the manager. We inquired for the manager & found that he had gone home; so we returned & brought home a bit of firewood. Jack went down to see Ross yesterday, but he was not at home. Jack Davis asked me last night to take his likeness; so this afternoon I took him in the dining room with the big 1/2 plate camera. Hour, 2-45 p.m.; exposure 15 secs. ; plate Ilford rapid; developer ferrous oxalate. After I developed I took a photo of May Robinson--18 secs. exposure; same plate & developer. Both plates were properly exposed & developed well. Jack went down to Ross & tried to get us another start, but failed. Jack also asked

Barr to start us, but he said there were 5 bords worked through the outcrop, & he had to find places for those men; so he could put us on yet. Wally Frew's wife had 3 babies this morning. Cloud.

Sun. Jan. 15, 1893. I printed a proof of May Robinson & 6 of Jack. Davies this morning. In the evening I went down ~~to the post office~~ & bought 3/- worth of stamps, & sent 2/4 in stamps to Baker & Rouse, Sydney for 1 sheet of albumenised sensitised paper, & 1/- worth of  $\frac{1}{4}$  plate mounts. The 4d extra was for postage.

Mon. Jan. 16, 1893. This morning Bob & I went up to Barr & asked him if there was any chance of work yet. He told us we are a long way back on the turn, & that he could not start us for 3 or 4 months yet. While we waited at the office we met Dan Wright who used to live at Wallsend 5 years ago. He was looking for work too. Bob & I went over to Wilkinson's paddock & caught our horse to go in the cart to Minmi, & when we brought it home Dan was waiting to go with us. We 3 went to Minmi & inquired for the manager. We were told that he was at home, so we walked up to his house, which is next to the public school on a hill, where we waited for a few minutes & saw a man coming to the house. Bob asked if he were Mr. Thomas, the manager. He said he was not, & that the manager was in bed, & we would not be able to see him for 3 or 4 days. Dan asked him if any wheelers or shiftmen were wanted, & he said we better see the overseer. So we walked back to the tunnel, & Dan asked the underground boss if he wanted any wheelers or miners, he said there were no vacant places, but that we had better see Mr. ~~Max~~ McClusky at the other tunnel. So we walked back to the cemetery, where we had left the cart, & rode over the hill into the street near the Commercial pub. I stayed with the cart while Bob & Dan went to the tunnel to see the boss. They waited more than an hour, but could not see him, so they came back & we started for home. I bought 9 peaches for 3d & we ate them on the way home. Dan told us that his parents had sold their house at Wallsend 5 years ago for £100, & they all went to Melbourne. While they were there Dan's parents died. So he went to Sydney, but work was scarce there, so he went to Boggabri in the north west of N.S.W. & got work on a station at ringbarking & other work. The work was too hard & the hours too many for the wages-- 16 hours a day for a pound a week & tucker. So he left there & went on foot to Wallsend where he arrived last Saturday. This afternoon Bob, Jim O'Brien, & I went fishing for mullet in Ironbark Creek, but caught only a prawn & a bream. Mr. & Mrs. Pritchard were here from Lambton this evening. Co-op. pit worked. Wallsend is idle. Hot weather.

Tues. Jan. 17, 1893. Bob & I walked to the Lambton pit this morning & asked young Frank Croudace for work. He said he was full up. On the way back we saw Mr. Pritchard at Lambton, & Mrs. Pritchard showed us their album & gave us some grapes, & Mr. Pritchard showed us their garden. Before we left home Tom Stepney brought 3 sheets of

bromide paper & a negative for me to print 3 copies from it; so when we got home from Lambton I made preparations to print them. As I had no sulphuric acid I went down to Tom Stepney & got some. I developed the prints & took them in a jug to Tom's home, but he was absent. I saw Dave Johns & he told me he had only sold five off the defence committee photos that he had promised to sell for me. I received the Broken Hill Graphic. Co-op. worked, but Wallsend is idle. Cool weather.

Wed. Jan. 18, 1893. I printed 13 copies of tinker Jack Davis, of Devon street, & toned, fixed, & partly washed them. I received 24 plate mounts & a sheet of albumenised sensitised paper from Barker & House. Jim O'Brien helped Mick Carr to cut a hole in the Hexham swamp reeds for duck shooting. Wallsend pit is idle. Hot.

Thur. Jan. 19, 1893. Bob & I caught our horse this morning, but as he had lost a shoe we let him go. We walked to Lambton colliery to ask Croudace, the manager, for work, but he was away & would not be at home until 7 p.m.; so we did not see him. We returned & went to the Co-operative colliery & asked Jimmy Barr, the manager, for work. He said he could not give us work, as he had just had a lot of trouble with men like us who would not obey the rules. There was a deputation to him, just before we spoke to him, about some men who were discharged for shooting fast. Joe Best got a start today from the underground boss at Co-op., & was to take Bob as his mate, but we think Barr will not let Bob start. I mounted 14 prints of Jack Davis this evening. I received a B.H. Budget this morning from Jim Tamblyn. Alex Aikman lent me a book entitled "The Three Musketeers". Wallsend pit is idle; Co-op. worked half a day.

Fri. Jan. 20, 1893. I took 14 prints of Jack Davis to Tom Stepney for him to burnish them, & I returned "The Art Of Brewing" that he had lent me. Bob & I then went up to Dave Watkins' house, but he was not at home, so we went to his father's pub & saw him there. As Dave is the secretary of the Wallsend miners' Lodge or union, we asked him to interview Ross & try to get us reinstated in the pit. Dave promised to do so. I went to Stepney's for the photos, but no one was at home. This is pay Friday, but Bob & I have no pay. Jack got £ 1-16-0. Fine weather.

Sat. Jan 21, 1893. This morning I went over to Stepney's for the photos, & lent old Tom Stepney "The Labor Party In N.S.W." I got the photos & came home. Reading "The 3 Musketeers". This evening Jack & I went in our cart to Newcastle for the groceries, & to hear George Black lecture on "The Reconstruction Of Society". We reached Newcastle at 7-10 p.m. & put the horse & cart in a yard of a pub at the corner of Lake Road & Hunter street. I walked up to the "Australian" pub, & was just in time to hear Fergie Reid introduce Mr. Black. Jack came soon after, & we listened to Black's speech. We then took the horse & cart to Witherspoon's shop, got our groceries, & came home. Writing to Alf Edwards. Cloudy.

Sun. Jan. 22, 1893. Reading "The 3 Musketeers". I finished writing a letter of 20 pages to Alf Edwards. I am sending with it the photo of Alf's cousin--Blanche Sommerville-- which he sent to me from Copeland to copy. I put 3 2d stamps on the envelope. Rainy weather

Mon. Jan. 23, 1893. I made a fresh solution of oxalate of potash, & of sulphate of iron, for the oxalate developer. Also a fresh solution of borax for toning. Jack Davis came & got the 14 photos of himself & paid me 6/- for them. This evening George Black lectured on "Trades Unionism: Its Past & Its Future", from the balcony of Joe Lewis' pub, Wallsend. Dave Watkins was chairman. The gist of his lecture was that trade unions are simple organisms out of which the complex organism of Socialism may be developed. Dave Watkins told Jack that he could not get time to see Ross on Saturday, but he would call a special committee meeting for to-morrow, & would get a deputation to go & see Ross about Bob & me. Bob worked with Jack in his bord at Co-op. to-day. Cloudy.

Tues. Jan. 24, 1893. Co-op. is still idle, so Jack, Charley, & some others have gone fishing. I am printing 3 more copies of Jack Davis

Wed. Jan. 25, 1893. Bob & I went out to Tom Hill's colliery & saw him in a heading. We also saw Hugh Buchanan there working about the screens, & his son Tom was there filling a dray with ashes. We came home in the afternoon & went to the Wallsend colliery office to see Bob Punton, the chairman of the Wallsend miners' union; & Dave Watkins. When they came we went over & spoke to Tom Bousfield about our work. He said he would not put any obstacle in our way of getting a start again. Jack & Charley went up the river to fish. but they did not catch any. I mounted 4 prints of Jack Davis this evening. I have finished reading "The 3 Musketeers"; but it was not worth reading. Fine weather.

Thur. Jan. 26, 1893. Anniversary day. Bob & Liz-Jane have gone to Lake Macquarie for the day. There is a regatta there, & hundreds have gone to see it. Jack has gone to Tomago with our boat, the "Republican", & has taken a lot of others with him. I have not been out anywhere. A B.H. Budget came this morning from Jim Tamblyn. The paper contained some puzzles, which I have solved. They are:-  
No.1. Diamond charade. A letter; a man's name; a part of Great Britain; a name; a letter. The answer is ~~W A L E S~~ W

W  
JAN  
W.ALE S  
N ED

No.2. This is a half square word puzzle:  
A season; covered with a creeping plant;  
a girl's name; a beverage; part of a boy's name; a letter.

Answer:- W I N T E R  
I V I E D  
N I N A  
T e A A



Answer:-

119.

W I N T E R  
I V I E D  
N I N A  
T E A  
E D  
R

Number 3, a square word puzzle. A girl's name;  
Marks on paper; Inactive; One who covers with  
wax; A term in music. Answer:- A L I C E

L I N E S  
I N E R T  
C E R E R  
E S T R O

~~Number 4. --Rhomboid. Across:- A boy's name; consumed; moderately warm; a Spanish word used in addressing a man; a weight used in scripture.~~  
Number 4. --Rhomboid. Across:- A boy's name; consumed; moderately warm; a weight used in scripture; a Spanish word used in addressing a man. Down:- A letter; a pronoun; a small animal; the classical name for a certain kind of barnacle; a number; a small disreputable room; an interjection; a letter. Answer:- C E R I L

E A T E N  
T E P I D  
M A N E H  
S E N O R

Number 5. Drop Letter Proverb. It is required to fill in a letter in each blank to form a readable proverb. A-e-p-y-o-s-i-b-t-e-t-a-a-a-t-n-n-. Answer:- An empty house is better than a bad tenant.

Fri. Jan. 27, 1893. This morning I went down the Co-op. pit with Jack & helped him all day. Barr came in & asked Jack who I am. When told, Barr said Jack had no right to get permission from anyone but himself to bring me down. We fired 2 shots & filled 10 skips. Dave Johns came this evening & paid me 4/- that he got by selling photos of the defence committee. I returned "For The Term (Of His Natural Life" to Dave, & lent him Volney's "Ruins Of Empires" for 3 weeks. Bob has gone out to Hexham swamps with Jim O'Brien, to stay overnight for wild ducks. Hot weather.

Sat. Jan. 28, 1893. Co-op. worked for small coal, but Wallsend is idle. I wrote part of a letter to Jim Tamblyn in reply to his letter of Dec. 22, 1892. Jack bought the Sydney "Bulletin" this evening. I weeded a part of our bottom garden. Bob & Jim O'Brien came home at 8 a.m. with a duck each that they shot this morning. Hot.

Sun. Jan. 29, 1893. I read the Bulletin & finished writing my 24 page letter to Jim Tamblyn. I am not sending any photos with the letter. Bob & Jack went down Ironbark Creek this morning with Tit Duncan to show him a swarm of bees in the scrub behind the Lambton boatsheds; & while they were going to it Bob found a beehive in a tree. Very hot weather.

Moj. Jan. 30, 1893. This morning Bob & I walked out to Cardiff. or Leamington, colliery & asked the manager, Thomas, for work. He said he could not start us at present, but he might want someone shortly. We saw old Joe Eade's boy there trying to get a job at driving a timber-waggon team of horses whose driver had broken his arm; but Eade could not get the billet. In the evening we

went down to the boatsheds & waited for Tit Duncan & another man to come, & when we saw them coming we shoved the boat out. pulled down to a clear spot near The Rocks, tied the boat there, & went into the scrub & found the beehive in the tree. "Tit" & other man, whose name I afterwards found to be "Gulcher" Lang, down the tree & took a lot of bees & empty comb out of a hollow part. They put the bees into a box with a cloth over it & took it back to the boat. Heavy rain fell all the time, & our clothes were nearly wet through. We pulled back to the sheds & went home wet to the skin. Co-op. worked. Wallsend is idle.

Tues Jan. 31, 1893. This morning Bob & I were on the way to Ross house when we met him on a horse. Bob stopped him & said we were going to see him. He told us we could come to the colliery office in a day or 2, & he would see if he could reverse his former decision. We returned home & dug a bit of ground in the top garden, sowed a few French beans. I gave Tom Stepney 3 more photos of Jack Davis to burnish. Tom introduced me to a young man named Stevens who is a barber & works at Broken Hill, but is here on business in connection with the "Red Lion" pub in Wallsend. I had a long conversation with Stevens, who is about 25 years of age. He has light brown hair, curled in front, brown eyes, a pleasant face, a slight lisp in his speech. He said he lived here 6 years ago, his father kept the Red Lion pub which he still owns, but his father got a dislike to the trade because women used to come and complain that their husbands had given him their money which should have bought food instead of beer. So he sold out his business & went to Broken Hill, as he had heard very favourable reports of the place. Formerly Old Stevens had gone to the South African diamond mines, where he did very well. He was greatly disappointed when he saw Broken Hill, so he went back to South Africa again, & young Stevens has not heard of him since. Young Stevens has 2 brothers barbering in his saloon at Broken Hill. He knows Jim Tamblin very well, & got boots from him. Co-op. worked; Wallsend is idle. Bob bought Bob Matthews' double barreled, muzzle loading gun for 10/- for me. Rainy weather.

Wed. Feb. 1, 1893. Bob & I went over to Co-p. colliery screens this morning, & I stayed there & picked out some splint coal from below the screens, while Bob caught the horse & brought the cart. We loaded the cart with the discarded splint coal, & Bob took it home & emptied it. After we had carted 3 loads Bob took "Tiger" to the paddock again. We pitched the coal in after dinner. We changed our clothes & went down to the Wallsend colliery office & waited for Ross & Bousfield to come. When they arrived they called in 2 men & dealt with them. Bousfield called Bob, & I went in with him. Ross asked Bob if we had put our case before the miners' lodge committee. Bob said No. Ross asked if we were prepared to start tomorrow, & Bob said Yes. Ross asked Bousfield if he had a place ready, & he said Yes, & we could see him at the cabin at 6-30 in the morning. Ross said he would forgive us this time, but no more.

I received a letter from Alf Edwards to-day. Co-op. & Wallsend pits worked. Mrs. Herlihy gave Mother a chicken. Showery weather.

Thur. Feb. 2, 1893. This morning Bob & I went down to Tom Bousfield's cabin & waited until he came down. He told us to go with Bob Lundie to Jubilee; but we saw Bob Lundie & asked him to let us go to Lambton headings to get our tools, & he said yes. He told us we would see Tom Neilson in Jubilee, as he was getting a bord ready for us. We walked in to our bord in Lambton Headings & got some of our tools & carried them out to the entrance of the travelling road & left them there. We went back & got the rest of the tools & the boring machine. We lent our rake to Joe Farley's crossmates. We took the tools out to the others & asked the flatter if we could put them in the Jubilee set of empty skips & send them down, & he said yes. We put everything into the front skip, except the long machine drill & the machine stand. We took the drill & stand down to Lundie's cabin, & as he was not there, we took them down to the flat just past the Jubilee shaft. We saw our tools on the flat, as they had been taken out of the skip by old Joe Trotter, who is the Flatter there now. We waited to see Tom Neilson, & he took us up a heading where Wally Gilmour was getting a bord ready. Dan Walker, the wheeler, took our tools to our bord, which has been opened out from 5 to 8 yards by Tom Davidson. We holed & dropped a jud, made part of another, & came up. A B.H. Budget came from Jim Tamblyn. We sowed more peas in the top garden this evening.

Fri. Feb. 3, 1893. Bob & I went out this morning to the Hexham swamp & nearly cleared Teddy Milton's duck hole near the one that we made last year. Jack & Charley were paid to-day. Co-op. worked 6½ days for this pay. Dibbs won by 3 votes.

Sat. Feb. 4, 1893. This morning Bob, Jack, Jim O'Brien caught our horse, & Jack rode him home. Bob, Jim, & I then went out to our duck hole & cut more reeds & cleared a part of the hole. We worked until 5 p.m. & came home. Jack went to Newcastle & got the groceries. There was a cricket match being played between the Hardes family & a scratch 11 as we were coming home. Jack lent our boat, "The Republican" to a party of lads for 5/-. Ted Bain died to-night of a fever. Fine weather.

Sun. Feb. 5, 1893. I walked over to Tom Stepney's this morning, & Mr. Stepney returned "The Labor Party In N.S.W." to me. Young Bill Stevens was there, & we tacked up a white cloth for a background, & Tom rigged his camera on a chair, & I took his photo as he sat on his bicycle. Tom developed the plate, & it came out moderately well. He lent me "The Australian Photographic Journal" for Oct. Nov. & Dec. 1892. I gave Alex Aikman his proof this evening. Red flags.

Mon. Feb. 6, 1893. Bob & I filled 8 skips of large coal & 4 of small. Also 2 of dirt. Jack worked again. This evening he sold our bait for 5/-, & our stumps for 5/-, to be paid next pay-day. Mother sent a letter of 10 pages, & a photo of our house with Sarah Pritchard standing in front, to Grandmother Eliza Rowe, Redruth. Fine.

Tues. Feb. 7, 1893. Bob & I filled 5 skips of large coal & 1 of small. Weight 11 cwt, which is good. Our Jack, Jack Mahony, & Wall Frew have gone fishing. Rainy weather.

Sat. Feb. 11, 1893. Writing to Jenna Grose. Jack & party returned without any fish. I have sent the "B.H. Christmas Graphic" to my Uncle Walter Perkyns, Redruth.

Wed. Feb. 8, 1893. Bob, Mick Carr, (Bill Austin), Jim O'Brien, & I went out to "The Burnt" on Hexham swamp & made a hole 72 yards long & 70 wide for Jim. Jack & party returned with some fishes. Red flag for Wallsend. Fine weather.

Thur. Feb. 9, 1893. Bob & I filled 10 of big coal. Weight 11. Co-op pit is idle. I received a "Budget" of Feb. 3rd. There is to be a debate in the Plattsburg Mechanics' Institute to-night between Wallace Nelson, of Queensland, & Elder White (Latter Day Saint) of America, on religion.

Fri. Feb. 10, 1893. Last night I heard the debate between Nelson, the infidel, & White, the saint, & enjoyed it very much. To-day Bob & I went out to the swamp & cut more reeds in the duck-hole. Bob, Jack, Sam Dean, & another went fishing this evening. Dry weather.

Sat. Feb. 11, 1893. Writing to Jenna Grose. Bob, Jack, & party returned without any fish. I sent the "B.H. Christmas Graphic" to my uncle Walter Perkyns, Redruth.

Mon. 13, Feb. 1893. We filled 8 of "round" & 1 of small coal. Our tonnage for next pay is:- 18 skips at 11 cwt., or 9 1/2 tons, 17 cwt. & 3 skips of small coal. White flag for Wallsend to morrow. Posted my letter to Jenna Grose. 6d. Rain this morning.

Tues. Feb. 14, 1893. Bob, Jack, & I worked at the hole in the swamp there being no work at the pits. Fine weather.

Wed. Feb. 15, 1893. We filled 8 skips of large coal & 1 of small. Co-op. also worked. Jack took my shot gun to Bill Morris, the blacksmith, to have the nipple repaired. Fine weather.

Thur. Feb. 16, 1893. We filled 9 of big coal. Weight 9-1-14. Rain.

Fri. Feb. 17, 1893. Bob & I worked half a day, & filled 5 skips of large coal. Tom Davidson, of Lambton, lent me Col. Ingersoll's reply to W.E. Gladstone. I took up our pay, which was £ 1-16-1. I bought a large bottle of Clement's tonic, & a 1/- box of Fletcher's

pills for Mother. Also a large piece of flat cork to make decoy ducks. A B.H. Budget came to-day.

Sat. Feb. 18, 1893. Bob, Jim O'Brien, & I worked at the hole in the swamp. Jack went to Newcastle & bought the groceries. Also a book on Geography for me. 6d. Rain.

Sun. Feb. 19, 1893. I read the "Bulletin" all day. Rainy.

Mon. Feb. 20, 1893. We filled 10 of big coal. Jack also worked at Co-op. pit. Tom Stepney lent me "The Year Book Of Photography" for 1893, & "An Australian Photographic Journal" for Jan. 1893. I lent Tom Davidson "Wilford's Microcosm", the exponent of Wilford Hall's substantial philosophy. Jack got my gun back from Bill Morris. Rain.

Tues. Feb. 21, 1893. Bob & I filled 9 skips of big coal. Weight 10 Co-op. pit worked. Fitzgerald's circus is at Wallsend to-night. I tested Jubilee water & found that it contains Na Cl. (Salt.)

Wed. Feb. 22, 1893. We worked again & filled 10 skips of large coal & 1 of small. No weight. Co-op. pit worked also. No work to-morrow. Dry weather.

Thur. Feb. 23, 1893. Jack, Bob, & I went out & worked in the hole in the swamp until the evening. We left the flat-bottomed dinghy in Bob's cover. We lost a tomahawk near my cover. We came back in our big boat. Both of our dogs, Nigger & Rap, were with us. Fine.

Fri. Feb. 24, 1893. To-day Bob & I caught our horse, & Bob took him home & put him in the cart while I picked out a load of splint coal in front of the Co-op. colliery screens. The miners are compelled to pick it out & throw it away because Jimmy Barr, the manager, said it is unsaleable; but it is the best part of the seam. Bob took a load to Granny Firth & unloaded it in her yard. We carted 2 loads to Mr. Jackson opposite to our house. After dinner we got a load of wood from the Minmi road. Bob took it in while I got another load ready. We carted another load to our place, & the next to Jackson's. Co-op. worked all day. White flags for both pits. Fine.

Sat. Feb. 25, 1893. This morning Bob & I walked with our 2 dogs to our duck-holes on the swamp. We worked at the hole all day, & made it about 30 yards wider. It is now about 120 yards long & 80 wide in the middle. We walked back & reached home at 20 past 7 p.m. Jack took my gun to Froome's to get a new nipple, but could not get one to fit. A B.H. Budget arrived to-day from Jim Tamblyn. Fine.

Sun. Feb. 26, 1893. Writing a letter to Alf Edwards. Fine weather.

Mon. Feb. 27, 1893. Filled 10 of round. Weight 10-14. Finished

my letter to Alf. It consists of 20 pages. Jack, Charley, Frank Allen, & Fred Baker have gone to the river. Co-op. is idle. Fine

Tues. Feb. 28, 1893. Bob & I filled 10 of big coal. I posted my letter to Alf Edwards. Our tonnage for next pay is 60 skips at 9-3-14 or 29 tons, 12 cwt., & 3 skips of small coal. Jack brought home big jewfish that he caught on the Jacob line near the Waratah smelting works.

~~Fri. Mar. 3, 1893. We filled 9 of large coal. Weight 9-3 & 11-1, average 10 cwt. Acting manager Boyd was down the WallSEND pit today. Co-op. worked. Fine weather.~~

Thur. Mar. 2, 1893. We filled 8 skips of large coal & 5 of small. I got our coal wedge at the weigh-cabin this morning. Co-op. worked. Hot weather.

Fri. Mar. 3, 1893. Filled 8 of round & 1 of small coal. Bob got our pay, which was £ 5-15-0 for 29 tons, 12 cwt at 3/10 per ton, & 1 ton 10 cwts. at 10d 4 per ton. Charley's pay was £2-19-6, for shifts at 7/- per day. Jack took my muzzle loader gun to George Sherar, & he put a new nipple in the right barrel for 1/-. At 9 p.m. Bob & I took our dogs, our decoys & guns, & went out to the swamp. We waited all night in our cleared place in the reeds, but did not get a shot. Foggy on the swamp, but fine later.

Sat. Mar. 4, 1893. This morning brother Bob & I came off the swamp & I bought 30 peaches of Peter Omadi (who lives where Charles Peckom used to reside) for 6d. We came home & slept until 4-30 p.m. We went down to Ironbark Creek & waited for old George Taylor to return with our boat, which he borrowed this morning for 5/-. He came with his family in the boat, at 7 p.m., 2 hours late. There was a party of 6 lads waiting to take the boat when the Taylors arrived. They have borrowed the boat until to-morrow evening for 5/-. I went to the Mechanics' Institute at 8 p.m. & heard Mr. Thomas Walker, M.P. deliver an address on the political situation. There was a very large audience there, & William Moss was chairman. Thomas Rose, M.P. was on the platform, & he spoke after Tommy Walker had finished. There was a lot of interruption in the meeting from Joe Houston, Tiplady, & others who were mostly drunk. A vote of confidence in Tommy was moved & seconded, & was supported by George Lloyd. An amendment was moved by Bill Hestlow, who said that he "believed in every man having "their" own opinions". The motion of confidence was carried almost unanimously. Tom Davidson, of Lambton gave me a bundle of Walker's speech, made in parliament on Feb. 3 1893, on the motion of Sir Henry Parkes, "That the chairman do not leave the chair." I went to Joe Senior's & bought an ounce of acetate of lead, for 3d, & gave him some of the copies of the speech to give away. Jack went with Tom Richmond, in our cart, to Newcastle & got our groceries. Fine weather.

Sun. Mar. 5, 1893. I read Tommy Walker's Lambton speech & the one he made at parliament house. Bob paid Bob Matthews 10/- for the muzzle-loading double barrelled gun, which made 15/- in all; & Bob gave ~~Matt~~ our Bob a receipt. Fine weather.

Mon. Mar. 6, 1893. At 3 o'clock this morning brother Bob & I went in our boat to Shelly Creek, which is a little tributary of Ironbark creek, & walked to the clearing we had made in the Hexham swamp, & waited for ducks until 7 a.m., but as none came we pulled some grass, picked up our decoys, & returned to the bridge at Fisherman's creek (another tributary) where I cut down an oak tree to make the bridge passable for dogs. I also cut a sapling to make a hand-rail. Jack got a swarm of bees from Tom Richmond this evening. Mrs. Burt was buried this afternoon. The Co-operative pit worked.

Tues. Mar. 7, 1893. This morning our Bob, Bob Richmond, Dick Hudson & I went to near Lintot's farm to fish. We prawned in Towns' creek with a mosquito net & caught some small mullets & some prawns. Then we fished opposite to a sandy beach below Lintot's house & caught 80 small fishes including breams, flatheads, & 1 whiting. We cleaned them by the river's bank, & when we finished a meal we sailed to the punt, where we stopped, & brother Bob got into the boat named "Rosetta", & pulled it to the Ironbark creek, boatshed for Jack Griffiths, who is training big, "Softy" Boag to pull against Alf Worboys in a boat race. Just then a thunderstorm came on & we waited until it passed, & then came home. I brought home a small bundle of lucerne from farmer Green, for our horse. Hot day; rain this evening.

Wed. Mar. 8, 1893. No work to-day. I read some of the articles in the "Year Book Of Photography" for 1893, & part of "August Stories". Co-op. pit worked. Work for Wallsend to-morrow. Rain & wind all day.

Thur. Mar. 9, 1893. Bob started to work on the front shift this morning, but could not go on account of Nelson street, Wallsend, being flooded. He came back home, & I went with him over the Co-p. line, to the Wallsend colliery pick shop, where we saw 20 men, wet through, waiting to see if there would be any work. A little after 7 a.m. we were told that there would be no work; so we came back by way of Nelson street, which was flooded from Jack King's pub to the canal near the Army hall. We waded through the street, but had much difficulty in keeping on our feet owing to the great force of the running water. All of the shops from King's pub to the canal were flooded. Some had the windows broken by the stream of flood water, & other shops had their doors burst open by the water that came in at the back & flowed out through the broken windows & doors. In some places the footpath was washed away, for the water was 4 feet deep in the street at 5 o'clock this morning. The shop-goods were wet, & some had been washed away. Heavy rain fell all last night, & the wind blew strongly from the south. The wind & rain still continue. The Wallsend athletic ground is covered with water, & some

boxes are washed up against the railway embankment near the goods shed. A chair was washed up onto a sleeper half way up. There is a big pitfall in the reserve near the old Wallsend pit, & water is rushing down it with such force that it is sending spray 20 feet into the air. A party of men have gone to stop the water from flowing in. All of the low land about Wallsend is covered by water. I paid George Clothier, the "pick-boy", 7d for a pick-handle that he made & put in for us.

Fri. Mar. 10, 1893. We are all idle again to-day. This morning I went to the Co-op. colliery railway line & picked up several dozen of bottle-corks, & brought them home. Jack found a horse-collar in the flood water. Some men in a boat shot 8 redbills close to the Co-op. ry. line. Our Bob & Jim O'Brien borrowed a boat from "Tit" Duncan & pulled about from place to place, & Bob shot a ~~mallee~~-mallee hen (a bird like a redbill). There were scores of men on the ry. line, looking at the flood water rushing through the bridge of the line. The embankment is washed away from the bridge, & 4 spans on each side are bare. The water was close to the pumping engine on the Northern side of the line, & was close to the tram line in Robert street. Most of the boats in the Ironbark Creek were taken out, & some were pulled up to Wilkinson's old slaughter house, & others were taken to the hill near the "Racecourse" pub. Jim Burgess & some others went over in his boat this morning to the Hexham swamp, where they shot 150 redbills that were in the top of the almost submerged oak trees. As the reeds are submerged, the swamp birds have to rest in the tree-tops around the swamp. Gomar Davis, Sam Dean, & Jim Robertson shot 12. The flood water is steadily rising, & being backed up by the tide, now extends as one big lake from Wallsend to Maitland. Several boats have sailed overland to Maitland, for the river has overflowed its banks for miles on both sides. The soil of some farms is washed down into Hexham swamp. Horses, cows, poultry, farm-houses, great trees, haystacks, furniture, & timber are being carried out to sea on the flood. Many of the farmers had to be rescued from the top of their houses. I bought 2 lbs. of shot of Davy Howell for 9d. Jim O'Brien cut my hair this afternoon. Still raining; wind south-east.

Sat. Mar. 11, 1893. This morning Bob, Gomar Davis, Sam Dean, Jim Robertson, & I went over to the edge of the flood water near the "Racecourse" pub. We intended to borrow a boat to go to the boatsheds to take our boat out of its shed, but we could not borrow one. We saw a party pulling a boat over & around the racecourse, on which the water was up to the lower edge of the rotunda roof. The eastern boundary fence of the course was completely under water, so a boat passed over it easily. The boatsheds are all covered by water, except ours, which is nearly covered. As we could not get our boat out we walked out on the Minmi road to James Fletcher's big house, & loaded our guns. We went to the edge of the water, & Gomar & Bob fired at a redbill in a tree 80 yards away, but missed. Bob called



me, & I fired at the bird & broke its wing & knocked it into the water. It started to swim away, so I stripped & swam after it & caught it after a long swim in the cold water. I swam back with the bird, holding it with my teeth. We then went to a gully, where Gomar shot a redbill in a tree. One of the dogs caught a redbill & brought it alive to Gomar. We saw Teddy Milton & party & had a chat with them. We went back past Fletcher's mansion (now Barr's) to the eastern side of the water. Gomar fired 2 shots at 2 redbills 20 yards in from the water's edge. One fell & swam about, so I swam in & got it, & Gomar gave it to me. The trees in the water were full of redbills, but they were out of the reach of our guns, so I waded out up to my chin, but was still too far off to shoot. Near the Minmi road Jim killed a black snake. Bob & Jim fired at a big hare, but missed it. At home Bob plucked & cleaned the 2 redbills & put them on to stew. Jack has made a beehive. It is reported that Jim O'Brien & one of the Divers rescued the Linigan family out near the Hexham swamp. It is now a large lake, & many boats have been sailing over it all day. One boat sailed up to Tarro & back. Dave Johns returned Volney's "Ruins Of Empires". Showery; wind south eas

Sun. Mar. 12, 1893. This evening I finished reading the "Year Book Of Photography" for 1893. I made a transparency of the ladies Waldegrave picture. This afternoon Jack, Gomar Davis, & some others went in Bag's boat to the boatsheds to get our boat out. Gomar dived 3 times before he could unlock the door. They brought the boat, net, tent, & sculls up to near Dave Lonergan's house. The water is only a foot below the top of our shed to-day. The owners of the boat "True Blue" went in it for a sail towards Hexham, but the boat struck a submerged fence, which smashed its bottom, so the crew were thrown into the water & had to stand on the fence for hours before they were rescued by the Pettigrews, & had their boat towed by them to Wallsend. Charley worked all day at Co-op. Our banana tree is flowering.

Mon. Mar. 13, 1893. Bob & I made a fresh start again & filled 10 skips of big coal. Weight for last day is 10-3. Our tonnage for the next pay is 45 skips at 10-1-14, or 23 tons, 6 cwt. & 3 tons of small coal. Brother Jack, Gomar Davis, Jack Mahony, Tlm Richmond, & Jack Patterson went in our boat for a day's shooting at redbills on Hexham swamp. They sailed to Tarro & Hexham, & came home via Elliot's, about 7 p.m. They took our dog "Rap", & he brought in every bird they shot. This morning I returned to Tom Davidson Col. Ingersoll's reply to W.E. Gladstone. Wrote part of my diary for 1892. Fine weather.

Tues. Mar. 14, 1893. We filled 10 skips of large coal. No weight. Jack put our boat back into the shed this evening. Bob took back the "Year Book Of Photography" for 1893 to Tom Stepney, Dr. John Nash's dispenser. Tom tried to pull out one of Bob's back teeth & broke it & left the stump in. Sam Dean & Jim Robertson were here this

evening to see us about going shooting to-morrow. Bob has agreed with Barty Davidson that he & his brother Ned shall be our crosses next quarter. No work for Wallsend to-morrow.

Wed. Mar. 15, 1893. I dug a part of our top garden & put in some French beans. Jack & the Salvation Army captain went with our horse & cart to Islington for some furniture, & brought it to Wallsend this afternoon. Charley is working. Liz-Jane got 6 lbs. of blasting powder at Trustcott's this evening. Fine weather.

Thur. Apr. 16, 1893. Bob & I filled 8 skips of large coal. Weights 10-2; 10-1-14; 11-3+14: average 10-3-14. There is a new sideline being made for skips at Co-op. colliery, & a gang of men are working day & night to finish it. Co-op. will work to-morrow, but not Wallsend. A B.H. Budget & a "Wallaroo Times" came from Jim Tamblyn.

Friday

Wed. Mar. 17, 1893. This morning Bob & I caught our horse, & Bob took him home while I picked out splint at the Co-op. screens. We carted 10 loads of it to our place. We finished carting at 2-30 p.m. I went for our pay, which was £ 4-10-6, for 23 tons, 6 cwt. at 10 per ton. The union dues were 5/- & 1/- fine for not attending the last monthly meeting of miners. There was a collection taken at the pay-office door for Bob Jeffery. Old Geordie Lonsdale was there too with a petition to release Jim Gay, who fatally shot his brother-in-law, Dave Stubbs, at Brookstown, Wallsend, about the same time as Old Jimmy Fletcher died. In the evening I bought a tin of Schultze gunpowder at Froome's for 3/-, 100 guncaps for 9d & a screw for my ramrod for 6d. Chatted with Dave Johns & came home. Charley lost a half-sovereign & found it again. Our Jack & his mate, John Young, were paid £ 5-5-8 for 27 tons, 10 cwt., at 3/10 per ton, & 4 tons of small coal at ~~11~~ 1/4 per ton, at the Co-op. colliery. Charley's pay is £ 2-14-0. Jim O'Brien lent me "The Chiniquy Lectures" this evening. I read 2 of them. Showery.

Sat. Mar. 18, 1893. Jack & I went to the Co-op. colliery this morning & had some marlinspikes & chisels sharpened. We went to Tom Hill's little colliery to splice a wire rope for his new winding drum. Jack found that the ropes to be spliced were too short & too old, & he advised Tom to get a new piece from Barr, which he promised to do. Afterwards Jack went by tram to Newcastle, but when at Dark Creek he found that he had forgotten to bring the money for groceries; so he had to walk back, get it, & take the tram again. He returned at 6 p.m. with a box of groceries, & I helped to carry them home. He bought a bottle of Mrs. Harle's toothache cure, & Bob put some on his tooth, & the pain stopped almost at once. Jack tried to buy some platinum perchloride & some potassium antimoniate in Newcastle, but could not. I went up with "Mick Carr" (Bill Austin) to Davis' house near the Wallsend reservoir & helped him to carry a beehive down to his house near the Plattsburg Mechanics'

Institute. Jack exchanged the 100 caps at Froomes for larger ones & a pound of shot. Liz-Jane & Pettigrew went to Newcastle. I read a part of Father Chiniquy's lectures to Mother. Cloudy, then clear.

Sun. Mar. 19, 1893. Finished Chiniquy's lectures. Following is an extract from the lecture entitled, Is The Church Of Rome a Branch Of the Church of Christ, Or Is It Old Heathenism Under a New Name ? Pages 13 & 14 of the 1878 edition.

In the Church of Rome they worship a Christ, but it is a false Christ. They pray to a Christ, they kneel down before a Christ, they adore him as the Son of God; but he is a false Christ, an idol. You remember that our Saviour said, "If any man say unto you, 'Lo, here is Christ, or there, believe it not. For there shall arise false Christs & false prophets, & shall show great signs and wonders, insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect. Wherefore if they shall say unto you, behold he is in the desert; go not forth: behold he is in the secret chamber; believe it not." Matt. chap. 24, verses 23 to 26.

Christ comes to warn us that in these latter days there would be false Christs who would establish such a beautiful religion, & do such wonderful things, that even the elect would be in danger of being deceived. Now, my friends, where is the church which constantly speaks of miracles & her marvellous deeds ? It is the Church of Rome. I have seen in that Church wonderful things which I considered miraculous, & I have had the reputation of having performed miracles. And at the time I was so completely deceived that I believed them to be miracles. It is easy to know that grand, marvellous, powerful establishment, which is so wise, so full of common sense, that she deceives almost the elect.

Our Saviour says these false Christs will have 3 characters, & the Christ adored by the Church of Rome possesses these three characters. The first character is that, generally speaking, the false Christs will live in a deserted place, in a desert; the second is that they will sometimes be here, sometimes be there; and the 3rd character is that they will dwell in secret chambers.

Now, I will show you as clearly as that two & two make four, that these Christs are nothing else but the Christs of the Church of Rome. I will tell you how the Christ of the Church of Rome is made every day by every priest.

When I was a priest I have made it thousands of times. How many times I have told my servant girl that I had no more good gods in my tabernacle, & requested her to make me some more wafers. She used to first mix some flour & water into dough, which she would then place between 2 warm irons, & cut out into wafers of different sizes. Then I would take, perhaps 200 at a time, & laying them on what is called the altar, I would pronounce over them these magic words-- "Hoc est enim corpus meum". And I had to believe that as soon as the last words were uttered, each wafer was Jesus Christ, this God who had created me; my God who had shed his blood to pay

my debt, my God who between Heaven & Earth on Calvary had died to save the world.

I was an honest man in my belief, & the priests of Rome are honest in their frightful blindness. After I had knelt down & adored the God whom I had made, I raised it above my head, & said to the people, "Come and adore your God, made man for you, who died on Calvary to save you".

And the poor blind people fell down on the.... & knees to the ground & worshipped on their knees, brought their faces to the ground, & worshipped the god I had made. I used to put 5 or 6 of these little gods into a small silver box which I carried everywhere when I was leaving the city.

These were to be given to the sick & the dying whom I might visit. When Mr. Donohoe fell sick at one end of the village I had to go & give him one of my Christs; & the next day when Bridget O'Brien fell sick at the other end of the village I had to carry her one of the Christs.

So this Christ of Rome was here to-day & there to-morrow; to-day was at one end of the village, & now he was in my pocket. So you see the first part of the prophecy was complete. Christ said, "When they tell you Christ is here or there, do not believe it."

When the pope says Christ is at the Northern end of Sydney the poor Roman Catholics run there & adore him; & when he says he is at the Southern end they rush there to give him worship; & they fly to the West & the East to worship their Christ.

Now, mind, I do not say this to turn the Roman Catholics into ridicule; I say in the presence of Almighty God, those who have eyes to see let them see; those who have ears to hear, let them hear. Let them use their intelligence, let them search their Bibles & see what it says.

The second character of the false Christs of Rome is that they will remain in a desert place. Now, there is not a more deserted place in the world than a church. People go there to pray, but nobody remains there. As soon as service is over the church is deserted.

The third character of the false Christ is that he will dwell in a secret chamber. Here is the great test by which we know the false character of the Christ of Rome. When I had finished saying my mass & had put a few wafers in my little silver box, I put the rest, sometimes a hundred, into a SECRET CHAMBER, which is called the tabernacle, & of which I had the key. Perhaps some of you will not believe what I tell you, but I will force you to believe.

Let any one of you go to the bishop of Sydney, to-morrow morning, & say to him, "Chiniquy has come to give us a lecture, but we fear he is crazy. He has told us things about your religion, but we cannot believe them. Will you please enter your church & answer some questions we will put". As a gentleman he will go with you to his cathedral, & when you arrive before the altar, look, & you will see a beautiful little door which is a masterpiece in its way. All that is rich, & precious, & beautiful, is put on that door. Ask the

bishop is there a secret chamber behind that door, & he will answer yes. Then ask him if there is anybody in that chamber, or what is the name of the personage who is in it. He will tell you that Jesus Christ is there. You will say "We presume, sir, that you mean that it is something to represent Christ, some memorial of him. You do not wish us to believe that it is Jesus Christ himself who is there in person." The bishop will answer, "Yes, sir, it is Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the living Christ who died on Calvary for you."

If the bishop does not say this, I consent to be hung in your city to-morrow. Thus you will hear, not from the lips of Chiniquy, but from a Romish bishop, that the terrible prophecy of Christ is accomplished. You will hear from the lips of that bishop, against whom I have not a word to say, except that he is terribly in the wrong, as I was, that the false Christs foretold by the Savior of the world are worshipped at your door, that they reign over multitudes, & are dragging them to perdition."

Charley worked at Co-op. new skipline all day. Fine weather.

Mon. 20 Mar. 1893. Bob & I filled 10 of big coal. No weight. Tom Davidson lent me a book entitled "Ceasar's Column", by Edmund Boisgilbert, M.D. I read some of it this evening. From Joe Senior Bob got some stuff to wash his mouth. Jack got a boring machine bar from Gordon, the blacksmith, in Nelson street. I took down 7 lbs. of blasting powder this morning. Fine weather.

Tues. Mar. 21, 1893. We only filled 5 skips of large & 2 of small coal, as we are "laying back", that is we are forbidden by the minersturnkeeper to fill as many as some other miners who have not filled as many as we have during the last fortnight. Bob went home early with a pain in his side. The French beans are peeping above the ground. Reading "Ceasar's Column". Cloudy.

Wed. Mar. 22, 1893. I went to work on the front shift this morning as Bob was too ill to go. I filled 5 skips of big coal & fired a middle shot. Finished reading "Ceasar's Column". Rain.

Thur. Mar. 23, 1893. I worked by myself again to-day & filled 5 of big coal. Weight 10-2. Bob is not well yet. Jack re-oiled his oilskin coat, & made another beehive. Co-op. is idle. Jack cleaned the old paint off the oars with a strong solution of washing soda & caustic potash. The Co-op. miners cavilled for places this evening, & he & his new mate, Jim Pettigrew, were cavilled to the Brattice Heading. Alex Ross, the manager of Wallsend pit, is back from Tasmania. I read 2 of Chiniquy's lectures to Mother this evening. Rain nearly all day, & at night.

Fri. Mar. 24, 1893. I worked alone to-day & filled 5 skips of big

coal. Shot down a back-end & partly made another. Only Wallsend big tunnel worked to-day. Co-op. worked. Weight 10. Cloudy.

Sun. Mar. 26, 1893. Trying to dissolve what miners call "brass" is found in coal, & is not really brass, but a double sulphide of iron. Writing part of my diary for Mar. 1892.

Mon. Mar. 27, 1893. Bob went in on the front shift this morning, we filled 9 of big coal. Weight for Saturday was 10-1. Our tonnage for next pay is 60 skips at 10-2-14 average, which is 38 tons, cwt, 3 qrs. Also 1 skip of small coal. Jack started to work this morning with Jim Pettigrew. No work for either pit to-morrow. Cl

Tues. Mar. 28, 1893. I weeded the peas & onions, & sowed more peas & beans this morning. This afternoon I put in sticks for the peas & tomatoes. Jack has been making poppet-heads for our boat nearly all day. Finished reading "August Stories, or The Schooner Mary Ann", by Jacob Abbott; published in 1873. Showery.

Wed. Mar. 29, 1893. I dug part of the ground in the top garden & sowed some parsnip seeds in drills 18 inches apart. I then sowed radish seeds in drills 8 inches apart, & turned up ground near the bottom tank in the corner of the top garden. This afternoon our Jack, Jack Mahoney, & some boys went in our boat to the railway bridge over Ironbark Creek. They left the boat there, & went to the oaks near Elliot's farm & searched for our dinghey, but could not find it. Old David Roberts asked me for some parsley roots, & I gave him 5 that I dug out. He said he would give me some turnip-rooted cabbage plants if I would go to his house; so I went, & he gave me 40 of them, & Jack planted them in the top of the bottom garden. ~~This afternoon our Jack, Jack Mahoney,~~ Jack bought some seeds of long scarlet radish, drumhead lettuce. & long horn carrots. Charley worked. Rain this evening.

Thur. Mar. 30, 1893. This is Pay Thursday, as to-morrow will be Good Friday. I got our pay, which was £ 6-4-8. Jack got £ 2-14-0. Charley's pay was £ 5-3-0 for 15 shifts at 7/- per shift. I returned the Australian Journal Of Photography to Tom Stepney, & gave him some hydroquinone that he gave me some months ago. I went to young Bill Stevens, who has started barbering next door to the Carlington pub, & had a shave. Bought the Bulletin at Tom McCrae's shop. Bob got a new trousers & vest, for which he was measured, at Collins', for £ 2-0-0. Jack paid David Frew 7/6 & finished paying the pound for the pump. Bought some chlorate of potash. Jack & I planted shallots & lettuce in our bottom garden. Cloudy weather.

Fri. Mar. 31, 1893. Good Friday. This morning brother Jack & a party of small boys went down the river to search for our lost dinghey. They met Mr. Lintot who told them that he had the dinghey until last night, when it was stolen from his shed. They sailed

to the market wharf at Newcastle, & then to Ironbark Creek via Limeburners' Bay, Tomago, & Scott's Point. Bob went to the eistedfod at the Wallsend Agricultural Hall ( the "Tin Hall" ) this afternoon. I stayed at home all day, experimenting with sulphide of iron, or "brass", as the miners call it. Also with various soluble salts. Jack paid Jim Garish 5/- as an instalment for his share of our boat, "The Republican". Rain this evening.

Sat. Ap. 1, 1893. I dug some ground in the bottom corner of the top garden & sowed some drumhead lettuce seeds in drills 6 inches apart. The Wallsend horseraces are on to-day, but I did not go to see them. Jack & Bob watched the races from the outside. I received a letter from Alf Edwards. The Salvation Army Guards Band, number one, is in the Wallsend Army hall this evening. The Band is making a tour in aid of the victims of the great flood of Mar. 14. Jack went to Newcastle for groceries, & paid 2/6 deposit for a camera, legs, 2 lenses, & 3 double dark slides, at Allard's pawnshop near the Australian Agricultural Company's bridge. Rain.

Sun. Ap. 2, 1893. This morning at 11 o'clock Jack, Bob, & I went to the Wallsend Army hall in Nelson street to hear the Guards Band play. Major Unsworth led the meeting & occupied 70 minutes in speaking, singing, & praying. The Band only played a few dull tunes. This afternoon we went to the Wallsend Reserve to hear the band again. There was a large crowd there, & the seats were nearly full. The band played a tune, & major Unsworth said that the meeting was called to get money for those who suffered by the Hunter River flood. He called on Sam Summerville, mayor of Wallsend, to address the audience. Sam said, "Ladies & gentlemen, when I came here I had no idea that I would be called on to speak on behalf of the object of this meeting; although I had been requested, as Mayor, to open this meeting. Captain Sims has done that, & I am glad he has done his work so well. This meeting has been convened by the Salvation Army to raise funds to aid those who have been rendered homeless & destitute by the disastrous flood in this district; & I hope you will put your hands in your pockets & when you draw them out don't draw them out empty."

Unsworth called on Oswald Steel, mayor of Plattsburg, to say a few words. Steel mounted a buggy, & said he was not afraid to go into the ring, but got up there to make them hear him. He praised the Army for raising money for such a good purpose, & said he hoped they would respond liberally to the appeal for help. Unsworth then called on Ninian Melville, M.P., who said that he was glad to see that efforts were being made to supply the temporal wants of the unfortunate people who suffered by the flood; & he was glad to see that it was a Christian body that had called the meeting. He did not wish to hurt the feelings of any person, but he would like to ask why the Freethought societies did not convene meetings to raise a fund for the relief of the flooded-

out people. And he asked where are the hospitals, asylums, & orphanages, & shelters that are built, endowed, & supported by Freethinkers? Christianity has always been on the side of humanity, freedom, & justice; & although some men who profess to be Christians have been otherwise, that was their fault. Where is there an asylum, or a hospital, or an orphanage that has been built, endowed, & supported Tom Paine, Gibbon, Bradlaugh, Jos Symes, or Ingersoll? If there is one in the world he never heard of it; & if anybody knew where it is let him speak of it & say where it is.

The rev. Thomas Davies made a very good speech. Unsworth spoke again & begged for money. Collection boxes were passed around & £ 12-0-0 were collected. Ossy Steel then spoke again. He said that the Hunter River Relief Fund amounted to over £ 100 0-0. He said there was a person present whom he knew had lost absolutely everything through the flood, & if he would speak he could tell them more about the flood. The person, an old man, said he was not in a fit state to speak, as he was weak yet through having been in the water 2 nights & a day before he was rescued from the roof of his house. His next neighbour was drowned, & another neighbour, an old woman, was drowned. Two others, a man & his wife, had to cling to rafters in the roof & were mouth above water when rescued. When he was rescued he was offered brandy, but he refused it. An old friend of his was rescued at the same time, & he drank brandy & has died. The band played a few tunes, & the drummer used 2 drumsticks in a very showy & skilful way.

Old Mr. Cowl, who lived next door to Sutherland's pub, died today. Writing my diary for Ap. 9th 1892. Lightning.

Mon. Ap. 3, 1893. This morning at 6-15 Bob, Jack, Jack Mahoney & I went to Ironbark Creek & took our boat out of the shed. We pulled to the river & found that a strong wind was blowing from the West & the tide was running out, so Bob & I landed at the first boatshed from the mouth of the creek, to lighten the boat while Mahoney & Jack pulled it to Hexham. Bob & I walked there. When we arrived we saw Bill Andrew, & Alf Clemens who lived at Wallaroo Mines, South Australia. Alf recognised me at once, & I knew him. Jack & Mahoney soon arrived, & Bill & Alf went in the boat with them to Tomago, while Bob & I waited at Hexham for the steamer "Aggie" to arrive from Newcastle, as we intended to go with her to the Paterson River. A man & 3 children waited. She arrived at 10-30 a.m., but was crowded with passengers, so did not stop. We shouted to the captain, but he did not stop, so we were all very much disappointed. The others told us they had come from Minmi & had waited in the cold wind since 8 a.m. We all went to the railway station at Hexham, & the strangers went to Minmi by the next train. Bob & I then decided to go to West Maitland, but found that the next train would not leave Hexham until 1-40 p.m.; so we got on the steam punt with



134. 135.

2 carts. I paid the fares, 1d each, & we walked down on the Northern side of the river to Tomago, where we found Jack & party. They had our guns, & had been shooting in the scrub. We had a meal at the place where the jetty stood before the March flood washed it away. All of us but Bob then sailed down to a creek, near Limeburner's Bay, which connects the bay with the river. We left the boat there & walked to the mouth of the bay, where we met Jos Halliday & a mate. They told us they had been camped there all night & their boat had got adrift during the night. Some of their crew had borrowed an old boat to find the lost one. Jos & the other man had borrowed another boat & had found theirs on the opposite shore. Their mates had not returned then (3 p.m.), & I don't know if they ever came back. We did not shoot anything, but had a hard pull back to Tomago against the wind & tide. At 4 p.m. Bob joined us, & we sailed up to Scott's Point. From there we pulled to the boatsheds & put the boat away. Andrew & Clemens left us at Tomago & walked to Hexham punt.

Mother, Liz-Jane, & Charley have been at home all day.

Sun. Ap. 4, 1893. I dug up the ground near the house & planted out some strawberry plants in lines a foot apart. Bill Austin & Jim O'Brien came this afternoon, & Bill took out the locks of my gun & cleaned it. Received a B.H. Budget from Jim Tamblyn. Jack worked in the pit. Dry, but cloudy weather.

Wed. Ap. 5, 1893. At six this morning Bob, Jim Robertson, Sam Dean, Bill Austin & I left home & walked to our boatshed. We had a gun each, & Sam had his dog "Tim". We pulled our boat to Ironbark Creek's mouth, hoisted the sail & jib, & sailed down the Hunter. Near Gregson's house we picked up seagulls that Bob shot flying. We sailed to the Waratah smelting works. Bill tried to shoot 6 black ducks in a pool, but his gun missed fire. Jim shot 2 avocets, about the size of a large ~~pigeon~~ pigeon, & coloured thus;— Head & neck brown; belly pure white; back dark brown & white; wings black & brown; legs long & yellowish feet half webbed; head round & bulging in front; beak 3 to 4 inches long, & is thin, flexible, & turned up. We fired 9 shots at a lot of whistling ducks & wounded 2. I got 1 of them, but the other swam away while we were getting off the mud. The ducks settled down again, & Bill & I crept close to them & shot 2. Sam shot a king hunter, & Jim took it home to stuff it. We pulled to the sheds, & reached home at 7 p.m. Wallsend miners cavilled this evening. Cloudy.

Fri. Ap. 7, 1893. To-day I filled 8 skips of large coal while Bob carried our tools to the furnace flat, put them into the Magpie set of skips, & took them in a skip to our bord. As there is no work for Bob & me to-morrow, we arranged with Jim Robertson & Joe Smiles to go down the river to Limeburners' Bay to-night to shoot ducks on the swamp. Co-op. is to be idle to-

morrow. Our weight for the last day we worked is 10-1. Our Jack, Jack Mahoney, & some others were up the river fishing to- & caught 10 fishes. Received my book, "Twelve Lectures, or Christendom Astray", by R. Roberts.

Sat. Ap. 8, 1893. Last night Joe Smiles, Jim Robertson, Bill Austin, brother Bob, & I went to the creek in Limburners' Bay, which is a wide expansion of the Hunter river northward, & lighted a fire, boiled a billy, & had breakfast. When we had rested awhile we loaded our guns, broke off mangrove branches to make a cover & all of us took the branches to the swamp & made a cover. I went to the Western end of a large pool & saw a great number of black swans on the water. As I walked towards them they swam away, so I tried to drive them towards Bob & the others, but they soon rose into the air. I fired at them & missed. I then went to the Western end & fixed up a seat made of a stick with a bit of board nailed on it, & waited with 4 decoys until 8 a.m. Then I went to Bob's cover while Jim & Bill went to a flock of ducks that had settled on the water. I went back to the boat & made a fire & put the billy on. The others soon arrived with 2 avocets that Joe had shot. After a meal we pulled back to a little creek, but as the tide was out we got stuck in the mud; so Joe & I shoved the boat into deep water. We tried to sail to Tomago, but the wind was against us, so we had to pull to Scott's Point, but from there we sailed to the mouth of Ironbark creek. While we were pulling up the creek Jim shot a diving-duck. We put the boat away, & Bob gave the 2 avocets & the duck to Joe Smiles. Bill had a bittern that Bob shot. Jack bought "The Town & Country Journal". Rain.

Sun. Ap. 9, 1893. Writing my diary this morning. Read the paper to Mother. Fine weather.

Mon. Ap. 10, 1893. No work for Wallsend pit. I dug up a bit of ground where the parsnips were & put 35 cabbage plants in it from the bed near the top fence. Bob & I shovelled some gravel out of the creek & threw it into the bottom garden. I watered all of the seeds & plants. Jack went fishing with the Pettigrews. They prawned in Towns' creek & fished near Gregsons house, & he brought home 18 fishes including 4 eels. The weather was hot & cloudy.

Tues. Ap. 11, 1893. This morning at 4 o'clock Bob & I went with Jim O'Brien to the "BURNT" on the Hexham swamp. I went to Bill Austin's pool; Bob to Wallace's; & Jim to his own. I partly loaded my gun in the cover, & found that I had lost my shot-pouch & shot; so Jim gave me 6 charges. I changed my clothes & waited in the cover until 8 a.m., but as I did not get a shot I picked up

my decoys & went to the edge of the swamp & searched for the shot-pouch, but could not find it. Bob & Jim came off soon after wards. Two ducks flew into Jim's pool & he shot one, which went into the reeds, but the dog "Rose" found it. Bob did not get a shot. This afternoon I sowed some peas in the bottom garden & watered the seeds & plants in the top one. The radishes, peas, & beans are coming up. Co-op. worked. Dry.

Wed. Ap. 12, 1893. We started to-day in our new bord in Magpie district. The bord is wet, but the holing is good, as there is no "brass" in the coal. George Veal & George Pond are in the bord next to ours. We found 10 skips of loose coal in the cut-through. We finished making a sump, & fired a shot, & filled 9 skips of big coal. No weight for the last day worked. Tom MacClean is wheeling from us with the old horse "Prince" that Alf E wards used to wheel with in the Jubilee district. I gave Barty Davidson "Ceasar's Column" to return it to Tom Davidson of New Lambton. George Clothier gave Bob a "Sermon on Revelations", which Mr. Haworth gave him for me. I met Joe Smiles on the way home. He & Bill Austin were out at "Doghole" near Minmi, yesterday, but got nothing. Our Jack & some others went fishing in the Hunter to-day. Liz-Jane also went, but in Pettigrew's boat--"The Thistle". They all caught some near Gregson's & the punt, & returned at 7 p.m.

Thur. Ap. 13, 1893. This afternoon Bob, Jim O'Brien, & I went with our 3 dogs to Shelly creek. Bob & Jim stayed there, while I took 9 decoys, a reaping-hook, & my gun, to our pool in the swamp to repair the covers & to wait for a shot in the evening. I tied Nigger & Rap to a tree; but Rap tried to get away & yelped so much that Bob had to hold him until I had gone; & when Bob let him go he followed me to the pool. I cut a lot reeds & put them around Bob's cover, & cut some small reeds & rushes in the pool. I waited until nearly dark, but all I shot was a bittern, & as the dog had gone I could not find the bird. Bob & I pulled to the sheds, put the boat away, & came home. Co-op. worked  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a shift. A man named Tom Archibald burst a blood vessel & died in the Co-operative pit this afternoon. He is Jack Haydon's brother-in-law.

Fri. Ap. 14, 1893. This morning Bob & I put fresh leathers on our oars & mended our net. I got our pay, which was £ 1-11-5 less 2/- doctor's fees. Tonnage was 8 tons 14 cwts. Bob, Mahoney, Jack, Harry & Bill Wicken, & another, went to the river this evening to fish, Jack Hayden was here this evening.

~~Charley's pay was £ 1-18-0.~~ Charley's pay was £ 2-0-0, minus 6/- for the doctor, for 6 shifts at 7/- per shift. Jack's pay was £ 1-18-0. Clear weather.

Sun. Ap. 16, 1893. I wrote part of a letter to Jim Tamblyn in reply to his of the 30th of March. Fine weather.

Mon. Ap. 17, 1893. This morning I arose at 3 o'clock, had breakfast, took Nigger, my gun, & 8 decoys & went with Jim O'Brien to the edge of the swamp. I left Jim there & went in on Bill Austin's old track to his pool, & from there I walked to the last oaks at the end of Fisherman's creek. Owing to a thick fog I lost my way & found myself at the Eastern end of the reeds. When daylight came I found the track to our pool. I put out the decoys, covered the dog with a bag, & waited for ducks to alight on the pool. At 6-30 a.m. a black duck came & settled behind 2 decoys. I fired, but the decoys stopped most of the shot. The duck flew & settled down a few yards away. As Nigger would not hunt for it I never got it. I left the swamp at 9 a.m. & went home. In the afternoon I planted out some leeks & cabbages in the top garden. Jim gave me a bittern that he shot. I cleaned it, & Mother gave it to Mrs. Summers for Ethel, who is ill. Dry weather.

Tues. Ap. 18, 1893. I wrote some more of my letter to Jim Tamblyn. This afternoon I planted some more cabbages in the top garden. The peas that I sowed on the 11th of Ap. are coming up. Jack & some others have gone fishing on the river. Dry weather.

Wed. Ap. 19, 1893. This morning Jim O'Brien & I went out to the swamp again. I went to our pool, & Jim to his. At 7 a.m. a young black duck flew into my pool & I shot it & picked it up. I fired at 12 swans that flew over, but missed. Jim shot 2 ducks & found a powder flask. We left the pools at 9 a.m. & came home. I prepared "Looking Backward" & "Why I Am a Republican" to send them to Jim Tamblyn with my letter of 36 pages, which weighs  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ounces apothecary's weight. With the letter I enclose a photo of the Tomago well & windmill with a horse pumping water. The main topics of the letter are the late flood in the Hunter valley; the utilization of natural forces; nationalisation of mines; shareholding; Mark Twain's story of the beaver; remarks on the photos he sent; a description of the photos I sent; & the death of Humphrey Davy,, one of the companions of mine when we were boys. Sister had the books & letter weighed at the post office, & put 3 2d stamps on the letter & 2 on the books. I transplanted 20 cabbage s into the hill of the bottom garden. Bob skinned the duck & salted the skin to make a decoy. Jack got 2/6 of me to buy a ticket in Tattersall's sweep. Work for Wallsend tomorrow.

Thur. Ap. 20, 1893. Bob & I filled 11 skips of large coal. No weight. I gave George Clothier the sermon on Revelations.

to give to Mr. Haworth. This evening I went to the Mechanics' Institute & saw Jack Estell. John Robinson, Malcolm Davidson, Dave Watkins, & Bob Brown. We went into Howell's pub & engaged a room. When there were 8 persons present Dave Watkins said he had convened the meeting with the object of forming a branch of the Australian Socialist League. Hugh de Largie said we need not expect a very large number to join us yet; & that we had better proceed to elect officers, & thus form the branch. Jack Estell was then voted to the chair. John Robinson moved that Dave Watkins be secretary of the branch; but Dave declined, & de Largie was persuaded to take the position. Jack Estell was elected as Chairman; Robinson as Treasurer; & Watkins as Delegate; all offices to be filled for 6 months. We paid our entrance fees of 1/- each. Monthly contributions to be 6d per member. After some discussion of the best way to spread a knowledge of socialism, Watkins suggested that we try to induce Mrs. Rose Sutherland to lecture on the Islington or Wallsend reserve some Sunday afternoon. I suggested that we could use the daily papers for propaganda purposes. Those present were, Robert Brown; Hugh de Largie; Malcolm Davidson; John Estell; John Bailey Robinson; David Watkins; John Hill, & myself. We decided to send to Fergie Reid, of New Lambton. for copies of the Constitution & rules of the Socialist League. The secretary was instructed to try to get a small room in the Institute for us to meet in. We also decided to meet on the 4th of May at 7-30. Rain at 10 p.m.

Fri. Ap. 21, 1893. I went out to the swamp this morning with Bob Boag. I went to our pool, but only got a flying shot at a bittern & missed. At 9-15 I started for home. On the way I met Jim O'Brien & Bob Boag. Jim had shot the only ducks that flew on the "Burnt" this morning. Co-op. worked  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a day. After dinner, Bob, Jim O'Brien, & I went out with our horse & cart & got 2 loads of dry firewood. One load we gave to Jim, & the other to Mrs. Jackson. At 3 p.m. we went to the new Wallsend Hospital to see the opening ceremony. Alex Ross was speaking when we arrived. Then Kidd, the postmaster general, spoke. Binney jumbled a while, & when he had finished jabbering, Mr. Thomas Walker delivered an eloquent address. Ninian Melville followed. He told a few funny little lies, snuffled about the "Great Master", ridiculed the excellent speech of his colleague, Mr. T. Walker, & sat down. Parson Fulton then spoke; & the ex-Socialist, Joe Cook, moved a vote of thanks to everybody who had helped to have the hospital built. Mr. Ralph Snowball then photographed the principal speakers on the verandah. I forgot to say that Alf Edden spoke after Ninny Melville. Fine weather.

Sat. Ap. 22, 1893. I got up at 4 o'clock & called at Jim O'Brien's house, but he said it was too late to go to the swamp, & he went back to bed. I got both dogs & went to the swamp near the Co-operative railway to shoot redbills. I waited until daylight, but could not see any; so I went to the canal & fired at a crane on a tree. It did not seem to be hit, & flew back in descending circles, so I fired again & it fell dead. I came home & cleaned some gravel out of the creek that runs through our yard. I wheeled ashes into the bottom garden & spread them by the bridge fence. Jack mended a lantern that we found in the scrub yesterday. This afternoon Sister went to the Lambton Co-op. store, & walked back. Bob & Jack went to a cricket match, & Jack played. Co-op. worked half a shift. Jack bought "Truth", & the "Star", & ordered the "Workman" at Bill Lochrin's shop in Nelson street. A little rain.

Sun. Ap. 23, 1893. I read the "Truth", the "Advocate", & the ~~the~~ "Star". I did not go out. Fine weather.

Mon. Ap. 24, 1893. We filled 10 of large coal. Our tonnage for next pay is 18 skips at 10-1-14-- the average of the pit-- or 9 tons, 6 cwt., & 3 qrs. Poor old Rowland Hughes is filling small coal in Magpie. Co-op. pit worked. The Australian Joint Stock Bank has suspended payment. Fine weather.

Tues. Ap. 25, 1893. Charley took 2 bags of splint coal & a bedstead to Hamilton for Tom Richmond Yesterday. Co-op. worked 1/2 of a day. Rain this evening.

Wed. Ap. 26, 1893. Bob & I filled 9 skips of big coal, 2 of which we filled in the bord of our crossmates, Barty & Ned Davidson, as the deputies--Jack Millar junior, & Bill BurrIDGE were laying our bord turn. I gave George Pond a leaflet containing the objects of Socialism. Charley transplanted some cabbages into the bottom garden, & Jack made a box for use in the boat. Bob has toothache yet, but he has some rum to hold in his mouth to cure the ache. I tested the rum with chemical reagents & found acid, but no metallic salts, in it. I arranged with Joe Lidbury to go shooting with him in the morning. Jack Brock, of Brookstown, was here to ask to go in our boat to the river to see Alf Worboys row against Jim Boag for a prize of £ 50, next Saturday. Jack Brock won £ 25 on the Rosehill races. Jack Davis also won £ 25, & a woman in Brookstown won 75 pounds in Tattersall's sweep. Clear & cold.

Fri. Ap. 28, 1893. I arose at 3-30 this morning, had breakfast got the breech-loading gun & the decoys, & waited until 4-30 for Joe Lidbury; but as he did not come I went up & called Jim O'Brien. We went as fast as possible to the swamp. Daylight was breaking when we arrived, but I had some trouble to find

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the track. I went to our pool & was putting out the decoys when 10 swans flew over. Coming home, at 9 a.m. I fired at a bittern & missed. Tot Hepplewhite shot a bittern. This afternoon Bob got our pay, which was £ 1-13-3, for 9 tons, 6 cwt. at 3/10 per ton. I sowed more radishes in the top garden. Jack brought groceries from Lambton co-operative store. Charley's pay was £ 1-6-3 for 3 ~~33~~<sup>33</sup> x <sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> days at 7/- per day, less 2/- doctor's fee. Jack's pay was £ 1-7-9. Rainy.

Sat. Ap. 29, 1893. This morning Jack & Bob went in our boat, with Wally Frew & Jim Robertson, to the hayshed near Scott's Point on the Hunter river to see Alf Worboys pull a boat against Jim Boag for fifty pounds. There was a large number of people there to watch the race, & the steamer "Aggie" brought many from Newcastle. The course was from below the first turn below Tomago to the Hexham coal shoot. The race started at 2-30 p.m., & Worboys led nearly all the way & won by several 1 lengths. Some spectators ran along the banks & "barracked" for their favourites; some followed on horseback; some in boats; & some on the Aggie. A great deal of interest was taken in the race, & lot of betting was done. On the way home Jack & party stopped at Millan's wharf, opposite to Tomago, & asked Mr. Millan to sell a dinghey that was lying on the wharf. He gave it to Jack for nothing; so they put it on the boat, brought it to our shed, & carried it home. It had been washed to Millan's place by the late flood & was much damaged. Its dimensions are:- length, 16 ft. 4 ins.; breadth, 18 inches. It is made of pine. Liz-Jane & her Dad went with our horse & cart to the Lambton co-op. store, & got some groceries, as we have 5 shares in the society. I spent the day in finding & arranging bills & receipts. Jack has bought 14 yards of unbleached calico to make a tent. Bob bought a shilling ticket for the raffle of a boat called "No Name". It is a sailing skiff owned by Maurice Chalmers.

Sun. Ap. 30, 1893. I read the "Workman" & hunted up old bills & arranged them. Fine weather.

Mon. May 1, 1893. This morning I arose at 2-45 & had breakfast I went, with decoys, to Jim O'Erien's house, & we went out the swamp. Jim went to his pool & I went to ours. Good moonlight. I set out my decoys, changed, loaded the breechloader, sat down in the cover, & waited. An hour later a duck settled in a Lambton man's pool, & soon afterwards 3 ducks flew into my pool, but I could not see them distinctly. Then the Lambton man fired, & one duck flew & alighted again but kept so still that I could not distinguish it from the decoys. Suddenly they flew away. I waited until 8-30 a.m. & started for home. I saw 12 shooters who had just come off the swamp. Most of them had been out all night, & nearly every one had a pair of

ducks. Jim had 1 red duck. Jack & Sister have nearly made the tent, which is 9 x 11 feet. This evening we repaired the dinghey. All idle to-morrow. Fine weather.

Tues. May 2, 1893. This morning Jack & I went out to our pool on the swamp & took our 2 dogs. We stayed in the covers until 8 a.m., but did not see a duck, so we walked back to the edge. There we met Jim O'Brien & George Wilson who had been out since 11 last night, but did not shoot anything. Near Omadi's place Jack shot 2 red cheek parrots, & Wilson shot one. They gave Jim the 3. In the afternoon Jim O'Brien & I finished mending the dinghey. ~~xixxxx transplanted some xaxxagax~~ I bought a ticket of George Wilson for the raffle of Walter Gough's gun. I collected Witherspoon's bills & receipts. Both pits idle to-morrow.

Wed. May 3, 1893. This morning Bob bought another sixpenny tin of green paint & painted the outside of the dinghey. I transplanted 75 cabbages to the bottom garden. Jack sowed some oats near the bottom fence., Charley sowed parsnip seeds. Work for both pits to-morrow. Fine weather.

Thur. May 4, 1893. Bob & I only filled 8 skips of big coal, as there was a smash-up of skips in the pit. I got 2 powders of Tom Stepney for Bob's toothache. Bill Stevens told me he is learning the song, "I Cried Copper", for the Wallsend Amateur Minstrel Party, of which he is a member. I met Jack Estell, who told me there would be no meeting of the Socialist League to-night.

Fri. May 5, 1893. We filled 11 skips of large coal. Weight 10-3. Bob looked for Ike Fretwell, Charley Fretwell, Jim Robertson, Sam Dean, Gomar Davis, & Joe Smiles, to go to Limburner's Bay swamp this evening, but as he could only get Joe & Jim we did not go. I received a letter from Jenna Grose. Co-op. worked  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a day. Both pits idle to-morrow. Fine weather.

Sat. May 6, 1893. This morning I bought 2 pounds of pitch at George Froome's shop in Nelson street, & Jim O'Brien & I pitched the dinghey. We put it into the creek that flows through our yard, & found that it leaks. After dinner Bob & I took the dinghey on our cart to the fence near Hardes' house, & from there we carried it to the track that leads to our pool. Bob went home with the horse & cart, & I pulled the dinghey to the edge of the reeds where the water is deep enough to float it, & gradually worked it up to the old pool at the end of the track. From there I cut a straight track to the big mangrove at the end of Fisherman's creek. I then went back to the old pool & widened the track in various places. Jack, Jim Robertson, Wally Frew, & Jack Mahoney went fishing this morning. This evening they returned with a few fishes & a mallee hen. Fine weather.





# INDEX.

47. A.  
 Aunt Grace, 1. Adelaide, 9. Annear, 22. Address, 20. Andrew, 19. 134.  
 Andrews, 31. 31. Aikman, 66. Attack, 39. Avery, 78. Accident, 85. Aust  
 in, 122. Arthur, Mrs., 132. Accident, 37. "Aggie", 111. Andrews,  
 F., 19. 26. Avocets, 135. Aikman, 117. Allen, 100. "Art Of Brewing",  
 117. Allen, 88. 89. 96. 124. Albumenised plates, 91. 94. Aunt, 95.  
 Aikman, 121.
- Brooks, A, 8. Broken Hill, 10. Burtchell, 10. Bob, 11. 38. 119. Burrows,  
 84. 87. 89. Beetaloo, 13. 28. B oase, J, 19. 34. Byron, 107. Barr, 87.  
 115. 116. 117. 119. Brunker, 108. Birrell, 115. Berriman, J, 26.  
 Barron, 28. Burnishing, 113. Beehive, 119 "Barrier Miner", 85.  
 Boatshed, 95. Boag, 102. 111. Bradley, 95. Bees, 99. Bousfield, 109.  
 120. 87. Blight, 29. Bain, 121. Boatshed, 119. Bice, 52. Broad, 52.  
 Baker, 124. Blair, 54. Brown, 87. Bennetts, 4. 60. 22. Bodinna, 27.  
 Balhannah, 29. Bridgewater, 30. Blanksby, 110. Brown, 54. B.H. Strike,  
 74. Bawden, 52. Bendigo, 43. Briscoe, 78. Ball, Lizzie, 38.  
~~Bennetts, 32~~ Boycott, 39. Bowie, 39. Brooks, A, 34. Broken Hill, 35.  
 51. Birthday, 41. Ballarat strike, Bob, 112. Black, 117. Barr, 119.  
 .Boag, 125. Beehive, 128. *Books read 110.*  
 Convict ship "Success", 113. Carlyle, 95. Cromwell, 95. Carr, 98.  
 Cherry, 100. 101. Carter, 101. Cudlip, 32. Charters Towers, 32. C or-  
 nish, 52. Cook, 54. Capel, 65. Cousins' names, 81. Capt. Anthony, 6.  
 Carlin, 13. Crosby, 17. Crystal Brook, 27. Cosgrove, E, 33. -Cherry, 111.  
 Cooper, J, 34. Cousins names, 48 A. Clements, 112. Chiniquy, 128. 130.  
 Ceasar's Column", 131. Camera, 133. Clemens, 134. Cardiff, 12. 119.  
 Charade, 17. Croudace, 116. Charters Towers, 26. Carols, 27. Chinese, 39.  
 Clement's tonic, 74. Clark, 78. Cummings, 87. Clothier, 107. 109.  
 Collins, 88. Coke-ovens, 89. Cook, 94. Cromwell, 96. Cherry, 96.
- Deaths, 38. Drought, 40. Davidson, 40. Dingey, 79. Deeming, 69. Dove,  
 76. Davis, 78. Daddow, 11. Dictionary, 18. Dobbin, 8, 19. 26. Dunn, 27.  
 25. Dingey, 113. 132. Davis, 125. Dean, 125. Defence Committee,  
 99. 101. 108. Davis, 101. 117. Duncan, 113. 120. Dibbs, 121. Datson,  
 32. 52. Dobbin, 54. Dove, 5. Davey, 19. 9. Dobbin, 9. 22. Dunn, 9.  
 Davey, Johannah, 34. Deaths, 34. Davidson, 112. Dibbs, 88. Davis,  
 94. 95. 96. Dean, 96.
- Ellis, 43. Edwards, 112. 111. Ede, 119. Edwards, 94. 102.
- Frew, 108. Fun with figures, 74. Firth, 85. Fletcher, 125. False  
 Christs, 130. Frew, 132. 94. Froome, 99. Farley, 121. Flood, 125.  
 Fever, 42. Fox, 12. Ferguson, 64.
- Green's Plains, 7. Gray, 9, 13, 22 Gumeracha, 9. Glenelg, 10.  
 Grose, 11. Gibson, 111. Garrel, 34. Grandmother, 34. A. 47 A.  
 Giles, 45. Grose, 32. 54/61. Gold, 87. Grierson, 79. Garish, 99.  
 Gardening, 120. Gilmour, 121. Gladstone, 126. Garish, 133.

# INDEX.

Guards Band,133. Grose,S, 38. 53. Grennan, 74. Graphic, 76.  
Grandmother, 122. Gun, 122. Grose,A, 18. Gilbert,J,23. Garish,  
108. Gibson, 113. Giles,25. Galliford,25.

Hancock,W,7. 18. Home, 8. 14. 75. Head, J,9. 22. Hergott Springs,  
Hocking,10. Harde, 84. Hawk,32.34. Hantons, 32.34. "Harbour Ligh  
33. Hooper, 114. Henderson, 109. Haydon, 113. Human Nature", 33.  
Hosking, 22. Hanton, 22. 32. 53. House, 58. Huxtable 22 Hand,3  
23. Hanton, 28. Heberle, 99. Hocking, 99. Hestlow, 99. Harde,121  
Heaton,90. Holman,91. Hexham, 125. Hudson, 95.Hawkins, 97.  
Haydon,113. Halliday, 135. Holmes, 77. Hooper, 78. Harmonium,40.

.Hancock, 38. Harrup,40. Harden,80. Haydon, 75. Hall,123.  
Hoax,12. Hergott Springs,13. Hand,19. 32. Hill,23. Humphreys,26.

Images,130. Ingersoll, 122.

Jubilee,10. Jack,11. 111. 107.. Johnson,95. James,107. Jesmond,10.  
Jennings,32. Johns,119.James,G,40. Jack's birthday, 80.

King,125. Kurilla,51. Kellow,52. Kadina, 7.8.19.22. Kennet,34.

Liz-Jane,33. Leaded,37. Lintot,132.99. Lundie,121. Longworth,99..  
Lochrin,113. Lambton,117. Lang, 120. Lecture,91. Lead poisoning,  
44. Looking Backward,79. Lonsdale,83. Liddicote,29.  
Letter from Bob,2. From E.Rowe,A.1. 3. 58 A. From J.Tamblyn,9. 17  
18. 23. 29.32. From James Henna Grose,5.7.11.12.14.15. 16. 17. 20.  
21.27.28. 31.34.36. 37.38.39. 41.43. 45.46.50.51.53.55. 57. 58. 59  
61.62. 63.64.66.67.69. 71.72. 103.  
Letter from me, 5. From Mother,1.

Matthews,33. Martin,33. Merrick,33. Mahoney,111. 136.110.134.122.  
Mount Barker,30. Millar,82.Mayne,31.32.34. Moore,32. Moonta,52.  
Martin,52. Minefs, 56. Mutton,32. Mallet,35. Mashfords,4. Mitchell  
6. 32. McGrath,19. Moyle,26. 25. Minmi,115.Macintosh,25.33.  
Music,40. Madigan,51. Morris,75. 122. Mogg,82 "Microcosm",123.  
Moss, 124. Melville,133. Madison,113. Milton,121.

Ninnes' Plains,34. Nuggets,9. Nicholls,19.29. Nankervis,27.  
Neilson,79. Nelson,122. "Nigger",123. Nash,127. Norley,95.

Ore treatment,35. O'Brien,111.113.119. Opie,10. Owen,12. Oliver,  
24.Oates,25. Organ,40. Order,74. Onkaparinga,29."Old Order & New",  
112. Omadi,124.  
Prisk,39. Plaster of Paris,44. Poetry,49. Prideaux,51. Pump,79.  
Phillips,52. Plaster castle, 80. Point Riley,15. Puzzle,15.  
Parody,17. Pollard,26. Pritchard,116. Piper, 6.8.10. Penhall,9.  
Pearce,9. Petersburg, 9. Pope,27. Perkyns,1. .Porter,95. Parkes,12  
Palings,97.Price,98.Puzzles,119.Pettigrew,101.Penno,51.Piano,40.  
Ricklar,115. Robinson,116. Reid,8. Richards,23. Rowe,A.Rowbottom,79.

# INDEX.

Raffle, 83. "Rap", 123. Rendall, 50. Roberts, 52. Reay, 76. Richmond, 78. 79. 83. 84. Ross, 120. 113. "Ruins of Empires", 112. Republican, 133. Race, 125. Redbills, 125. Robertson, 125. "Rap", 127. Rowe, 41 A. Rose, 111. Reid, 117. Rhyme, 36. Rogers, 52. Reed, 54.

9. Sommerville, 99. Sleath, 99. Sutherland, 134. Sherar, 99. Sister, 101. Senior, 113. 88. 91. Steen, 88. 102. Smith, 91. Stubbs, 95. Stepney, 96. 123. 113. 121. Steel, 102. Selina, 19. 32. Symons, 26. Shafts, 28. 53. Stevens, 52. Skinner, 52. Symes, 67. Silver, 68. Sandhurst, 7. Sister, 8. 11. 26. Samson, 11. Silverton, 8. 9. 17. 21. 28. Snowball, 12. "Slungi", 9. Scott, 27. Sister, 115. Shooting, 125. Splint, 126. Splicing, 128. Steel, 133. Smiles, 135. Shafts, 52. Somerville, 10. 112. "Silver Age", 43. Slide rule, 74. Simmons, 73. Slee, 52. Secular Association, 68. Secularism, 73. Social Tangle, 79. Sharpe, 79.

Trotter, 100. Tyler, 108. Tomago, 108. Thomas, 119. "Twelve Lectures", 63. 64. 69. Trevivian, 9. Torrens, 9. Teetulpa, 9. 21. 22. 26. Trustcott, 5. 9. Tambllyn, F, 10. 26. 119. Tickhole, 12. Templar, 15. Tonkin, 23. 14. Tickera, 23. Taylor, 115. Thomas, 34. Tarro, 127. Tank, 87. Thomas, 19. 32. Tambllyn, 52. 53. 80. 82. Toast, 56. Trevan, 25. Trezise, 26. 29. Thompson, 110. "Three Musketeers", 118. Toy, 4. "Town & Country Journal", 26. T. Tilly, 28. "Three & Six a Day", 49. Thomas, 52. Timbering, 71.

Uncle R. Rowe, A. Uncle J. Rowe, A. Uren, 24. 32. 34. Uncle W. Rowe, 47 A. 82 A. Uncle W. Perkyns, 122. Unsworth, 133. Vial, E, 50. Volney, 110. 1199 Visick, 32.

Wicken, 98. Worboys, 98. 99. Williams, 52. 39. White, 80. 122. Walker, 80. 87. Willis, 78. Watson, 78. Wallaroo Mines, 33. 42. White, B, 52. Warren, 52. Wonders, 95. Wardel, 95. "Wallaroo Times", 113. Wright, 116. Witherspoon, 117. Williams, 24. Woodside, 30. Webster, J, 52. Watkins, 110. White, Mrs, 13. Willshire, 23. 27. Williams, W, 26. Wellington, rev, 9. Willunga, 11. Young, 98. Young Wallsend, 75. "Yankee at Court of K. Arthur", 76. Young, 82. 84. Year Book of Photography, 123. Yelland, 34. Young, 87. Yelland, 9. 13. 26. Zacky Johns, 25.

Lecture 12 End

143.

143.

Sun. May 7, 1893. This morning I took my camera & a plate over to Stepney's house, where I met Bill Stevens & tom's brother Henry. Tom's father showed me his garden & gave me some Lima beans, & 2 splits of sweet potatoes. Tom brought out his bicycle & camera, & I photographed him on the bike with his camera near him. Tom developed the plate. I took him again on his bike with MY camera near him, with HIS camera. Both plates had 4 seconds exposure. They were slightly fogged. Tom also developed a negative of the Wallsend racecourse during the late flood. I went down to doctor J. John Nash's surgery with tom, & he gave me a box of ointment for my finger. He lent me the Australian Photographic Journal.

I wrote to James Henna Grose a letter of 8 pages dealing with his "Notice" letter; my voyage over from South Australia; shooting & fishing; the dismissal of Bob & myself; our reinstatement; the Socialist League; our condition; & my Sister. Cloudy.

Mon. May 8, 1893. This morning I wheeled some stones from the creek & filled a hole near the floodgate. Then I took 7 decoys & the breech loader & walked to the swamp. I found the dinghey where I had left it. I put the things into it & towed it out on to the track, which I widened with the reaping-hook. I left the dinghey at the end of Fisherman's Creek & went to our pool. After dinner I cut down some small rushes & big reeds, & waited from 4-15 p.m. until nearly dark, but as nothing came I went to the dinghey & rowed it to a tree near the edge of the swamp & tied it there. I walked to the water-pipe boards & changed. Reached home at 7-20 p.m. Work for both pits to-morrow. Clear sky.

Tues. May 9, 1893. Bob & I filled 10 skips of big coal. Rowland Hughes filled small coal in our bord. No weight. Our tonnage for the pay is 47 skips at 10-3, or 25 tons, 5 cwt. & 1 qr. The Gartlee miners have lost the case against James Curley for 17 weeks strike pay at a pound a week. Fog this morning. Fine.

Wed. May 10, 1893. We filled 11 of big coal. Jack is working at the new tent this evening. Fine weather.

Thur. May 11, 1893. I, Josiah Cocking, am 26 years old to-day. I was born at Kadina, South Australia, on the 11th of May, 1867. I came to Wallsend in 1886, & have been here ever since. Bob & I filled 11 skips of large coal. I received the "Australian Workman" last night. Fine weather.

Fri. May 12, 1893. We filled 10 of large coal. Weight, 10-3. As Bob was late in getting home from the pit, Jack got our pay, which was £ 4-14-9, for 25 tons, 5 cwt. He paid 7/- union dues. Jack's pay was £ 1-0-4. Charley's pay was 16/6 for 2 ½ days at 7/- per day. Jack & Liz-Jane went with our cart to Lambton & got our groceries at the Co-op. store. He bought a pamphlet en-

- 144.

titled " Taxation ", by Charles Bradlaugh, or Bill Lochrin, for  
6d. Velyn cloudy.

Sat. May 13, 1893. Bob went out with Harry Wicken this morning shoot parrots. I took 2 prints from the negative of Tom Stepney & his bike, & toned them in a borax bath, & fixed them. Our Jack & Jack Mahoney went in our cart to Newcastle this morning. They fished at the dyke, but did not catch anything. Jack brought home our big clock from Lipman's, who has repaired it. I turned over the ground where I sowed parsnip seeds on the 29th of last March, as I sowed them too deep, & only 26 came up. I sowed more parsnip seeds in very shallow drills, 7 inches apart. Bob returned this evening with 5 red-cheek parrots & a Jill bird. I got the " Workman " this afternoon. Jack exchanged " Taxation " for " The Rights Of Man ", by Thomas Paine. Cloudy.

Sun. May 14, 1893. I read the Workman, & finished reading a book entitled " Humourous Scotch Readings ". Brother Jack, Jack Mahoney & Jim O'Brien went in our boat this afternoon to the middle channel of the Hunter river, below Lintot's, to search for a dinghey that Bob & Jim bought for 9/- of Harry Duncan last February, & which was washed from our pool to Lintot's farm on Ash Island by the great March flood. Someone told Lintot that the dinghey belonged to us; so he decided to keep it for us. A man named Jude, who lives at Lambton, went to Lintot some days after he was told who owned the dinghey, & said that he, Jude, owned it. Lintot refused to give it to him, & put it into a shed. We think that Jude stole the dinghey & altered its appearance by painting it. He put new knees & a carpet in it, & used it to cross the river from the South bank. & to fish in. Lintot heard of this; so he sent word to us about it. That is why they were searching for the dinghey. They found it on Ash Island, & were taking it home, when 2 men, who were fishing close by, pulled in & stopped them. O'Brien said the dinghey was his property & he intended to take it. One of the men, who proved to be Jude, said they could take the dinghey, but he would first like them to see his brother who was fishing further down the river. They agreed to do so, & Jude got into the dingey & pulled towards Newcastle. After a while it became evident that Jude was trying to get away with the dingey, so they overtook & stopped him. Jude then said he would go & find his brother, & he returned with 3 men. O'Brien told them all about the purchase & loss of the boat. Jude said that his brother had bought it. When Jim asked for the seller's name Jude would not, or could not give it. So Jim gave them his name & address, & brought the dingey back to our boatshed. Rain.

Mon. May 15, 1893. Bob & I filled 13 skips of big coal. Weight 11-1, which is very good. Frosty this morning.

Tues. May 16, 1893. I took down the coal wedge that Jack

145.

bought of Dave Renfrew, the blacksmith. Bob & I filled 11 skips of large coal. Co-op. worked all day. Fine.

Wed. May 17, 1893. We filled 11 again to-day. Both pits will work again to-morrow. Dry.

Thur. 18, 1893. Bob & I sent up ten skips of large coal. Weight 10-1. This evening I went to the Plattsburg Mechanics' Institute & met Dave Watkins & several others outside. We went upstairs to the room where the game called "Summer Ice" is played, to hold a meeting of the Socialist League. Those present were: -Dave Watkins, delegate; John Robinson, treasurer; Hugh de Largie, secretary; Jack Estell, chairman; Jack Hill; Henry Tyldesley; J. Hardy, & 3 others.

( Continued in diary from May 18, 1893, to April 6, 1894. ).

*For the report of a Socialist League meeting held on the 13<sup>th</sup> of May, 1893, see page 91 of diary from ~~the~~ <sup>28<sup>th</sup></sup> of July 1937 to June 28<sup>th</sup> 1938.*

